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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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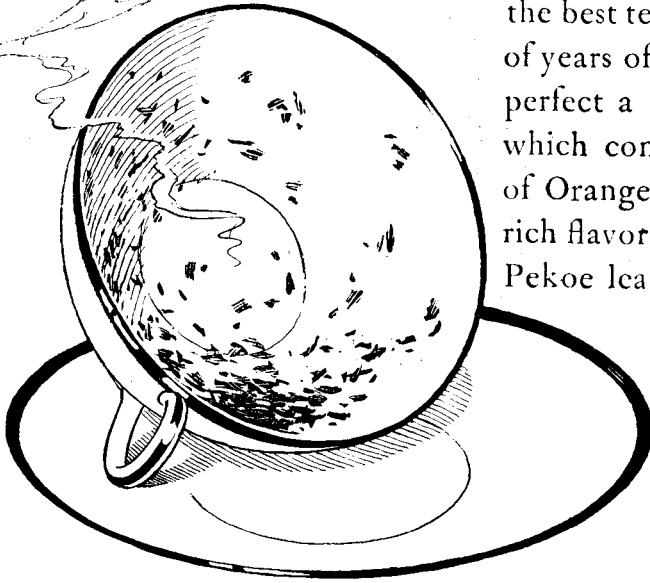
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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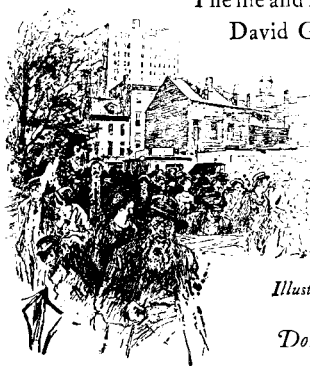
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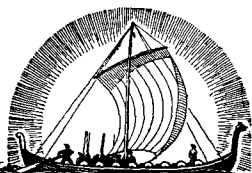
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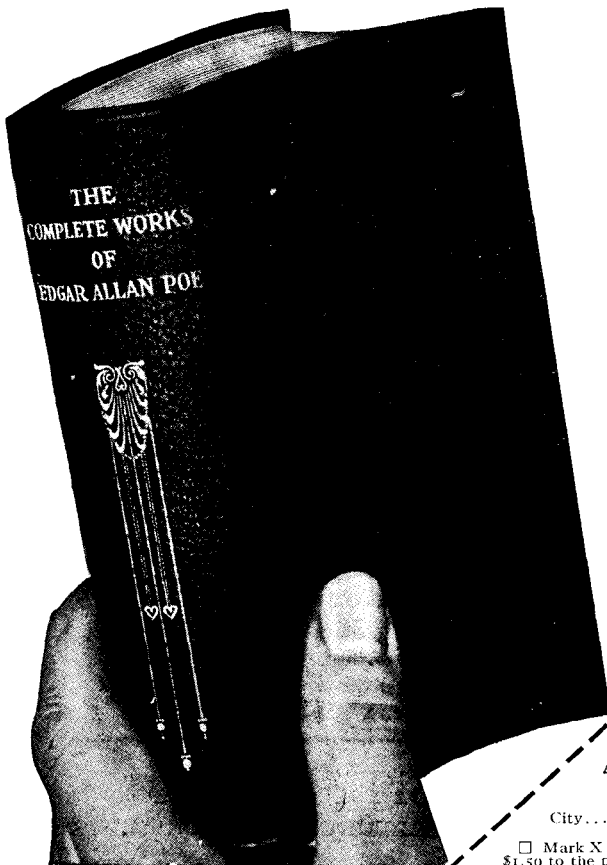
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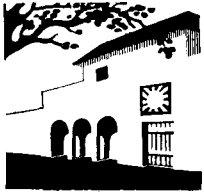
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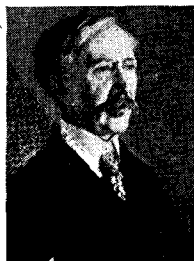
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H. L. Mencken is an original "Conrad fan." Long before the world awoke to Conrad's pre-eminence, Mencken was of the *cognoscenti* who sought to make others see what they had discovered in Conrad; that, as *James Huneker* said, he "belongs to the immortal company!"

HOW briefly, yet how fully, H. L. Mencken describes Conrad—"there is no one remotely like him!" That tart-tongued literary connoisseur has always been among the foremost of Conrad's champions. Hear him back in 1917, when he wrote, "Joseph Conrad's 'The Shadow Line,' of course, belongs at the head of all the month's fiction." Hear him again in 1925 as he sums up in one short, revealing phrase the world's opinion—"one of the greatest masters of fiction of all time!"

Yet Mencken is not alone in his acclamation. The foremost living writers of two continents swell the chorus of Conrad's praises. And how they extol his genius in words that could be applied only, as one great author named him, to a second Shakespeare!

Read these praises and then, with such testimony before you, ask if you can afford to deprive yourself of this great novelist's works, which, says *Sir Hugh Clifford*, "have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."

"The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent."

JOHN GALSWORTHY

"One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"One of my chief claims to distinction is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work."

H. G. WELLS

"In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius—the possession by a divine spirit of man's earthly clay."

HUGH WALPOLE

This homage of the world's most famous authors is even more astounding when we know Conrad's history, one of

the most amazing in the annals of literature. Born in Poland, he ran away to become a cabin boy in his 'teens, and for more than twenty years the sea was his home. He could not speak a word of English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty. Yet even while he lived, the foremost authors themselves acknowledged him as the greatest of them all!

IRVIN COBB says Conrad is not merely literature—he is a *discovery*! What phrase more aptly reveals the sensations that Conrad brings you—the unparalleled pleasure that awaits you in his books. No wonder GOUVERNEUR MORRIS exclaims: "Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who do not intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—*how I envy them!*"

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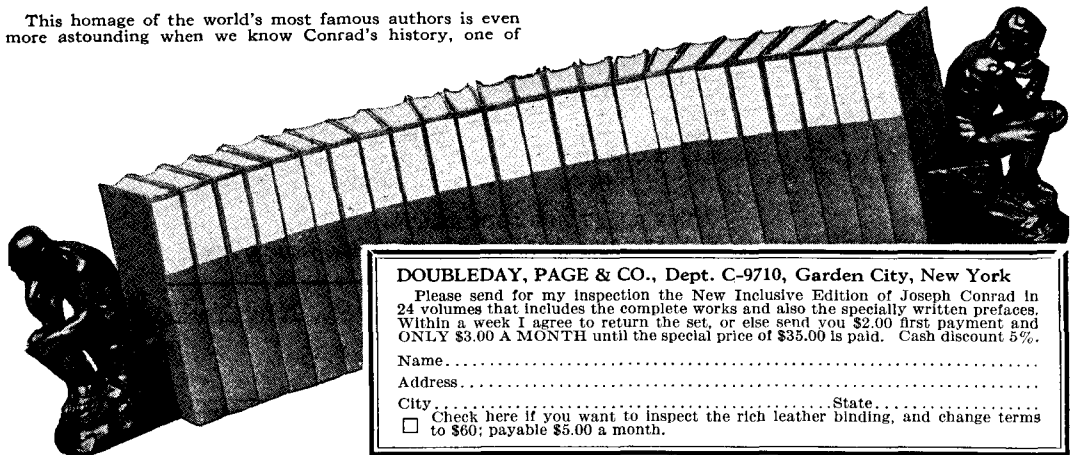
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The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

OCTOBER, 1925



VOL. VI. No. 5.

Catherine the Great

WITHOUT any hesitation CATHERINE THE GREAT may be recommended as one of the most vital as well as one of the most interesting books of the year. It is a biography which does more than reveal the character of its heroine; it is also a history which presents the secrets of European diplomacy until now hidden in the recesses of Russian archives. Moreover it includes brilliant sketches of the outstanding figures of the time, portraits which illuminate the currents of European affairs of more than a century.

Miss Anthony took as a basis for her work the numerous volumes of Catherine's letters and diaries which have been suppressed all these years and which have not until recently been made available to students by the Russian government. In this material she found an explanation of the power and the position of the great queen of Russia and also of the erotic and satirical tales which grew up about Catherine, making this realistic personage



Katharine Anthony

almost a legendary character.

Thus we have a picture that is historically authentic and psychologically sound. We are introduced to Catherine, the statesman, who unites Russia, destroys Poland and even participates in the American Revolutionary War; we also see Catherine, the jealous mistress of men who at sixty has a lover of twenty-five. In a sophisticated but sympathetic manner the author presents one of the most fascinating characters of the Eighteenth Century, and one of the most striking egoists among that supremely egoistic class, the feminine sovereign.

Although the author is careful to utilize all of the available psychological and historical data which bear on her subject, she has assimilated the scholarly material so completely that she presents this life of Catherine the Great as primarily a story, a story in which the portrait of a real woman is woven into the intricate pattern of Eighteenth Century politics.

CATHERINE THE GREAT. By KATHARINE ANTHONY, author of "Margaret Fuller." Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

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The BORZOI BROADSIDE for OCTOBER 1925



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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

The Conscientious Artist

EVERY reader of *AN ISLAND CHRONICLE* by Mr. Cummings which Alfred A. Knopf published last year is aware that Mr. Cummings is a careful writer who presents his material without any flourishes of style but in an effective and economical manner. There is an even more forceful indication of Mr. Cummings' conscientious attitude toward his art in the incident which concerns this writer and Alfred A. Knopf.

When Mr. Knopf informed the author that his second novel seemed inferior to *AN ISLAND CHRONICLE* as well as to the quality of writing of which he was capable, Mr. Cummings did none of the things that the conventional artist would have done under the circumstances. He neither gnashed his teeth nor cried that a commercial publisher was misunderstanding his art, nor rushed off to find solace and publication elsewhere. Mr. Cummings quietly destroyed the manuscript and set to work on an entirely new novel. The result was *PASSION AND GLORY*. This novel delighted Mr. Knopf who believes that it will definitely establish Mr. Cummings as one of the foremost interpreters of American life.

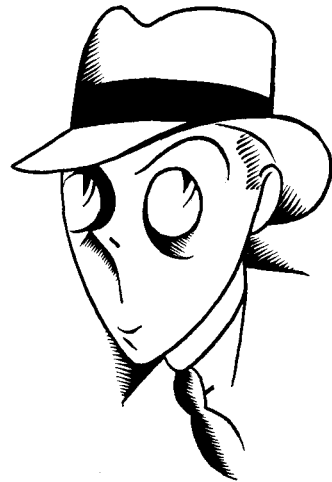
The tiny fishing village on the Massachusetts coast wherein the action of Mr. Cummings' new

novel takes place is as remote from the stress and furious clamor of the outside world as was the Portuguese settlement of *AN ISLAND CHRONICLE*. Here again, writing of a world in miniature, Mr. Cummings explores the passions, the loves and hates, the exaltation and despair of simple folk who live close to the earth and draw their sustenance from the elements; and, as in the former book, his narrative rises to heights of grandeur as we witness the splendid struggles of his peasant hero against the obscure designs of destiny. Mr. Cummings, in his second book, already manifests in abundance those prerequisite qualities of the great novelist: irony, pity and a beautiful style.

PASSION AND GLORY. By WILLIAM CUMMINGS, author of "*An Island Chronicle*." \$2.50 net.

Sure Genius

HERE are ladies and gentlemen proclaiming their merits and defects, aesthetic and moral, by their faces. Behold the sartorial elegance of Wales himself, the fashionable Belmont collar Henry Mencken wears, President Coolidge's freckles, the legs of Ann



Pennington, Fannie Brice's nose, Carl Van Vechten and his cat, and the brune seductiveness of Florence Mills. All, all are here, the old, familiar faces, treated almost too familiarly perhaps.

Here, as Mr. Van Vechten writes in his new novel *FIRECRACKERS*, is clairvoyance! Here "the curi-

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The BORZOI BROADSIDE for OCTOBER 1925

ously sure genius of a young Mexican boy, *Miguel Covarrubias*, who created caricatures of celebrities, whom he knew only by sight and name, which exposed the whole secret of the subjects' personalities! . . . And his drawings of Negroes crystallized the essential characteristics of the race, withal each was drawn with as eager an eye for individual traits as directed the pen of Albrecht Durer. Material for admiration here."

The pages include caricatures of Jack Dempsey, Charlie Chaplin, Al Smith, Fritz Kreisler, Heywood Broun, John Barrymore, Will Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Irving Berlin, Babe Ruth, H. L. Mencken and scores of others who are equally well known. There is a preface by Carl Van Vechten which contains both interesting biographical anecdotes and criticism of *Mr. Covarrubias'* artistic effects.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS. By MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS. *With a preface by* CARL VAN VECHTEN. \$3.00 net.

The Odyssey of a Nice Girl

THE publication of another novel by *Ruth Suckow*, the author of *COUNTRY PEOPLE*, whom *H. L. Mencken* has called "one of the finest artists we have," will be welcome news to her enthusiastic readers.

Just as *COUNTRY PEOPLE* was a study of the daily life of the immigrant farmer in rural Iowa so *Ruth Suckow's* new book is a complementary study of the life of the same class in town. Her heroine, Marjorie Schoessel, is a "nice girl" of German-American parentage, the daughter of a small shopkeeper, who strives from childhood on to escape from the confining environment into which she has been born to the freer, more independent and finer life which she knows lies just beyond her horizon. First at home in her own town and later at Boston where she has gone to study she reaches out eagerly and pathetically for the glamour of her dreams, restrained always by the inescapable inhibitions which are the fabric of her inheritance. Her "niceness" is less an arbitrary rule of life than a mere habit of mind, but as such it remains a barrier to her hopes which she can never surmount. In the end comes marriage and retrogression to routine

existence. *THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL* is a big, finely ironic book—an epitome of middle-western life.

COUNTRY PEOPLE was *Miss Suckow's* first novel and it established her immediately as a novelist of the first rank. The New York Tribune said of it, "An event in contemporary American literature." *Harry Hansen* in the Chicago Daily News wrote: "When you finish reading you feel you have grasped everything that life contains."

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL. By RUTH SUCKOW, author of "*Country People*." \$2.50 net.

The Borzoi Classics

THAT *Dean Swift's* masterpiece and one of the greatest works in English literature should be included in The Borzoi Classics series was inevitable. *GULLIVER'S TRAVELS* is one of the rarest books in any language in that it has been loved and appreciated by readers of all types and ages. The tiny tot who sees here a marvelous fairy tale and heroic adventure, the general reader who finds in *Swift's* satire some of the most delicious as well as effective comments on the ways of the world, and the historian who can read in this book a faithful and illuminating description of conditions in the author's day—all these testify to the power and beauty and wisdom of this work. For this edition *Mr. Mencken* has written a characteristic introduction.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By JONATHAN SWIFT. *With an introduction by* H. L. MENCKEN. \$4.00 net.

The London Perambulator

ONLY one position in London journalism goes absolutely unchallenged. It is the job of London correspondent to the Manchester Guardian, for this task presupposes the most intimate knowledge of every phase of London life from the social delicacies in the palace to the nightly agitation in Piccadilly, from the inner politics of Parliament to the secrets of Newgate Prison. *James Bone* is the correspondent envied less by his fellow journalists for his position than for the knowledge which he brings to his work.

IN THE LONDON PERAMBULATOR, *Mr. Bone* has achieved an unusual book, selecting all that is memorable in his impressions and ideas of twenty years of London life. Though he avoids everything that a guide book gives, the reader, whether a native of London or a stranger, realizes when he lays down the book that he now knows and feels London as he never did before.

This feeling is strengthened and intensified by *Mr. Bone's* famous brother, *Muirhead Bone* who contributes the London etchings and drawings which made him famous as an interpretive artist. The book will be exceptionally finely printed by the Southworth Press and the first edition will be strictly limited.

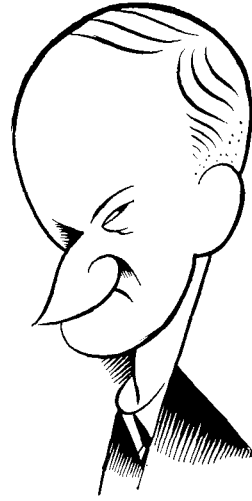
THE LONDON PERAMBULATOR.

By JAMES BONE. Illustrated with reproductions of drawings and etchings by MUIRHEAD BONE. \$5.00 net.

The Autobiography of an Attitude

THE dramatic critic of the London Sphere, *Mr. Herbert Farjeon*, quotes with admiring approval *Mr. Nathan's* avowal that "all criticism is, at bottom, an effort on the part of its practitioner to show off himself and his art at the expense of the artist and the art which he criticises. The heavy modesty practised by certain critics is but a recognition of, and self-conscious attempt to diminish, the fundamental and ineradicable vainglory of criticism. The great critics are those who, recognising the intrinsic, permanent, and indeclinable egotism of the critical art, make no senseless effort to conceal it. The absurd critics are those who attempt to conceal it, and, in the attempt, make their art and themselves doubly absurd."

The same refreshing frankness towards his own attitude and that of others is evident in *Mr. Nathan's* new book, *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTITUDE*, which contains his opinions and conclusions on the drama and vaudeville of human existence as it obtains today in the Republic and points East and West. *George Jean Nathan*, acknowledged by American and European critics as one of the foremost figures in American dramatic criticism, here exhibits his opinions on such a variety of phenomena as politics, religion, *Homo sapiens*, gyneolatriy,



From THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS By MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS. With a preface by CARL VAN VECHTEN. \$3.00 net.

the Ku Klux Klan, art and letters, America and the Americano, love and marriage, vice, virtue and censorship, alcohol, Europe and the Europeans, critics and criticism, patriotism, and sex.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTITUDE. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, author of "*Materia Critica*," "*The World in Falseface*," "*The Critic and the Drama*," etc. \$2.50 net.

Mockery Gap

As we go to press we learn that *MOCKERY GAP*, by *T. F. Powys*, will be published on October 16. It is the story of a tiny village on the coast of England and *Mr. Powys* traces in his own unique manner the series of events arising out of the complex currents set flowing in the simple community by the chance remarks of a chance visitor. This is *Mr. Tarr*, a gentleman of ethnological pursuits with a desire for easy power. He exercises his mild passion on the inhabitants of *Mockery Gap* and the combination of carefully weighed suggestion with minds that are naturally credulous and superstitious makes for far-reaching and devastating results.

One wonders, after reading one of his books, whether *Mr. Powys* loves or hates his village folk. Probably it is a mixture of both passions that drives

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him to write of them as he does. In any case his original style and narrative method, his profound grasp, and meticulous delineation, of character, together with a strange, sardonic whimsicality, make this new book one of his very best.

* *

"His Dorset villagers are not idealized though they are fantastically garbed. Their cupidity and ambition, passion and cruelty are real enough, but the characters themselves flap like scarecrows in the wind, dancing an awkward jig. The trick works, for it is hard to associate tragedy with the carnival spirit of a masquerade.

"At times it is more than a trick. There is an individual charm and piquancy in the imagery and in the case of expression; occasionally there is great beauty."—*The Nation*.

MOCKERY GAP. By T. F. POWYS, author of "*Mr. Tasker's Gods*," "*Mark Only*," "*Black Bryony*" and "*The Left Leg*," \$2.50 net.

Renoir

WHEN *Ambroise Vollard*, biographer of Renoir, informed his victim that he was collecting material for a book about him, the painter exclaimed: "Say anything you want, Vollard, but for Heavens' sake don't talk about my painting. I should have a hard time explaining it myself!" *Vollard* took him at his word, and whatever discussion of the master's style comes out in the book, comes entirely through implication in faithfully reported conversations with the artist himself.

The author says: "The book is in no sense a formal biography. It has been composed of a thousand touches: interrupted conversations with Renoir about the events of his life and the tendencies of ancient and modern art; observations of the characteristic gestures of the painter; details of his family and his circle of friends. This is the story of a great painter, told in his own words and set down faithfully from day to day." All who are interested in modern art and in the life of a rare artistic genius will be attracted by the wealth of anecdote, the spontaneity, wit and charm of *M. Vollard's* book. It is the ideal objective biography.

RENOIR: AN INTIMATE RECORD. By AMBROISE VOLLARD. Authorized translation by HAROLD L. VAN DOREN and RANDOLPH T. WEAVER. \$3.50 net.



Saïd the Fisherman

THIS story traces the rise and fall of the Fortune of Saïd, a poor fisherman, who through a series of adverse circumstances is forced to leave his wife and native village and seek what Allah may bring him in the life of the metropolis. A record of his adventures during the next few years is an extraordinarily illuminating inquest into the everyday life of the Orient in every degree of social caste. Saïd is an Arabic picaro, a sharper, an opportunist, a thorough-going rogue and, withal, a vastly amusing fellow. This story of his life and works is the masterpiece of *Marmaduke Pickthall*, England's most gifted and sympathetic interpreter of the Near East.

About this writer *E. M. Forster* has written: "He is the only contemporary English novelist who understands the nearer East. As soon as we open his cheerful pages, the western world vanishes without malediction, like night at the opening of day. . . . So completely does the writer capture the reader that it is the West, not the East, that has to be explained."

SAÏD THE FISHERMAN. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. \$3.00 net.



Jacket Design for *THE RELIC*, the popular satire by the Portuguese Master, EÇA DE QUEIROZ. \$2.50 net.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

❖ The BORZOI BROADSIDE for OCTOBER 1925 ❖

High Burlesque

THE ultimate essence of American humor finds its way into this book because the raw material of all that is comic in American life is contained in these excerpts from speeches, editorials, sermons, art, Chautauqua harangues and barbeque jublations. Of all these *Mr. Mencken* makes high burlesque by presenting these extracts in deadly earnest with a learned preface, a series of scholarly notes for the use of foreign readers, a glossary of current Americanisms, study helps and a bibliography. *AMERICANA 1925* is the ideal book for the country-house guest-room, the ideal book for a birthday present, the ideal book to send to friends abroad.

It is made up of the best items of "Americana" that appeared during 1925, together with new matter which has not been printed in "The American Mercury." It constitutes an amusing and instructive picture of the life and thought of the American people today.

AMERICANA 1925. Edited by H. L. MENCKEN, editor of "The American Mercury." \$2.50 net.

Sonnet to a Certain Young Lady

STRAIGHT as a sapling pine, superbly fair,
With supple, slender grace you walk serene,
The glint of golden-sunlight in your hair,
A wondrous magic beauty in your mien.
Your eyes alight with humor, playful, keen,
Like twinkling starlight drive men to despair.
The stately gracious carriage of a queen.
And yet, withal, a wistful sadness there.

O maiden, when your magic face men see,
Unto your peerless beauty they succumb.
But though your radiant charm and witchery
May thrill and satisfy the hearts of some,
I wonder, for my part, how you can be
So beautiful—and yet so awful dumb.

—From *Newman Levy's* GAY BUT WISTFUL

To the readers of *OPERA GUYED*, *Mr. Levy* will need no introduction. *GAY BUT WISTFUL* contains the best verse he has written over a period of several years, and all those who delighted in the gorgeous nonsense of *OPERA GUYED* will find that *Newman Levy's* abundant gifts of satirical burlesque and felicitous rhyming may be extended with

equally risible results to fields other than the musical. This collection ranges from a series of uproarious American ballads to travesties of almost everything on earth, and interspersed are excursions into fixed forms and jingles and a long satirical fantasy on the 1924 political campaign that immediately ranks its author as the American W. S. Gilbert. The Election Day Ode is in itself worth the price of admission. Many more moods than merely the titular two are represented in this book and *Mr. Levy's* verse is equal to all of them. It is always clever and amusing.

GAY BUT WISTFUL. By NEWMAN LEVY, author of "Opera Guyed." \$2.00 net.

The Destiny of a Continent

STIRRED by the danger of American imperialism and the fear that the United States is planning to gobble up the Latin American Republics, *Manuel Ugarte* started out on a tour of propaganda against the "Yankee Peril" to awaken the South American countries to their "impending ruin." *THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT* contains the most forceful presentation of these ideas as well as an account of his travels.

To Americans this indictment of Yankee domination will come as a distinct surprise but they will find in it a wealth of information concerning our diplomatic and commercial enterprises in Latin America as well as an eloquent presentation of a point of view with which we ought to be familiar.

THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT. By MANUEL UGARTE. Translated by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. Edited with an introduction and bibliography, by J. FRED RIPPY. \$3.00 net.

The Vatican Swindle

THERE is no other work written in this generation which succeeds so well in giving the reader the feeling of a cosmopolitan as *THE VATICAN SWINDLE* of *André Gide*. The action of this book passes with cinematographic speed chiefly at Paris and Rome, but wanders over every capital of Europe; the characters in this strange drama are a motley crew of noblemen, saints, adventurers, pick-pockets and—

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Lafcadio Wluiki, one of the most original creations in all modern fiction.

André Gide, who was introduced to the American public by *Alfred A. Knopf* two years ago with the publication of his novel, *STRAIT IS THE GATE*, is an acknowledged leader in French literary circles today. The latter novel established *André Gide* as one of the foremost masters of prose in France; *THE VATICAN SWINDLE* will undoubtedly make him one of the best known of contemporary French authors in America.

THE VATICAN SWINDLE. By *ANDRÉ GIDE*, author of "*Strait is the Gate*." \$2.50 net.

A Southern Boyhood

By *BENJAMIN BRAWLEY*

(From *The Reviewer*, July 1925)

"I REGRET that there is nothing very romantic about my story. I was not born in a log cabin, and I never slept under a pavement. I was not even brought up on a farm. My father was from Charleston; his people had been free as far back as they could remember, and even as a young man he had made his way to Pennsylvania, and to college at Bucknell. My mother was from Columbia, and it was in Columbia, almost in the shadow of the State House, that I first sat up and took notice. South Carolina has thus proved for me, as for many others, a point of departure. All over the country I have met people who hailed from the state; but you could not pay them to go back there to live, for they know too well on which side their bread is buttered. . . "

Benjamin Brawley, now Professor of English, Shaw University, is the author of *A NEW SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*. Casting his eye with remarkably even gaze over the complete horizon of English Literature, the author of this volume presents a survey of such stimulating quality that his subject once again assumes a fresh significance. With no striving for effect, the text itself represents the best standard of precise and lucid prose. Especially intended for college and university survey courses in English Literature, it will at the same time be found to be an excellent guide for independent literary study.

A NEW SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *BENJAMIN BRAWLEY*. \$3.50 net.

Old Lamps for New

REFERRED to by *James Huneker* as "that boldest of all adventurers in the region of the fourth dimension," *Claude Bragdon* is now quite generally recognized as the leading exponent on this side of the water, of that mystical philosophy, based on mathematics, which re-affirms, on entirely new grounds, the teachings of every spiritual leader of mankind, which builds a bridge between the discoveries of Western workers, and the ecstatic visions of Eastern seers, which is hopeful and affirmative and offers "glimpses that may make us less forlorn."

In this new book of essays, *OLD LAMPS FOR NEW*, *Mr. Bragdon* applies the Ancient Wisdom of the Orient to the problems of modern life, interpreting life in terms of that wisdom. *Mr. Bragdon* has never written anything more vital and brilliant than some of the essays in this volume, notably *The Divine Feminine*, *The Theatre of Tomorrow*, *Release Through Love*, and *The Divine Androgyne*. In it also is included *Mr. Bragdon's* didactic poem, *The Golden Person in the Heart*, a summary of the philosophy of the *Upanishads*. This has been for many years out of print.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. By *CLAUDE BRAGDON*, author of "*The Beautiful Necessity*," "*Four-Dimensional Vistas*," "*A Primer of Higher Space*," "*Projective Ornament*," etc. \$2.75 net.



From FIFTY DRAWINGS by ALASTAIR
With an Introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN
\$15.00 net

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Two More Pocket Books

ONE of the latest additions to the popular series of Borzoi Pocket Books is ADOLPHE by Benjamin Constant, a new and definitive translation of his famous classic, which tells the story of his love affair with Madame de Staël. The book created something of a furore in the literary and artistic circles of Paris more than a century ago and it has since then been known all over the world, both for the celebrity of its protagonists and because it is one of the earliest examples of the psychological novel as we know it today. Another is HAGAR'S HOARD by George Kibbe Turner which was published by Mr. Knopf some time ago and the edition quickly exhausted. It gained for its author wide-spread popularity and Heywood Brown, in an enthusiastic review, called it "one of the most notable pieces of work by any living American. . . . There is a magnificent thrill in HAGAR'S HOARD. It is the thrill of a gripping terror graphically presented."

ADOLPHE. By BENJAMIN CONSTANT. *With an introduction by* HENRY K. MARKS. \$1.25 net.

HAGAR'S HOARD. By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER. *With a new introduction by* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. \$1.25 net.

Latest

Publishing Arrangements

The books listed below have just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced later.

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

By RICHARD GARNETT. *In the Blue Jade Library series.*

MADAME DE STAËL

By DAVID GLASS LARG

MARTHA AND MARY

By J. ANKER LARSEN

ENGLISH POEMS

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

DON JUAN

By JAMES LEROY FLECKER

PUSS IN BOOTS

By DAVID GARNETT

The publication of the following books treated at length in the September Broadside has been postponed to this month:

WAGNERIAN ROMANCES

By GERTRUDE HALL

CARAVAN

By WITTER BYNNER

SHAW

By J. S. COLLIS

THE WELL-TEMPERED MUSICIAN

By FRANCIS TOYE

DOSTOEVSKY

By ANDRE GIDE

RACHAEL MARR

By MORLEY ROBERTS. *In the Blue Jade Library.*

HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

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PASSION AND GLORY. \$2.50
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The American MERCURY

October 1925

SELF-CONSCIOUS AMERICA

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER in his red waistcoat, parading proudly as the child who waves a wooden sword and without mercy for grown-ups pipes "Notice me—notice me!" François Villon and D'Annunzio and, to descend many leagues, Frank Harris, each shouting that he is so very ba-a-ad, the baddest boy in the whole neighborhood. Lord Byron, weary with the self-imposed duties of making love and of liberating those Greeks whose suavity as waiters and integrity as fruit-vendors we all admire. Victor Hugo and Lord Tennyson, presiding without one hidden grin over courts of soapy admirers.

Always, everywhere, writers and painters and their kindred have been self-conscious—and by self-conscious I wish to denote an undue perception of one's own importance and interest. That self-consciousness is displayed in England today by the renowned dramatist who on all occasions gives final opinions, particularly on the purposes and customs of America and Soviet Russia, two countries which he has not troubled to visit; it is displayed by the corpulent and agreeable essayist who has just paintingly discovered Roman Catholicism and the Jews. In the patience with which French men of letters acquire a name for peculiarity by making themselves enjoy the horrors of impressionism, tolerating the most distressing paintings on their walls, in the

wistful courage with which certain German authors work away at trying to become perverted, in the earnestness with which authors of all lands, from China to Peru, maintain their superiority to ordinary idiots and thus bar themselves out from the delights of inconspicuousness and vulgarity—in all these phases of megalomania is betrayed a self-consciousness universal and dreary. But nowhere save in America would it occur to the most pompous author or painter or musician that he must be self-conscious as a civic duty.

With us, any proper artist knows that he must yield to the criticisms of all fish mongers and blotter-salesmen and wives of non-conformist pastors as though he were a public official. He begs them to vote upon what literary themes, whiskers, income, and golf-trousers they may desire him to adopt. In Europe, save perhaps in Moscow, the most childish literary exhibitionist performs his little self-conscious tricks entirely to amuse himself and to irritate his wife. It does not enter his mind that the local Purity League or his unknown correspondents in the backwoods must be consulted as to which eccentricities he may choose, and what is more important, not the boldest Purity Leaguer nor the most itchingly epistolary customer in those cynical countries would assume that any artist is waiting to hear their demands.

In America alone does the fiction-writer or the sculptor or any one else have a duty—a Duty—of being naughty or austere, documentary or frivolous. One may not decently be a Prohibitionist or a booze-h'ister or both, a tennis fanatic or a loafer, a prosy fellow writing free verse or a frenzied poet writing radio advertisements because one happens to like it, but only because one is thus Doing Something Worth While. No conscientious American trolls out bawdy ditties because he relishes them, but always he does so for the purpose of cheering the bed-ridden victims of paresis in his neighborhood. He may not write a flippant chronicle of a village, a church, or the diabetic institution of matrimony because it interests him to write thus, but only because he is Revealing Conditions and Making People Stop and Think. He must never, if he be a composer, emit a blast of jazz for any less pious reason than the Creation of Native American Art. Whatever he does, he must be original, forceful, and defiant of criticism, and with these bold virtues he must combine a willingness to heed every warning from each of the 110,000,000 persons who by their residence in the United States are automatically constituted the equals not only of kings but of William Lyon Phelps.

(I had a letter once from a Chicago lawyer whom I have never met. Addressing me by my first name, he admonished, 'I've considered your stuff pretty average rotten till now, and thought of taking the time off and telling you to quit till you learn to write, but this last story of yours is fairly good. Go ahead. Drop in and see me here at my office and we'll talk your junk over.'")

But the amateur critic who spends Sunday afternoon in coaching his favorite writers has caused less lamentation and salt weeping among judicious persons than certain of the highbrows guaranteed by the *Dial*, the late *Freeman*, the *Little Review*, and the more esoteric pages of *Vanity Fair*. Out of 1,857 critics holding the Authors' League of America diploma certifying that

they really like Picasso, that they have read most of Proust, and that they can tell Mouton Rothschild from Nuits St. George, there are not more than sixteen who consider a writer as a person doing something because he enjoys it or because he has been lured into it by the fashion, and doing it well or badly. The others dolorously analyze him as an employé of the Federal Department of Uplift, and consider whether he has Advanced American Culture, Been True to His Higher Vision or—most dread and lofty Duty of them all—Shown Himself Aware of the New Tendencies in French Literature.

II

Nowhere in America itself is this duty-ridden earnestness of the artist and his disciples so well shown as at that Brevoort and cathedral of American sophistication, the Café Dôme in Paris.

Among the other advantages of the Dôme, it is on a corner charmingly resembling Sixth avenue at Eighth street, and all the waiters understand Americanese, so that it is possible for the patrons to be highly expatriate without benefit of Berlitz. It is, in fact, the perfectly standardized place to which standardized rebels flee from the crushing standardization of America.

On view at the Dôme is the great though surprisingly young author who, by his description of vomiting and the progress of cancer, in a volume of sixty-seven pages issued in a limited edition of three hundred copies, has entirely transformed American fiction. There is the lady who has demolished Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, and Goethe. And king of kings, Osimandias of Osimandias, supremest of Yankee critics, *ex cathedra* authority on literature, painting, music, economics, and living without laboring, very father and seer of the Dôme, is that Young Intellectual who, if he ever finishes the assassnatory book of which we have heard these last three years, will tear the world up by the roots. He is going to deliver unto scorn all the false idols of the intelligensia, particularly such false

idols as have become tired of lending him—as the phrase is—money.

These geniuses are never offensive—well, not too offensive—that is, no worse than an American banker holding forth in Luigi's bar about the gas-mileage of his Packard, a German *Schieber* at San Remo with binoculars on his manly breast, or the small neat Frenchman with gray silk gloves who in every railway compartment demands that you close the window. The geniuses do stride to their appointed tables with the quiet and amused modesty of the *maestro*, so like the forgiving smirk of a Christian Science lady, and for persons who have never heard of them and of their talented friends, they are icily sorry, yet something must be said for them. Almost all the authors have written two or three devastating stories for the magazines which are printed on lovely, thick, creamy paper and which last, often, for five months, and one of them once bought a drink for a woman from his home town, and paid for it.

No, it is not the geniuses who invite homicide but their disciples, and for every genius at the Dôme there are seventeen disciples, mostly female. They are the amateur press-agents of the amateur arts. They are the military police of radicalism, the Summers of obscenity, and the house-to-house canvassers of culture.

There is the widow of the Milwaukee coal magnate. When a simple layman—a stock-broker or doctor or writer for the magazines—is delivered into her voice, she attacks without a declaration of war. Really? He hasn't read Thaddeus Boniface's volume of symmetric verse, "Pi R Square"? He hasn't subscribed to *Complex: A Magazine of Sublimation*? He hasn't seen Savinien Skjalgsson dance? He hasn't even heard of Bill Benner's new school of Intimate Painting, with Bill's portrait of Advanced Cirrhosis as the Sistine Madonna of the movement? Then the man's a fool, and the coal magnate's relict feels a divine compulsion to tell him so.

There is the bobbed-haired Jewish girl who announces nightly that she is proud

to be the lady-love of Stephen Kriechfisch, the symbolistic novelist, and that any one who has ever written an intelligible sentence is a worm. There is the young old man who wears a thumb ring and whose subtle pleasure it is to trap sightseers from Minneapolis into a confession that they rather like Minneapolis, golf, and Dickens. "Really, my dear, they were too pricelessly precious!" There is the skinny lady who has gone out for vice with the same relentless grimness with which her sister back home exploits virtue. She smokes cigarettes till her head aches, she has devoted seven laborious years to getting herself seduced, she hates brandy and becomes frigidly drunk on it nightly, and to any layman so bourgeois as to go home before two A. M. she remarks, "Yes, that's the sort of thing you would do."

I listened to this Salvation Army of compulsory sin. I first learned from them that it was imperative to adore—though not necessarily to read—Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses." Then the guiding geniuses and their disciples had a change of heart, whether because they tardily perceived that by printing all six of the unprintable Anglo-Saxon monosyllables Mr. Joyce had ruined their own chances to be shocking, or for the less metaphysical reason that the fellow had come to a measure of popularity and sales. Today, Joyce is more passé than James Russell Lowell. The disciples snap that here in the Dôme at this moment are at least seven fictionists who can excrete prose more turgid, more illegible, and generally more distinguished than his. To admire him is to be a provincial and even—most withering of condemnations at the Dôme—to be a person who does not live on the Left Bank but in the philistine sunshine and air of the Champs-Élysées.

From the disciples I had a bacchic glint of the new beauty which was to be bootlegged into America and save it from radios and the *Saturday Evening Post*. As an Iowa newspaperman I had learned that a "penman"—so we yearningly called them there, in a literary society unibulbous but other-

wise astoundingly like the Dôme—a penman must be patriotic, pure, and reverent toward the Hebrew God but nasty toward the Hebrews. Now, at the Dôme, I acquired a whole new code of Duties:

(1): Literature must be absolutely untrammelled, uncensored, and unimitative.

(2): All literature must be imitative of (a) Joyce; (b) Gertrude Stein; (c) Ezra Pound; (d) André Gide; (e) Jean Cocteau; (f) Sherwood Anderson; (g) Waldo Frank; (h) Marcel Proust. You are permitted, by the ruling of the International Convention of 1925, to choose any one of these models or to mix all of them, but any writing which does not obviously proceed from these Eternal Prototypes is to be censored.

(3): is the same as 2, except that the eight Prototypes are sharply condemned as old-fashioned, and their names are replaced by those of any eight acquaintances of the person intoning the code.

(4): You must write about a thing called "The American Scene."

(5): You must never, since all Americans are dubs, write about the American Scene, but only about the Left Bank of the Seine.

(6): You must not write about any scene whatever, since that is Merely Pictorial. Your characters must wriggle through a void, to the sound of Wagnerian overtures played on tin whistles and jews'-harps.

(7): The judges in this match shall be Ernest Boyd, Gilbert Seldes, Ezra Pound, Albert Nock, Paul Rosenberg, Cuthbert Wright, Harold Stearns, and Djuna Barnes. No person shall be considered a competent writer unless this committee agree upon him, unanimously, and as that has never happened and by no miracle could happen, a great deal of liveliness is added to the sport of literary competition.

III

I had listened—I had learned—I had striven to keep myself from writing with cheerfulness; but came a night, as Mr. Wells is fond of saying, when a native cussedness stirred in me. I fell from grace, I left the Dôme,

and as I wandered in such unsanctioned portions of Paris as the Rue Royale and the Grand Boulevards, I was sore-laden with a notion that the patronizing observations about other writers made by the geniuses at the Dôme weren't papal bulls but merely damned impertinence on the part of young literary bounders. At that moment I craved the company of the most lowbrow magazine star who booms that he is a "real he-guy and not one of these knitting champions," who volunteers that he merely scribbles enough to make a living, in between his real duties as a man and a citizen—fishing, poker, addressing hardboiled press clubs, teaching his seven sons to play golf, and mixing cocktails on the Italian terrace of his new \$200,000 country residence—all the domestic delights whereby he proves that a Stout Fellow who has been properly trained in "the newspaper game" can produce literature and yet remain as sane and strong and pure as a Y.M.C.A. secretary or a prize-fighter.

I contemplated the valiance of these Stout Fellows as I sat melancholy and alone before a lemon soda at the Café Napolitain. I remembered one of them who used to warn me against reading the contemporary English writers because they were, by "taking all these dirty cracks at decency," contaminating an erstwhile innocent world; and who revealed to me that it was all bunk to say that this guy Conrad was a high-grade author, because he knew absolutely that Mary Roberts Rinehart and Irv Cobb and Pete Kyne got more per story than this Conrad bird ever heard of. Himself, he had a pretty foresight for market values, and while his rivals were blindly sticking to the Prizefight Story (how the Yale Junior defeats the world's champion, but only in the sixteenth round) he would perceive a public tend toward inner nobility, and switch overnight to the Domestic Story (how grandmother saves the flapper from gin).

I recalled a dinner of the more opulent literary gentlemen, ample and pleasant gentlemen whose names are forever on the

magazine covers, and not one of whom, save myself, weighed less than two hundred and ten pounds or had a literary distinction of less than fifteen hundred dollars a story. I remembered their easy talk—free from all the precosities of the Dôme—about their motors, their investments, and their annual pilgrimages to Europe, consisting of a week of seeing the smuttier Parisian reviews and helping their daughters buy frocks, a motor trip along the Riviera, and a fortnight in such Italian hotels as were guaranteed free of all wops, frogs, hunks, hunkies, and yids. I remembered how their large blandness of world-survey, unprejudiced as the politics of a banker, untrammelled as the biology of a Baptist, gracious as a motorcycle cop, flowed over me and engulfed me and left me desirous of becoming a chiropractor and having done with it.

The diners referred with nausea to the "little literary lice," whereby they indicated the very cross-word-puzzle geniuses of the Dôme who that night seemed too much with me, late and soon. But meditating thus over my root beer at the Napolitain, I perceived that these Stout Fellows, the major generals and heavyweights of story-manufacturing, best-sellers and saviors of morality and lovers of the perilous sport of watching baseball, were not less but considerably more self-conscious and egocentric than the children at the Dôme.

Certainly men and women who have done fine and distinguished things do appear at the Dôme and its allied colleges, on the Left Bank, in Chelsea, in Greenwich Village. All the chattering lads in those retreats, however competently they may lie to themselves about the actual amount of work they do, however superciliously they look down on Thackeray and Hawthorne, are yet authentically alive to a revolt against the Mark Twain-O. Henry-*Saturday Evening Post*-Hearst-Munsey tradition that, to avoid pedantry and effeminacy, a writer must have the oral vocabulary of a truck-driver and the inescapable joviality of a pool-room; and that however

he may hate sitting in puddles, he must go fishing.

Even the scorn for all places outside the grubbier alleys of the Latin Quarter (or Greenwich Village) which one finds so irritating in these new self-conscious Bohemians is generally to be explained by a proud recent arrival from the silo belt, or by poverty. The lads who cannot afford sunshine and privacy make up for them on the principle of the fox who very properly jeered at the grapes he could not reach.

But of such self-defensive sneering one becomes as weary as one does of that incessant excuse for people with atrocious manners, that whelp of psycho-analysis, which the friends of bad-tempered geniuses produce daily: "You mustn't mind his rudeness—he's really awfully shy." Neither shyness nor poverty nor the ravages of disease need be paraded outside the home. Poverty is no more than riches an excuse for superciliousness. And to have to choose between literary baseball fans and the Boy Scouts of Dadaism is a hell of a choice . . . and one that is necessary only among that zealous and proselytizing folk, the Americans.

IV

In casting a leering eye upon the American theory that it is a Duty to be deliberately high or low brow, that it is a Duty to be or do anything in the matter of literature, the question is, naturally, not so simple as the elementary inquiry: "Is it permissible for an author to mix propaganda with fiction or poetry?" This controversy, like most critical discussions, is very ancient, always appearing as new and important to some delighted commentator, and in all ages equally meaningless. Is it permissible for a narrative to express its author's theories about the structure of the state or the criminality of Sunday theaters? Certainly. Is it permissible for an author to avoid, so far as he can, all propaganda? Certainly. Despite the existence of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Mr. E. J. O'Brien, and the O. Henry Prize Com-

mittee, there is as yet no authority other than the author's own desires which shall decide what he may or may not write. Even economic duress does not dictate, for a brisk fellow can make his honest fifty thousand a year equally by doing naughty stories or by upholding virginity, so gratifyingly broad is the present scope of our more vacuous magazines.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Upton Sinclair in "Mammonart" has come near to proving that no one can write without propaganda, will it or no. He shows how ardently Conrad, usually instanced as the pure artist free of all controversy, does press-agentry against the vile walking delegates who would annoy ship-owners in their right to overload steamers and send unsafe hulks out into storms. He might have shown that Hergesheimer and Cabell are propagandists in their hatred of propaganda.

Mr. Sinclair himself is one of the worst of the evangelists; he insists that social justice is the one fit topic for any writer. He is unable to find anything save viciousness in the French minor poets, futility in much of Swinburne, and patent medicine in Coleridge; and with the zeal of a William Jennings Bryan he would lure away from them all the rare and solitary youngsters who in them have discovered a solace and exaltation incomprehensible to crusaders. He praises "The Psalm of Life" as excellent poetry because it is "an incitement toward diligence and sobriety," though for reasons unknown he fails to recommend the Methodist hymnal on the same grounds. He does worship Shelley, but chiefly as a rebel, and "magic" in poetry he ridicules. A debate with such a man regarding poetry would be as sensible as an argument between a Paulist Father and a Christian Science healer.

Yet Mr. Sinclair is high-spirited, suggestive, original. He is wholesomely unafraid to tear down the taboos about even Shakespeare; he is unabashed in the senile presence of the high priests. And as a psychological study the book is valuable in its

indication of how twisted an intelligent person may be when he insists that people write (or swim or vote or make love or do anything else) in any one particular way.

Throughout, Mr. Sinclair assumes that if Shakespeare, Goethe and the other Tories had seen the cause of the people, it would have made a difference in erecting a reasonable world. I wish he would ask the author of "The Jungle" whether that vivid book has made any lasting difference in hygiene or labor conditions in the Chicago stock yards; and ask the author of "Main Street" whether that diagnosis of village dullness has rendered conversation at the afternoon bridge-parties on Willow avenue much more amusing. I suspect that the authors of both these books wrote them—whatever reasons they may have given to their earnest surface selves—essentially because it tickled their sense of mischief to write thus, and that later, when they found their fulminations perfectly ineffective, they have gone on to other manners and themes with no vast grieving. I suspect that though they are probably both of them good enough Socialists, as is Bernard Shaw, to look with relish upon the immediate hanging of all insurance-hunting ship-owners, all sellers of bad meat, and all persons who make Main Street life a horror by droning "Hot 'nough for you t'day?" yet secretly they see that in the long run it is not the machinations of these tyrants but the mass of smug human stupidity which keeps the world uncivilized.

Despite the protestations of Mr. Sinclair that one must write tracts, despite the sniffs of critics to the effect that Mr. Sinclair has no license to write tracts, is there any sort of high literature or of low scribbling which it is really despicable to produce? May one exude the cryptic, elliptic, symbolistic-impressionistic-esoteric sort of fiction in which every word means something besides the one thing it can mean, in which by the omission of verbs and transitions it is guaranteed that no lowbrow trespasser will get beyond the first paragraph, and in which the brightest mo-

ments of the indistinguishable characters are concerned with neo-Freudianism or neo-salvarsan? Certainly. Why not—if the author enjoys it? There are enough handy men producing obvious Wild West stories, Riviera decamers, and exposés of college presidents. But contrariwise, may one write pink romances? Certainly. Why not? What critic yet born has enough divinity in him to dictate to melancholy married spinsters on side streets that they must, in decency, be bored by Dorothy Richardson instead of enjoying Berta Ruck?

Write shameless adventure—the roll of the sea, the shine of the jungle, and all the rest of that puerile stuff of escape, which neither corrects prison conditions nor illuminates the Oedipus complex? Write adventure? Why not? Homer and Cervantes, Vergil and Dean Swift and Mark Twain, Melville and Kipling and Stevenson wrote as gleefully and coarsely of blood-and-thunder as any Harlem hack; and whenever he will permit himself, Hardy slips from gloom into a melodrama as adventurous as the print-paper magazines. Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges" is hectic adventure, and it is in no way inferior to the most spacious of his later novels. Nothing in Frank Norris is better than the latter, *i.e.*, the gallopingly adventurous portion, of "McTeague"; nothing better in Wells, not even the soul of Mr. Polly, than "The Island of Dr. Moreau," and the swash-buckling quest for quap in "Tono-Bungay"; and so far as Jack London lives it is for his sheer adventure and not for his sociology. Out of adventure and melodrama, Joseph Conrad makes a new world of unassailable beauty. Yet now and then arises some lady sage who protests that vulgar adventure, or any other definite form of doing, is necessarily inferior art, and that the ticking of little gray souls in little gray rooms is the only noble matter of the novel.

May one write laborious accounts of provincial customs? Why not? The pained æsthete who would abolish them, who would license only the delicate quiver of obvious beauty-hunting, have also to abol-

ish Balzac, Zola, Fielding, Bennett, Wells. On the other hand, may one descend so muddily as to turn out detective stories? Why not? It is unproven that the dialectic of this metaphysical art of plot-guessing is inferior to laboratory research, or the picking out of themes in music, and certainly it has satisfied many curious persons who otherwise might have sickened themselves with theology. It is doubtful whether any character in the last hundred years of fiction, even Pickwick or Mulvaney or Anna Karenina, is more living than Sherlock Holmes.

Solemnly to counsel authors that they may write as they wish seems as puerile and platitudinous and absurd as to quote "Honesty is the best policy." Anywhere in Europe, it *would* be absurd. But in a country where every one from the newest reporter on the Kalamazoo newspapers to the most venerable professors at Harvard, from the Oklahoma clergy to the more scholarly movie actors, is replete with holy alarms for all contemporary authors, there is no gospel more novel—or more repulsive to Americans, the most self-conscious and exaggerated people in the world.

V

The general opinion here is that Jews, Italians and Frenchmen are neurotic, full of hysterical excesses, becoming either Bolsheviks or flinty aristocrats, degenerates or ape-like peasants; while Americans, Englishmen, and most Germans and Scotsmen are by general judicious and unprejudiced, flushed with common sense, and despising the manners of dancing-masters. The opposite is the case. Americans are the most self-conscious, the most neurotic, the most æsthetic, the most stubbornly unæsthetic, and incomparably the most interesting tribe living, and next to them come the Britishers and Germans.

Our self-consciousness proceeds from the most important of all American traits: the tendency to exaggeration in every department of thought and conduct, which in

turn comes partly from our hot-house growth, our lack of slowly matured traditions, partly from our hybrid and contradictory stocks, and partly from the sentimentality which afflicts all Northern peoples as weather drives them from the reality of out-doors to the brooding unrealities of the hearth and candlelight.

This Winter-bound sentimentality governs the English, the Scotch, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Russians, nor are any of them so aged and traditional as they first seem to a tourist American who has never beheld a building erected before 1820. The Englishman considers himself instructed by immemorial tradition, but Rome was hoary and the Riviera had been the battleground of articulate clans for forty thousand years when London was still a litter of reed huts, and Oxfordshire a wolf-haunted wild. No, it is a newish race, the British, and hectic by comparison with the cynical French, the mature and compromising Italians.

The difference is seen in a comparison of French and English poetry. The theory of Cook trippers and of English pro-consuls is that the French are hysterical little people, clever but unsound, given to gesticulations, silly food, and the practice of weeping on all occasions, whereas Englishmen are hard, practical, beefy fellows who would rather die than be caught expressing emotion. But French poetry and fiction, the real expressions of the national soul, are, except for Victor Hugo and a few females and one or two novelists popular among the wives of respectable tradesmen, as heartless and practical and deft as a diamond glass-cutter, while English literature, especially the greatest, is dripping with sobs and Utopianism.

The British are just as likely to produce a Shelley, a Keats, a Byron, a Coleridge, an Aubrey Beardsley, an Ernest Dowson, a Dickens, a Wyndham Lewis (the *Blast* man), a right believer in the angels of Mons, a Jack Jones shrieking in the House of Commons, an exhorter praying by the hour in a mouldy chapel of the Peculiar

People, a Kipling bawling that all Hindu Nationalists are fiends, a suffragist burning mail with acid, a Lord Banbury justifying them by his sneers at suffrage, or any other passionate and slightly hysterical type, as to produce the stolid red-faced squire of their ideal. If once in Mrs. Humphry Ward they admired the mirroring of their own honest whiskers and square-toed boots and square-headed statesmanship, today the young generation flocks to Margaret Kennedy, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, and E. M. Forster, four authentically brilliant novelists who, writing with the gay delicacy which is so British and is supposed to be so French, stuff all the squires and Anglo-Indian colonels and solid bishops into the wastebasket, and reveal a world of young Britishers as eager and unstable as the dancers of Henri Murger.

Exaggerative, these British, yet withal it is in but a few realms—their belief in the sanctity of games for their own sake, the universal opinion that all persons save stay-at-home Britishers are colonials, and their reverence for the most distant sprig of the royal family. In politics the British are exaggerative enough. The county family piously believes that all labor-union officials are in the pay of Red Russia and should be hanged at once. The Clyde-side Socialist believes that the country can be preserved only by shooting the aristocracy, most of the Oxford professors, and all the journalists. But this exaggeration is not significant, because politics is paranoiac universally. The debates in the *Chambre des Députés* are of the madhouse; Bolsheviki and Mensheviki murder one another and join to murder the anarchists; Fascisti and Communisti express with machine guns and castor oil a certain lack of political blandness; and on election day in Berlin, 1925, the Hindenburgites and Marxites voted with clubs. Indeed Britain is more decorous and balanced than other lands. Ramsay MacDonald, as labor prime minister, was able to spend a week-end with the King, to go to the garden-parties of

dukes, without much anguish on the part of either the Conservatives or the Socialists. I have seen that most oligarchic peer, the late Marquess of Curzon, applaud the Labor air-minister, Lord Thomson, for the gallantry of his attack on Curzon's ally, the Duke of Sutherland.

In America, a Ramsay MacDonald would have been kicked out by the butler and assassinated by his own followers, had he appeared at a smart garden-party; and in any case he would never have secured office, but would have been ousted as illegally as was Victor Berger from the House of Representatives and the Socialist assemblymen from the pious legislature at Albany.

However dismaying their exaggerations about Americans, Hindus, and the importance of dressing for dinner, the British are painfully well-balanced compared with us—all of us. There is nothing we do not overdo. To Europe we are still the dollar-chasers, and it is true that when a Yank finds it interesting to amass wealth he pursues the dollar with all horns tooting, taking six-barred fences and water gates and tearing off his scarlet coat in the amorous fury of the hunt, while the French peasant merely pinches every centime and the English merchant regards every shilling in the till as his by sacred right. But if the American exaggerate in money-chasing, he flings the same money away with a passionate glee unknown elsewhere in history. He hurls ten millions at universities he has never seen; he wants to buy all the Rembrandts in Europe, and to feed the Letts, the Syrians, and all the secretaries of all the reform leagues in Washington, D. C.

The only human being more exaggerative than the American Prohibitionist, with his unshaken belief that hardy pots can be made to like strawberry ice-cream soda, was the old-time American drinking-man. He never was content with *Bierhallen* or placid sidewalk cafés. He had to stand up at the bar, shoot his whiskies straight, go home drunk and penniless, and justify the insanities of Prohibition. And thus when

an American is lowbrow (and he may be a lumberjack or a chemist, an insurance clerk or a newspaper editor), he is monstrously lowbrow. He views any male person who plays the piano, reads Sir Thomas Browne, or speaks in an agreeable voice as a sheer degenerate. The American highbrow regards any person who has a liking for chewing tobacco, fire engines, or the long, delicious, drawling anecdotes of backwoods general-stores as a blatant moron. And this highbrow, this precious laddie speaking an English more Oxonian than Oxford, is not the product of a slow autumnal coloring by rot, but springs in one generation from the hardest roughneck. The son of the morose bacon-chewing Indian fighter is heard whinnying that he simply cannot endure these terrible Americans one encounters in Paris: only in Capri, in the more select villas, does he find delicate companionship and a serenity in which to contemplate the art he is too feeble to pursue.

The American Tory is so complete and humorless that merely to speak of the I. W. W. or of Debs is to become suspect by him and his satinwood-paneled wife. Side by side with his intransigence is American democracy, that faith whereby any waiter, elevator runner, trolley conductor, clothing salesman, or taxi chauffeur who likes his job or who enjoys being courteous to his patrons is suspect as a coward, a weakling, and a traitor to that free-born-American independence which is particularly to be noted in recently arrived Greeks, Sicilians, and Finns. These innocent and unprejudiced arrivals see with a glad new light that independence is not, as they had thought, self-respect, but rudeness, and the lesson in Americanization they learn with alacrity.

Exaggerative American youth—it feels itself persecuted if the family fail to have a radio, a closed car, and the movies four times a week. The American motorist—if his car has a potential speed of less than seventy miles an hour, he is ashamed and miserable, though in no state of liquor

would he dare to drive more than fifty. The American poker-fanatic—to him a game which ends before five in the morning, before the players are sick with nicotine and alcohol and the boredom of shuffling and dealing, is a pastime fit only for missionary societies.

And American philosophy—not since the orgies of Savonarola have the gods witnessed so obscene a spectacle as a country seriously accepting and discussing Frank Crane, the Fundamentalists, John Roach Straton, Dr. Albert Abrams, osteopathy, Bernarr MacFadden, "Abie's Irish Rose," Shriners' conventions, Mayor Hylan, and the advertisements in the *World Almanac* of mail-order home-training courses whereby, without deserting the soda-fountain, young men may become finger-print experts, dancers, mail-carriers, orators, railway-station superintendents, violinists, evangelists, authors, aviators, and managers of tea-rooms.

VI

One of the most instructive examples of the American ethic is the solemnity with which the populace consider whether or no their loyal countrymen, especially writers and painters, may stay abroad.

Recently the Paris editions of both the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* have maintained earnest symposia on the reasons why so many American writers live in France for considerable periods. In Paris or at the dock in New York the first question of the reporters, unless they are wise ship-news men who have learned that liners are not ships but ferries, is "Should writers go abroad? Do you feel that you understand America better that way?"

I had supposed that any one—even a writer, with his burden of moral duties toward his congregation—went to Paris because he liked to; because the wine is cheap, the girls pretty, the crêpe Suzette exalted, the Place de la Concorde beautiful, and the theater so bad that one can, without the inconvenience of remaining in New

York, still acquire vanity in being a New Yorker. But such reasons are frivolous. One goes to Paris, one has a Duty in going to Paris, because there one receives inspiration and stimulation at the tomb of Voltaire, before the Monna Lisa, amid the collections of lace, and in the high-soaring conversations at studios belonging to music students from Nashville. One acquires Culture and a Broad View through meeting the French poets and historians whom one never meets. One adds piquancy to one's literary manner by learning the names of seven French wines, the appellation Boul' Mich', and such jaunty phrases as "nom d'une pipe," a phrase used as frequently in Paris as is "begorra" in Dublin. Whatever spiritual replenishment one gains, one unquestionably Gets a Better Perspective on America, and year by year in damp corners of cafés one sits talking of that Better Perspective which one acquired while forgetting what America is like. I know an American novelist who has been Getting that Better Perspective for sixteen years, and who has so much Perspective now that the American characters in his book are as accurate and well-rounded and bucolic and nasal and generally profound as the American characters of *Punch* or Mr. Michael Arlen.

The opposing school holds as firmly that the American writer has a Duty *not* to remain in Paris. They permit the refreshment of six weeks in Europe every two years, providing that the only purpose of such a sojourn shall be a perception of how much better and sweeter and less expensive America is than these dying and neurotic countries. This grim school, no more than the Perspectivers, allows the belief that any decent Yankee may visit Europe merely to save money, get a drink, and admire Gothic doorways, and it insists that after the six weeks the literary explorer, laden with Dunhill pipes and little leather boxes from Florence and Tauchnitz editions of the more antiquated American novels, shall return to the Greenwich Village flat from which he or she so intensively studies

Alaskan folklore and the agrarian movement in Montana. Not only do our writers themselves thus moralize about being abroad, but any clubwoman from Fort Worth, any professor in a one-building university, has a right—indeed a Duty—to instruct them; and the daring leaders of thought listen reverently.

No part of the Continent and Britain is free from smugness about itself. Oslo and the Oslonians believe as prayerfully as Chicago that any reason for staying in, or staying away from, Oslo is somehow a compliment to Oslo; and Tokio and Antofagasta and Wiggan as well as Los Angeles esteem themselves each the center of the universe and the wellspring of all the arts. The Englishman believes that his street of damp brick villas is the flowering of civilization; and to all right-thinking persons, India is not a land which has more or less to do with the Hindus but chiefly an interesting background against which Englishmen may display anew the changeless virtues of Tootlebury.

Yet always, since the days when scholars went inevitably to study at Padua or Pisa, the British writer has gone abroad without thinking it necessary to excuse himself. Browning, Shelley, Borrow, or, today, Bennett, Maugham, Walpole—such men have always wandered; and for any pressman to demand their reasons would have been considered by everybody, including the uncomfortable pressman, as impertinence. It is nearly inconceivable, even with

the present rapid Americanization of the British press, that a London daily should hold a debate on "Is it wholesome for British writers to live in Italy?" It is impossible that the standard sister of the standard Dorset vicar should on the high moment of meeting her favorite author, say Hichens or Locke or Oppenheim, inform him that his Duty toward her was to spend less time in Cannes.

Such magnificence of self-consciousness and duty-mongering and hysterical bounding to extremes may in all its richness be found only in our sturdy land. To the question beloved of all Sunday newspapers and teachers' associations, "What is the matter with America and how shall we do something about it?" there is one final answer: There are too many people who ask "What is the matter with America?" and then dash out and try to do something about it.

And there are idiots who will consider this philosophical inquiry an attack on our fair land! Actually, to say that we are the most neurotic, most self-conscious folk in the world is to say that our provincial days of sockless statesmen, merchant princes pompous in broadcloth, and oratorical second-rate lawyers are over; that we are feverish with the pursuit of every wisdom and every agreeable silliness; and that overnight, without even ourselves perceiving it, we are changing from the world's dusty wheatfield to the world's hectic but incomparably fascinating capital.

BALLAD OF THE SWABS

BY GEORGE STERLING

The tale is of my grandsire
And his good whaling-ship,
Back to Sag Harbor faring
From his eleventh trip.—

A true man, a taut man,
With sea-blue eyes and bright,
Three foot across the shoulders
And five foot five in height.

The stout ship *Thomas Dickinson*
Up from Rio rolled,
Eighteen hundred casks of oil
Braced tight in her hold.

Two years out each man Jack was
And ninety days to spare,
Wives and sweethearts waiting
Starved love to share.

Block Island lay to starboard,
Montauk lay to port.
“Damme! my bullies!
Land’s the place for sport.

“Rum’s a mocker when ’tis served
Only once a day,
With the brown Marquesan girls
Half a world away.

“Now swab the deck, my hearties!
Two hours will see us home
From toil and fluke and tempest
And the night-reef’s foam.”

Out spake Billy Palmer,
An Amagansett boy:
“Flense my butt if I crook arm
At any such employ!

“To hell with oil and whalebone
And all sea-faring men,

Till I and my dear Betty
Ha' kissed and kissed again!"

They heaved the black swabs overboard
And whistled a gay tune.
Ahead they saw the Gardiner woods
And Napeague's first dune.

A kind man my grandsire was,
But tougher than a spar.
None in all the whaling-fleets
Cast the harpoon so far.

"Mr. Luce!" (the first mate jumped)
"East sou'-east's her course."
The second mate swore heartily,
Being weary of salt-horse.

Then rumbled Reuben Pentlatch,
The gloomiest of men:
"By hell's floor! is he plannin'
To turn Cape Stiff again?"

Back to the Atlantic blue
The ordered course was laid,
And both mates used familiar words
Until new swabs were made.

Out of sight of land or spire,—
Far from kith and kin,
Long they heard the creaking yards
Speak of discipline.

Three full days they swabbed the deck
With most painstaking care,
Till Dolly Madison herself
Could ha' eat her supper there.

"Now west nor'-west's her course again,"
My bull-necked grandsire said—
Twice as hot as any there
For home and wife and bed.

Again they lifted high Montauk
And low Block Island's sands;
But till they saw the roofs of home
Those swabs were in their hands;

And when the anchor rattled down
In harbor water green,
Their blessed hearts were clean and wise,
And the deck uncommon clean.

THE LION-TAMER

BY JIM TULLY

IT WAS my second hobo journey through Mississippi. After the first I had vowed never to return, but Arkansas moonshine had changed my plans. Three times the first week I narrowly escaped arrest. Then, hurrying toward Louisiana, I lost track of the days of the week and month. There was no need to know. I had, as the hoboes say, dragged a long haul from Hot Springs, Arkansas, to McComb City, Mississippi, some hundreds of miles. The latter town is a sun-scorched group of frame-houses stretched forlornly along the Illinois Central tracks, ninety miles from New Orleans.

Half dazed from loss of sleep, weak from hunger, and irritated by vermin-infested clothes, I resolved to leave the road for a spell. The terrible Mississippi vagrancy law hung over me. Under that law an officer is given two dollars and a half for every vagrant he captures alive. In other parts of the United States a tramp is not molested if he keeps off railroad property, but in Mississippi he is hunted up hill and down dale for the two dollars and fifty cents.

Once captured, he is given a fine of seventy-five dollars. Having no money, he is made to work the fine out—at twenty cents a day! This comes to about eleven months and twenty-nine days, allowing a few days for good behavior. But there is, furthermore, a joker. The prisoner always needs clothing. He is charged three dollars for a fifty-cent pair of overalls, and seven dollars for a pair of dollar-and-a-quarter brogans. These debts are added to his sentence and worked out at twenty cents a day. It is no uncommon thing for a friend-

less man to spend several years as a peon in Mississippi. So I had reason to worry.

Life had been completely against me for weeks. I had, with the sincerest motives, left Hot Springs for the remoter Arkansas wilds with a pair of loaded dice in my pocket. I hoped to trade my virtuosity with them for the money which the blasé lumberjacks had taken from the Lumber Interests. With this end in view I had actually worked two weeks at a camp near Pine Bluff. When pay-day came I started a crap game on the stump of an immense pine tree. To my befuddled consternation I lost every dime I had. And I had worked so hard for the money! Trekking wearily back to camp after the game, I felt sure that someone had cheated, but not wishing to accuse anyone unjustly, I kept still. The Jewish manager of the company store had played.

It was my intention to beg a few dollars and leave the camp next morning. But a cyclone, speeding hundreds of miles an hour, roared across the State. It broke large trees as though they were toothpicks in the hands of traveling salesmen. It was a swirling funnel of doom. It sounded like the agitated rumbling of thousands of locomotives climbing a steep hill. We hurried to the cyclone cellars dug deep in the ground. The landscape next morning was as clean as a desert bone. I was drafted into the army of labor again. On my next pay-day I started another crap game. The Jewish store-keeper played again. I lost again.

Downcast, I then left Pine Bluff and finally reached McComb City. Not wishing to bother the police with my presence,

I circled the town. Five miles beyond it I walked toward the railroad tracks again. I waited on a grade which freight trains would climb slowly. In about an hour a coatless Negro wearing a black satine shirt limped along the track. He whistled "My Country 'Tis Of Thee."

"Which way, Patriot?" I yelled.

"Lawdy, Boy—you sure skeert me. I done thought you was the law!" He laughed. "I'se on my way, brotheh, out of Mississip to Luziana. And bulieve me, boy, dey t'rows de key 'way on you when dey gets you heah. You bettah walk along wit' me—I'se headed South. Dey's a circus oveh in Baton—an' I'm a-trailin' it."

Lonely, I joined the Negro and headed for Louisiana. He was a beggar who followed crowds—a professional trailer. When we reached New Orleans, he fell into the train of an evangelist who was packing a tabernacle in the city. I went on to Baton Rouge and the circus.

II

The ringmaster gave me a job helping take care of the animals. My duties were light, and my sense of freedom was enhanced by seeing the animals behind the bars. The man under whom I worked was known as the lion-tamer. He helped me to get clean clothing and new shoes. It was fully a week before I recovered from the punishment of the road. I soon realized that my Negro acquaintance had been wise in not trailing that circus. It already had too many trailers following it.

Trailers are men who follow circuses or anything else that draws a crowd. They live by preying upon the people. Among the trailers with this circus were legless men called crawlers who traveled with their bodies strapped to small wheeled platforms. They propelled themselves with stirrups held in each hand. They literally walked with their hands. Each time they struck the ground with a stirrup the wheels rolled under them. There were, too, trailers born double-jointed who twisted their

bodies in every conceivable and grotesque manner. Hard faces they had, and they moaned with pain when anyone drew near who might give money. Other trailers there were who could play the part of blind men. Yet others knew how to twist their hands.

One trailer carried a hard slice of bread with him. He would drop it on the sidewalk at a convenient place. When he saw a person approaching he would dive madly for the bread. This trick seldom failed to reap its reward. Another old trailer was a particular pet of the lion-tamer's. I soon became attached to him also. He walked about—playing blind—tapping a crooked gnarled cane on the pavement. He would tap three times every ten or twelve feet. He wore a long tobacco-stained beard that reached to his belt. The whiskers hid all of his face but the eyes, over which his brows projected at least an inch. He belonged to the great body of men who write. As may be supposed, he was not always tolerant of other literati. Since his doggerel rhymed, he had a special scorn for writers of blank verse.

"Them guys don't say nothin' an' what they do say they don't make no rhyme. They hain't artists," was the way he dismissed them. "Besides, they hain't no money in blank verse. People don't buy it. A fellow's got to sell his stuff if he wants to eat. I wrote a lot o' that damn blank verse one time, an' I had to give it to a barber for a haircut. He used it for shavin' paper. He'd just got through usin' a swell big book of Shakespeare. Some critic give it to him."

This literary vagabond sold his own efforts for as low as ten cents a sheet. Playing the rôle of a neglected genius, he often begged large sums of money at the Southern colleges.

The lion-tamer was the king of our small world. He was a lithe, two-hundred-pound Negro. Twice a day he went into a cage with six lions. Three of them were vicious and had killed several men. The strain of appearing with them told on his

nerves. He kept up his courage with liquor.

Save for helping me obtain clothes and shoes, he did not unbend to me until we had journeyed along the Gulf of Mexico and as far inland as Beaumont, Texas. The circus was pitched near some oil wells in Beaumont. I told the lion-tamer something of the history of oil; I was from an oil section of Ohio. He was fascinated by the way wells were shot and the oil obtained. When I told him how nitro-glycerine was sent hundreds of feet into the earth and then exploded, and described the rush of the oil upward, he listened as though it were a fairy tale.

From that day on we were close friends. Every trailer and flunky with the circus, it appeared, had told him a fascinating tale at some time or another. He was everybody's friend. And yet his face was defiance carved in ebony. The more he drank the more it became stern and set. He never smiled. But he gave a great deal of his salary to the poor trailers.

He was quick of movement and about six feet tall. He carried a musical instrument with him that was neither mandolin nor guitar. It was a contraption he had made himself. Often, when the show was over, he would evoke from that instrument the weirdest music in the world. I used to watch him as he played. The dim light would reveal his face, as drawn as a long-trained bruiser's. His music had a soothing effect on the animals, especially the lions. He would sit very still and play late into the night. The more he drank, the more weird his music became. No one ever complained.

A little ex-jockey, in charge of the horses, would often come and listen. We would seldom talk. Now and then an animal would make a moaning noise. Once the old homeric trailer went suddenly dotty for an instant and screamed aloud. The lion-tamer soothed him. The next day he wrote another poem.

One night the old trailer, the ex-jockey, the lion-tamer, and myself talked about death.

"I never worry about dying," said the lion-tamer; "when the Big Guy yells my name I'll go—that's all."

Just the same, he would drink heavily before entering the cages with the animals. Curious as to how he managed to control them, I asked him the secret. . . . "It's nothing," he said. "You must always look an animal in the eye. They can tell by that how game you are. You never can fool them."

III

About three hundred miles from Beaumont a crowd gathered in front of a cage which contained two laughing hyenas and a brown bear. The bear was blind. It had lost its sight in a battle with a keeper who had wielded a fork. The spieler, with an imitation diamond in his red tie, began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen! The first den contains the ferocious laughing hyenas and the largest brown bear in all the world. Denna Wyoming, the world-famous African lion-tamer, will now enter their cage and put them through their unique performance."

I stood near the cage as Denna Wyoming came forward. I had never seen his face so stern. The breast of his blue velveteen coat was ornamented with many medals. He snapped a whip against his polished top boot. The band played.

He swayed slightly as he bowed. The crowd applauded. Wyoming's lip curled. It was the little hour of glory for which he lived . . . and worried. The laughing hyenas and brown bear were unimportant to him. It was his entrance into the lions' cage that bothered him. The lions were already pacing excitedly up and down their iron prison next door.

As the band played, Denna Wyoming slipped the bolt and entered the cage with the bear and hyenas. The brown bear lumbered from his corner. Suddenly Denna Wyoming slipped and fell. His arm hit the bear's snout. It lurched forward and grabbed him in a tenacious grip. The crowd, evidently thinking it was all part

of the show, cheered loudly. The lions next-door roared. The snarling hyenas sprang at the recumbent figure of the lion-tamer and bit viciously at his legs. The bear flung its body against the back of the cage. The lions stood on their hind legs . . . their forelegs between the bars of their cage.

Soon everything was in confusion. Men yelled. Women fainted. The owner of the circus hurried forward with a fork and prodded viciously at the animals. They paid no attention. The brown bear kept its grip, the hyenas snapped and tore. The whitewashed wall became splotched with blood. I stood horrified.

Denna Wyoming moaned. The lions roared louder. The band played wails of discordant music.

Then the weakened ex-jockey dashed into the cage with a small board in his hand. His wrinkled and leather-tanned face was sterner than the lion-tamer's had ever been. He stood erect and slashed the sharp board through the air. It tore a hyena's ear off. The hyenas both slouched away, jaws dripping. The brown bear let go its grip, and its head rolled from side to side as it backed away from its victim.

The lion-tamer lay still. His velveteen coat was in shreds. His medals were dirty and disarranged. One boot had been torn from his leg. The ex-jockey dragged him to the door. Attendants placed him on a wooden shutter and hurried away. The lion-tamer's heart quit pounding under his medals. The Big Guy had called his name.

The withered ex-jockey held the board aloft in his hand. The bear sat between the hyenas, who snarled in their corners.

"He'll be all right in a minute, folks—just a little accident."

He motioned to the band. It became silent.

"I'll now enter the cage with the Forest-Bred Lions."

The band played louder. The ex-jockey went into the lions' cage with the small board in his hand. Having smelt blood, the lions puckered their noses.

"Work fast, you sons of ——, or I'll lop your ears off," snapped the ex-jockey.

His command cut the air like a knife. He hurried from the cage. "Bring me a drink—damn quick!" A flunky hurried for it.

When the crowd had disbanded we went to the dead lion-tamer. Trailers had stolen the medals from his coat. He still clutched the little whip in his hand. The circus owner sent messengers ahead to a town in which we were to appear in three days. The death of the lion-tamer would put money in his till.

The messengers announced that Denna Wyoming, the greatest lion-tamer in the world, had been killed in mortal combat with six huge lions. His body would lie in state in the main tent in their fair city—a fit burial place for so brave a man. Lion-tamers from Ringling's, Barnum's and John Robinson's circuses were hurrying to Texas to act as pall-bearers at their great comrade's funeral. The town was placarded. The papers made headlines of the story.

We landed in the town with our dead lion-tamer. He was laid out with one lone medal on his chest. It showed the Blessed Virgin holding the child Jesus. It was heavy and made of brass. Ten men were hired to play the part of the lion-tamers from the other circuses. They were a frightful-looking crew. Two other lads and myself were made to act as their attendants. The circus owner seemed to have an idea that all lion-tamers were Negroes. Nine of the pseudo-colleagues of the deceased were dark. The tenth was Irish. They paraded about the town like a minstrel troupe. They drank an astonishing amount of liquor out of respect to their dead comrade. As I had respected him greatly, I drank also.

The circus grounds were jammed with people. They crowded into the main tent to see Denna Wyoming in his torn velveteen coat. The homeric vagabond rose magnificently to the occasion. He sold verses in honor of his friend. They read:—

Green lies the sod on Denna's breast,
 And my poor heart is in a haze.
 He sleeps in mansions of the blest,
 Where lions in the meadows graze.

No more on earth will Denna play
 His music to secure our praise.
 But he will sing the years away
 Where lions in the meadows graze.

Thousands of people followed the coffin to a spot on a hill. A trained dog, drafted into service, watched, with tired eyes, the whips, spurs, and boots of its supposedly dead master. A black preacher stood on a white tombstone and shouted:

"The Lawd Gawd he collect up the sons of Cain. He gathen the little childern from play and from the dens of lions. When He say *come*—you lays down youh work and go sailin' away to sit on the right hand of the Heavenly Fatheh and His Only Legitimate Son. . . . Glory be to Them, each one! . . . May all heah see the light and the dark ob their ways. . . . Fo' to them that hath shall be given some more—and them that hain't got it shall never get it—world without end!—for so it is written—and ever will be—thus and

ever—now and forever. He that lies here once held the lions in sway—and now none of you brethern is too poor to do him honoh."

He wiped his brow with a red and yellow kerchief as the lion-tamer's body was lowered in the grave. The multitude poured back to the circus under the burning sun.

When the festivities ended the circus owner counted the receipts of the biggest day's business of the season. The crowd had paid nearly two thousand dollars to see Denna Wyoming's funeral.

IV

I sat on a flat car with the ex-jockey as the circus rattled out of the town. The wind flapped the canvas cover on a gilded wagon as he said, "Denna was a hell of a lion-tamer. . . . Got killed by that damn brown bear!"

"I know . . . but how can you catch a blind bear's eye?" I asked.

His crooked mouth parted in a half smile.

"I'm damned if I know," he replied.

THE EDWARDSSES AND THE JUKESES

BY CLARENCE DARROW

This is what little Edwards are made of,
Little Edwards are made of:
Sugar and spice and everything nice;
This is what little Edwards are made of.

This is what little Jukes are made of,
Little Jukes are made of:
Nails and snails and puppy-dog tails;
This is what little Jukes are made of.

Most of the evidence on which the eugenists rest their case has come from the study of animals whose love affairs have been controlled and dictated in the interest of science. On the basis of these observations, made on rats, dogs, horses and what not, a large number of people have been convinced that the human race would be stronger and better if its production were controlled by taking thought, rather than by leaving the matter of future generations to the system of pot luck which exists in nature. There has recently come to my attention a book by Mr. Albert Wiggam, entitled, "The Fruit of the Family Tree," which may very well serve the purpose of illustrating what has come to be a rather popular point of view. This book is written in a readable manner. The style is lucid, and the author has adopted some striking methods of stating his propositions. Listen to this lyrical outburst on the possible accomplishments of scientific breeding:

Finally, then, we see, actually and literally, that from dogs to kings, from rats to college presidents, blood always tells. The one central problem of progress, the endless task of statesmanship and education, is, therefore, to bring about those economic conditions, those social, political and educational ideals and opportunities which encourage those of good blood to mate with their own kind and produce good families of children, at least more than are produced by stocks of mediocre blood; and to institute stern measures which will

insure that those of positively bad blood produce no children at all. Such a race of people can easily run on through the vicissitudes of time, creating ideals, building institutions of worth and grandeur, and developing a culture, all of which are simply the outward expressions of the ceaseless energy of noble blood. Such a people and only such can build great civilizations—civilizations that will continue amid happiness and achievement,

"Until the stars grow old
And the earth grows cold
And the books of the Judgment Day unfold."

This is the general thesis of Mr. Wiggam's book. It can be summed up in the words at the end of the first sentence I have quoted: "blood always tells." The thing which interests me about the book (beside the author's poetry) is that, like every other eugenist since the days when Dugdale first wrote his little classic on the Jukes family, Mr. Wiggam brings in, as part of the evidence to prove his case, the old story of the Jukeses and the Edwardses. This tale, from much retelling, is now familiar to every student of eugenics and even to the man in the street. It concerns, as you will recall, the surprising adventures of the progeny of one Max Jukes (the villain) and one Jonathan Edwards (the hero), both pursued by a relentless fate (the germ-plasm).

Now, while I am perfectly willing to admit with the eugenists that blood always tells, I have never been quite clear about just *what* it tells. Let us, then, see what it has to tell about the Edwardses and the Jukeses.

II

As a rule, the eugenists treat the Edwards family as if the stock began with the celebrated divine, Jonathan. The popular idea

would seem to be that Jonathan was sent down from heaven, as it were, to originate a new line and demonstrate the potency of the germ-plasm. In common with many others, I have been considerably impressed, as I have read the books on eugenics, by the array of learning shown in the discussion of the Edwards family, but always there seemed to be something lacking. I was thus not satisfied, and determined to go a step further. After much investigation and deep thinking, I discovered that Jonathan Edwards had ancestors. In fact, he had a father and a mother, grandfathers and grandmothers—an ancestry running back to Adam, or in that general vicinity. Of course, the records of most of this ancestry have been lost in the mists that hang over all the past, but at least one can go a little way in tracing back his line.

Jonathan Edwards' father was Timothy Edwards, a New England preacher, whose glory has been dimmed if not totally eclipsed by his son's. His mother was Esther Stoddard, of whom little is known except that she was the mother of Jonathan. He was one of eleven children. All the rest were girls. This being the case, the family name as well as the immaculate germ-plasm has been carried down through history by Jonathan himself. Timothy Edwards was in turn the son of Richard Edwards, an obscure New England merchant, and of one Elizabeth Tuttle. Timothy was the second of the seven offspring of this fateful couple.

The eugenists stubbornly stick to the Edwards tree and the Edwards name in tracing the output of this remarkable family. Still, even some of the eugenists make it fairly plain that the Edwards family had little to do with the prodigies that followed in the wake of Jonathan. As we shall see, the "tilt toward greatness" in his line was given by Elizabeth Tuttle, his grandmother. Elizabeth Tuttle was not an Edwards, save that she took her husband's name. The important question then becomes: who and what was Elizabeth Tuttle? First, let us hear from the invaluable Mr. Wiggam on the subject:

Elizabeth Tuttle was a marvelous girl. Nearly three hundred years ago at Hartford, Connecticut, she married Richard Edwards, a great lawyer. They had one son and four daughters. They have all left their mark upon American blood. And when anything marks a nation's blood, it marks for weal or woe its ideals, institutions and history * * * *

I note in passing, by way of comment on the general possible accuracy of statements of this sort, that the official genealogy of the Edwards family, prepared by Mr. William Edwards and published in 1903, gives the number of children from this mating as seven, instead of four, and says that Richard Edwards was not a "great lawyer" but a merchant. Furthermore, I am unable to find anything about this Richard Edwards in the encyclopedias, so that, even supposing that he actually was a lawyer, it is not likely that his greatness is to be measured with the same stick as that of a Romilly, an Erskine, an Everts, or an Elihu Root. But let that pass. If Elizabeth Tuttle, "this marvelous girl," was the founder of a new dynasty that "marked the nation's blood for weal or woe," it would have been only fair to her memory, to say nothing about the new science of eugenics, for Mr. Wiggam to have given more facts about her character and her family. In all justice it should be said that he is not the only one at fault in this respect. A number of other books on eugenics give the same meager account. However, Mr. Charles Benedict Davenport of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, who is really the outstanding exponent of eugenics in this country, has fortunately given us more information. His book, "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," was published in 1911; Mr. Wiggam's, by the way, was published in 1924. Is it possible that Mr. Wiggam could have overlooked the following statement by so eminent an authority as Mr. Davenport?

From two English parents, sire at least remotely descended from royalty, was born in Massachusetts Elizabeth Tuttle. She developed into a woman of great beauty, of tall and commanding appearance, striking carriage, "of strong will, extreme intellectual vigor, of mental grasp akin to rapacity, attracting not by a few magnetic traits" but repelling when she evinced an extraordinary deficiency of moral sense.

On November 19, 1667, she married Richard Edwards of Hartford, Connecticut, a lawyer of high repute and great erudition. Like his wife he was very tall, and as they both walked the Hartford streets their appearance invited the eyes and the admiration of all. In 1691 Mr. Edwards was divorced from his wife on the ground of her adultery and other immoralities. The evil trait was in the blood, for one of her sisters murdered her own son, and a brother murdered his own sister.

In view of the fact that in the discussion of the Jukes family (as we shall see later) a great deal of emphasis is laid upon the criminal records and immorality of some of its members, it would seem that the family taking its origin from Elizabeth should have received a little more attention at its source. Probably most of the eugenicists who believe that the human race should be tinkered with by way of improving on nature would have then united in the opinion that the line should have ended before it began.

That it is really a Tuttle line and not an Edwards line is not a matter of dispute. Mr. Davenport goes on to say that "after his divorce Richard Edwards remarried and had five sons and a daughter by Mary Talcott, a mediocre woman, average in talent and character and ordinary in appearance. None of Mary Talcott's progeny rose above mediocrity and their descendants gained no abiding reputation." This is quite a slam at Mary, but as she has been dead for 250 years she probably won't mind.

In passing, I may remark on the doubtful chivalry of attributing to her the obvious inferiority of Richard Edwards, which manifested itself so plainly after he married her. Still this may be admissible in the cause of science. It is obvious, however, that her descendants by Richard Edwards were as much Edwardses as those coming from Richard and Elizabeth Tuttle. Yet, unfortunately, for the argument in favor of the potency of the Edwards germ-plasm, this second batch of Edwardses "never rose above mediocrity."

So much for the not altogether savoury beginning of the Edwards line. But let us

be generous and put to one side the unpleasant fact that it began to the tune of "adultery and other immoralities," with overtones of murder, soricide, and infanticide. Let us look at the great Jonathan himself. Nothing of startling import showed in the line before the birth of Jonathan. If we forget her "frailties," certainly the fact that Elizabeth Tuttle "was remotely descended from royalty" (whatever that may mean) added nothing to the luster of the Edwards name, especially as the authorities fail to mention the specific royalty or any evidence therefor. What of this Jonathan Edwards, then? Was he really a great man?

III

At the time of his birth at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1703, there were probably not more than half a million people in America. Most of these lived along the eastern border and largely in New England. No doubt all of them came over in the *Mayflower*. It was in this group of New England Puritans that Jonathan Edwards gained some fame in his day. He was a metaphysician, a preacher, and the president of a college. He wrote an elaborate essay on free will which probably not one out of ten thousand of the present generation has ever read. This discourse was based mainly on his weird theology. He had read Locke's celebrated treatise on "The Human Understanding," but he had never read Hobbes, who was one of the greatest Englishmen of his time and who had written profoundly on this subject. Neither had he read the works of David Hume. However, he did read Hume after the publication of his own book. Such was his open mindedness and scientific zeal that of Hume he wrote: "I am glad of an opportunity to read such corrupt books, especially when written by a man of considerable genius, that I may have an idea of the notions which prevail in our country."

But the real fame of Jonathan Edwards came to him as a preacher. He was a Fundamentalist, stern and unyielding. He was filled with religious zeal and ardor and

never suffered a doubt to lodge in his brain. At the early age of seventeen he wrote: "I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and His justice in thus eternally disposing of men, according to His sovereign pleasure; but never could give an account of how or by what means I was convinced, nor in the least imagine at the time, nor a long time after, that there was any extraordinary influence of God's spirit in it."

The boy's strange conviction bore its full fruit in his ministrations as a preacher. He delighted in defending the most cruel dogmas and doctrines. He seemed to take joy in the thought of eternal hell for the wicked. Some of the titles of his numerous sermons show the ferocious nature of his religion: "Future Punishment of the Wicked"; "Wrath Upon the Wicked to the Uttermost"; a series entitled "Man Naturally God's Enemies"; "The Misery of Unbelievers"; "A Warning to Professors"; "Of Endless Punishment." Or take, for example, these two titles from his essays: "The Great Christian Doctrine of Original Sin Defended" and "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners." But his greatest effort, prototype of all the rest, was "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Listen to him preaching the religion of the gentle Nazarene:

They [sinners] deserve to be cast into hell; so that divine justice never stands in the way; it makes no objections against God using His power at any moment to destroy them. The sword of divine justice is every moment brandished over their heads, and it is nothing but the hand of arbitrary mercy, and God's mere will, that holds it back.

They are now the objects of that very same anger and wrath of God that is expressed in the torments of hell; and the reason that they do not go down to hell at each moment is not because God, in whose power they are, is not then very angry with them; as angry as He is with many of those miserable creatures that He is now tormenting in hell. Yea, God is a great deal more angry with great numbers that are now on earth; yea, doubtless with many that are now in this congregation, than He is with many of those who are now in the flames of hell.

So that it is not because God is unmindful of their wickedness and does not resent it that He does not let loose His Hand and cut them off. The wrath of God burns against them; their damnation does not slumber; the pit is pre-

pared; the fire made ready; the furnace is now hot; ready to receive them; the flames rage and glow. The glittering sword is whet and held over them, and the pit hath opened her mouth under them.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; His wrath towards you burns like fire; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in His sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in His eyes than the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. And yet it is nothing but His hand that holds you from falling into the fire at every moment; it is ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, and there is no reason to be given, why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up; there is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell since you have sat here in the house of God provoking His pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending His solemn worship; yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down to hell.

O Sinner! consider the fearful danger you are in; it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the damned in hell: you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn it asunder.

Consider this, you who are here present, that yet remain in an unregenerate state. That God will execute the fierceness of His anger implies that He will inflict wrath without any pity.

The effect of this and other tirades from the pulpit on the minds of the meek and gentle New Englanders was terrible, even ghastly. One account tells us that the "congregations were convulsed with agony. . . . As they groaned and wept, another minister sitting in the pulpit cried out, 'Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! is not God also merciful?'" What the great spokesman of God replied, we are not told. Another account from one who was present on the occasion, is as follows:

I think a person of keen moral sensibility, alone at night, reading this awful discourse, would well nigh go crazy. He would hear the judgment trump, see the advancing hosts of heaven, and feel the day of doom as it began to mantle him with its shroud. And that is exactly what some of his audience felt, for they actually seized hold of the pillars and braces of the meeting-house as if that very moment their sliding feet were precipitating them into the yawning gulf of ruin

below. Many groaned and shrieked so convulsively that their outcry of distress completely drowned the speaker's voice and compelled him to pause and ask for silence that he might go on. Mr. Edwards' sermons have been described as a sort of moral inquisition where sinners were put upon argumentative racks and beneath screws, and with an awful revelation of a great truth in hand, evenly and steadily screwed down and crushed.

This great progenitor of a strong and righteous line, this carrier of a potent germ-plasm to regenerate the race, was a lover of children. In the name of his Master who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," he talked of infant depravity in such language as this: "As innocent as young children seem to be to us, yet if they are out of Christ they are not in God's sight, but are young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers; and are in most miserable condition as well as grown persons; and they are naturally very senseless and stupid, 'being born as the wild ass's colt' and need much to awaken them."

But enough. . . . Even cold and Puritan New Englanders could not stand this man of God. They drove him from his church for his hard and ruthless theology. True, he afterwards became president of Princeton College for a short time. But God had need of him and soon called him to his final reward. Let us leave Jonathan resting in the bosom of Abraham and pass on to a consideration of his illustrious descendants.

IV

Here, again, we must be on our guard against the blandishments of the eugenists. It will not do for us to assume out of hand that all the twigs on this family-tree are free from worm-holes. The eugenists do not tell us just how many descendants have sprung from the loins of Jonathan. However, knowing something about the begetting powers of Timothy and Richard, not to mention Jonathan, and assuming with the eugenists that the virility and potency of the Edwards germ-plasm has been passed on in undiminished vigor, we may do a little figuring for ourselves.

Jonathan, it will be remembered, was born in 1703. This was a little more than 200 years ago. If we count thirty years to a generation this means that we are now six or seven generations removed from the founder of this noble line. However, as we have already seen, it was not Jonathan who was the real founder, but Elizabeth Tuttle. This means that we are nine generations removed. Now, we know that Elizabeth had seven children by Richard Edwards, one of whom was Timothy. But Richard had six more children by poor little Mary Talcott, making his total score thirteen. Timothy Edwards, in turn, had eleven children, one of whom, Jonathan, is the hero of our romance. Jonathan, in his turn, had five children. (This all happened before the Malthusian law had been thought of). In order to be fair, let us assume that the first three generations had only four children each who lived to have children of their own begetting (instead of the actual figures given above), and that thereafter, on down to the present generation, each member of the family bore three children, each of which lived long enough to preserve and carry down the precious Edwards germ-plasm.

Theoretically, then, the descendants of Elizabeth Tuttle, living and dead, should number approximately 90,000 individuals. This assumes that there have been no inter-marriages in the family. (Which, of course, there have been, and with God knows whom else, mayhap even with the despised Jukeses! But, more of this in a moment). To be perfectly safe, let us cut the figure to less than half. Let us take 40,000. We may then assume that, by the law of chances, half of the 40,000 descendants from Elizabeth were females. This means that about twenty thousand new names have been brought into the Edwards line. Now, it is also obvious that with every marriage, both male and female, new blood has been brought into the Edwards stream of inheritance, and that in figuring out the laws of heredity attention should be given to the female line as well as to the male. Some-

thing like this has been done by the eugenists. An examination of the list of names given as descendants in the Edwards line reveals the fact that they have grabbed a name of more or less importance wherever they could find it. Davenport quotes fifteen names of the "famous" ones in this line, only two of which are Edwardses. One of these is Jonathan himself and the other his son, who lived near enough to Jonathan "to get talked about." The parade of notables is as follows:

Jonathan Edwards,
Jonathan Edwards, Jr.
Timothy Dwight,
Serenio Edwards Dwight,
Theodore Dwight Woolsey,
Sarah Reeve,
Daniel Tyler,
Timothy Dwight,
Theodore William Dwight,
Henrietta Frances Merrill,
Edward Gates,
Catherine Maria Sedgwick,
Charles Sedgwick Minot,
Winston Churchill.

It might be fair to assume that the fairly well-known family of Dwight, which appears four times in this list, contributed some blood of its own. And this is exclusive of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who possibly also had something to do with the precious blood that is traced in this genealogy.

If one is interested in knowing how really great are the individuals represented by this list of names, one may apply a rough and ready test by consulting any encyclopedia—and finding what small space is given to most of them, when they are mentioned at all. Another author adds to the Davenport list the names of Robert Treat Payne, who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Marchioness of Donegal (whoever she was), the Fairbanks brothers, Melville W. Bigelow, Morrison R. Waite, Grover Cleveland, U. S. Grant, and Edith Carow. It might be interesting to ask by what right some of these worthies get fame and shelter under the Edwards tree. For instance, Sarah Reeves is put down as the wife of Tapping Reeves—good enough! Daniel Tyler was a general in the Civil War

and founder of the iron industry in Alabama. Henrietta Frances, wife of Eli Whitney, gets in by "burning the midnight oil by the side of her ingenious husband, helping him to enduring fame." The Fairbanks brothers are mentioned as the "makers of scales." Somewhere I have heard of the Fairbanks scales. Their exact weighing qualities are clearly to be traced to Jonathan Edwards. Melville W. Bigelow is mentioned as a great lawyer. Possibly he was. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives biographies of three or four Bigelows which are much more extensive than his. However, we find it stated that he was a law lecturer at Ann Arbor and wrote and revised some law books. This is certainly enough.

But perhaps the inclusion of the name of Edith Carow in the list is the crowning triumph of the eugenists in tracing the enduring vitality of this family-tree. One eugenist uses this language: "Edith Carow, widow of Theodore Roosevelt and mother of his five sons, one of whom, Quentin, was killed in the air service in France, and the remaining four are starting upon careers of honor and distinction." The public generally has attributed some power to Theodore Roosevelt himself. Who would have suspected that his fame and the prestige of his family were due to the fact that his wife was nine generations removed from Elizabeth Tuttle, and had perhaps one chance in a million of having some of the blood of Jonathan Edwards in her veins?

Another author gives us a grand statistical summary of the "greatness" of the descendants of Elizabeth Tuttle. "The descendants number 12 college presidents, 265 college graduates, 65 college professors, 60 physicians, 100 clergymen, 75 army officers, 60 prominent authors, 100 lawyers, 30 judges, 80 public officers, 3 governors, mayors and State officials, 3 congressmen, 2 United States senators, and 1 Vice President." This adds up to something over 600 out of a possible 40,000. We are not informed about the rest. Probably some of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards have been farmers—poor but honest; perhaps,

some of them have even worked. Possibly some of them have received outdoor or indoor relief. There is even room for a few inmates of jails. Who knows? Perhaps if one looked closely enough and had the facts one might find here and there in the 40,000 a few morons and an imbecile or two. But of all these the eugenists tells us nothing. To be a college graduate is not a great distinction; neither to be a physician, an army officer, a lawyer, a congressman, a governor, a Vice President, or even a President. About the only thing that these figures show is that for some reason a considerable number of the descendants of Elizabeth Tuttle escaped manual toil. But this does not mean that they necessarily had rare intelligence or were men of great parts. Genius cannot be proven by lumping together 265 college graduates.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to show the utter absurdity of tracing out any given germ-plasm or part thereof for nine generations, or five, or three. Not only does new blood enter at each generation, but to follow the germ-plasm one must go across, as over the squares in a checker board, and take a blind chance at every one of the infinite cross-roads reached. There is probably not one chance in a million that any particular individual in the last generation had any of the "blood" of Elizabeth Tuttle. The amazing thing to me is why anybody of this generation or any other should *want* to be traced to Jonathan Edwards. Why should any eugenist resort to the devious ways that have been used in this genealogy for the purpose of linking even his worst enemies to Jonathan? Who was Jonathan Edwards? Except for his weird and horrible theology, he would have filled no place in American life. His main business in the world was scaring silly women and little children and blaspheming the God he professed to adore. Nothing but a distorted or diseased mind could have produced his "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Nothing but the puritanical, cruel generation in which he lived could have tolerated

it. It is easy to see how a considerable number of college graduates, divines, even judges and bankers of that early day might be nearly or remotely related to him. His fame as a preacher gave him a sort of standing that opened opportunities and places to his kin and descendants that were denied to others of greater abilities. The laws of heredity are infinitely subtle and uncertain. The laws of social heritage are very much easier to understand.

What the eugenists have done here is to commit the most elementary error in logic: "after this, because of this." They have gathered a list of more or less well-known names appearing somewhere in the nine generations following Elizabeth Tuttle and have then assumed that in some way the precious germ-plasm of Elizabeth went into making these names "great." Suppose that some evil-minded person wished to show that Elizabeth Tuttle was the bearer of a defective germ-plasm? Such a person would only have to follow the methods and ape the commendable industry of the eugenists. It would be necessary only to pick out of the forty thousand or more individuals who might possibly have taken their origin from the Tuttle germ-plasm a number of idiots, imbeciles, morons, criminals, paupers and the like, and then lay the whole burden on Elizabeth Tuttle via Jonathan Edwards. This without regard to the endless mixture of the germ-plasm all the way down the line, or to the known effect of the social heritage in determining the life of every individual. If the effect of "good" germ-plasm can be demonstrated in any such crude way as has been used in the case of the Edwards family, then anything can be shown which any writer wants to show.

V

So much for the positive side of the case which has been made out for the "marking of the nation's blood for weal or woe." Let us now turn to the negative proofs. What of the villain in the plot, Max Jukes, and all the little Jukeses? Surely, there can be

no reasonable doubt that they were a bad lot. Well, let us see.

Most of the information about the Jukes family which has been elaborated into volumes by near-scientists and from them carried to the man in the street by enthusiastic uplift workers originated with Richard L. Dugdale. Dugdale made his first announcement regarding this unhappy family in a report to the Prison Association of New York in 1875. He seems to have been a moderate, rather painstaking and careful gatherer of what appeared to him to be the facts. He had little scientific knowledge concerning the laws of heredity, and did not make any such claims for their effects as those that have been so boldly made by the uplifters since his time. In his day, and for many years thereafter, anything like scientific and thorough investigation was not possible. The kindness and charity of Dugdale are shown by the fact that the originator of the line, in so far as lines have an originator, was concealed under the pseudonym of "Max Jukes." In this respect, he was kinder than the biographers of the Edwards line.

The origin of the Jukes family, like the origin of the Edwards family, must necessarily be settled arbitrarily. So we are informed that the father of the clan was born somewhere between 1730 and 1740. He was christened 150 years after his birth and 100 years after his death by the name of Max Jukes. He was born, if not especially created by a just God, somewhere on the borders of some wild and rocky lake in the Adirondacks, a region which was then almost an unknown wilderness. Max is described as "a hunter and fisher, a hard drinker, jolly and companionable, and averse to steady toil." Not so bad. In only one regard does he seem to have been like the Edwards family, *i.e.*, he was averse to steady toil. But this appears to be a common failing of all the sons of Adam: I recognize it in myself.

Max in all other respects was certainly the antithesis to Jonathan Edwards, who was not a hunter and fisher (unless of men),

probably not a hard drinker, and certainly not jolly and companionable. One can't help thinking that most of us would have preferred Max to Jonathan, and possibly in that number, knowing her as we do, we may include Elizabeth Tuttle. We may pass over the rather obvious fact that Max must also have had a father and a mother, and grandparents, and so on back, and that where they came from and when is entirely concealed by the years, as is the genealogy of most of the common people. However, Windsor, Connecticut, which, it will be remembered, was the birthplace of Jonathan, was less than 200 miles away as the crow flies from the five lakes region in the Adirondacks. It is probable that Max's ancestors came from that direction, as they couldn't very well have come from anywhere else. But we will come back to this later. We are further informed that Max worked by spurts and became blind in his old age. The statement is worthy of note. He had many children, two of whom married two out of six sisters. All of these six had the same mother and four bore the same family name. The names of the other two are unknown, which for the eugenists warrants the inference—in this family, at least—that they were illegitimate. Much is obscure after 150 years.

The region in which Max and his family lived is described as the forest-covered margin of five lakes so rocky as to be at some parts inaccessible. In the early days the only work which could be had in those parts was in stone quarries and at lumbering. The Jukeses "lived in log or stone houses, similar to slave-hovels, all ages, sexes, relations and strangers 'bunking' indiscriminately. During the Winter the inmates would lie on the floor strewn with straw or rushes like so many radii to the hearth, the embers of the fire forming a center toward which their feet focused for warmth." In these surroundings, we are told, the Jukeses lived for more than a hundred years. A community of semi-industrious laborers and licentious women developed. The young women of the fami-

lies grew up "comely in appearance and loose in morals." These interesting characteristics naturally attracted the men from a nearby city, even those of so-called good families, and there was brought forth many an illegitimate child, usually named after its supposed father. "As a result one finds among the Jukeses some of the most honored names of the region." As is only right and proper in a case of this sort, these names are not given by Mr. Dugdale.

Just as the eugenists have produced for us the panorama of the Edwards family from Elizabeth Tuttle down nine generations with all the high spots in between, so, also, they have painted for us in no uncertain colors the dark history of the Jukeses. In the latter picture, however, the high spots are all low spots.

Dugdale studied "709 persons, 540 being of Jukes blood and 169 of X blood who had married into the Jukes family." He estimated that the Jukes family would consist of 1200 persons were it possible to trace all the lines of descent from the original six sisters. As the science of eugenics was then in its infancy, it is not explained how Dugdale knew that 540 were of Jukes blood and 169 of X blood who had married into the family. We can understand how the Jukes *name* might be traced for five or six generations, but we can't understand the evident assurance of the eugenists of their ability to trace out the devious wanderings of the Jukes germ-plasm after 150 years, or even after one new birth. It is obvious that what Dugdale did was to start his investigation with a list of names which he had collected during his connection with various State institutions of New York. He then sought to connect up in a single line all of the paupers, criminals, and whatnot, that he had been able to get records of, and to trace them back to Max Jukes. In the case of the Edwards family the same technique was applied. The biographer starts with a list of "prominent" names and then follows the meanderings of the Edwards germ-plasm back to Elizabeth Tuttle by way of Jonathan Edwards.

Of the cases investigated by Dugdale, we are informed that 180 had either been in the poor-house or received outdoor relief to the extent of 800 years. (This means an average of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ years for each person receiving outdoor relief or living in a poor-house). There had likewise been 140 criminals and offenders. (How many criminals and how many offenders, and what or whom they offended is not clear.) There were 60 habitual thieves, 7 lives sacrificed by murder, 50 common prostitutes, 40 women venereally diseased, contaminating 440 persons, and 30 prosecutions for bastardy—all in a period of 75 years. Of course we have no data to show how many of these were the same people under different headings, but that certain individuals were prostitutes, thieves and likewise received outdoor or indoor relief seems to be fairly clear.

This is the way that the case stood against the Jukeses when Dugdale finished his investigation in 1875. But science is untiring in matters of this sort, so in 1916 we find Mr. Arthur A. Estabrook publishing another chapter in the Jukes history under the title: "The Jukes in 1915." Mr. Estabrook took up the study of the Jukes family where Dugdale left off and tried to bring the account down to 1915. In his investigation the total number studied, inclusive of those studied by Dugdale, was 2280. It was not claimed that this was by any means all of Max Jukes' descendants. Like Dugdale, Mr. Estabrook was able to study only those of which he could get records.

Without going into technicalities of method or into any great detail, it may be said that Mr. Estabrook finds that some of the Jukeses are still up to their old tricks. They are still a bad lot. They are charged with harlotry (licentiousness), pauperism, syphilis, intemperance, crime, idleness, blindness, insanity, feeble-mindedness, etc. But a careful reading of Mr. Estabrook's report suggests that the uncritical and oversanguine partisans of heredity may have to revise some of their notions. When it comes

right down to an examination of the actual traits which are inherited, we find that neither Dugdale nor Mr. Estabrook is willing to hazard the opinion that the cases of social deficiency appearing in the Jukes family are directly due to heredity. When one ceases to talk in vague generalities about "good and bad blood" and begins to talk about unit determiners and chromosomes (which is the only language that a really scientific biologist can understand) the case against the heredity of the Jukeses begins to assume an entirely different appearance.

VI

Let us take up some of these traits one by one. There is harlotry, for example. Mr. Estabrook practically concedes that the cases of licentiousness in the Jukes family were due more to environmental conditions than to any hereditary determiner. He finally concludes that before tracing this defect to heredity it is necessary to have much more data than can possibly be obtained. So far as harlotry can have any connection with heredity, it must be reduced to terms of abnormal sex impulse. As a matter of fact, I am willing to hold that a better case can be made out against the Edwardses in this respect than against the Jukeses. Consider the career of Elizabeth Tuttle and the potency and fecundity of Richard, Timothy, and Jonathan Edwards!

The amount of pauperism and indoor and outdoor relief figure prominently in all accounts of the Jukes family. This, too, is conceded to be hard to trace to heredity. It may be due to illness or environment, or, as suggested, "the readiness of the old-time politicians to grant outdoor relief to prospective voters."

Mr. Estabrook does not claim any evidence for the inheritance of syphilis in the Jukes family. It seems to be well settled that while syphilis may be contracted in some cases in the mother's womb, it is never inherited in the germ-plasm. If it were so inherited, it would be hard to find anyone free from it. In Dugdale's examina-

tion of 709 persons in the Jukes line he found that 40 women were venereally diseased and that they contaminated 440 persons. How he could get this information after 75 years is difficult to imagine, especially the particular persons contaminated, with the evidence of where they were contaminated, and the name of the right lady. To anyone acquainted with the statistics of venereal diseases it is hardly necessary to suggest that the contamination of 40 women out of 350 at some time in their lives, and, especially in view of the conditions under which the Jukes lived, is a rather low batting average. It would only be taken into account by some eugenicist hot on the trail of a Jukes.

As to crime, no biologist would pretend to say that burglary, robbery, arson, or murder are inherited in the germ-plasm. Crime doubtless is found more frequently in weak structures, but, weak or strong, it requires the right sort of environment to make a criminal.

Why idleness is catalogued I am unable to say. I never could bring myself to believe that love of work is a virtue. So far as my experience and observation go, the only reason that any one has for working hard is to fix himself in a situation where he won't need to work. If idleness is a crime, why pick on the Jukeses?

Assuming for the sake of the argument that there is an unusually large number of individuals who might be judged socially deficient in the Jukes family, what can we say has been inherited? When all has been said and done, the only contention is that the apparently large number of feeble-minded persons in the Jukes stock furnishes some evidence of inheritance. But what is feeble-mindedness, anyway? I submit that it is entirely out of the question to find out whether a person is feeble-minded fifty or a hundred years after his death. The only way that feeble-mindedness can even be approximately determined is by a thorough and elaborate mental test, which could not possibly have been given in these cases.

It has been the fashion in late years,

under the influence of the publications of alarmists, to assume that feeble-mindedness is directly inherited. However, the latest studies on this subject leave us entirely in the air. Mr. Stanley P. Davies, in an instructive and critical analysis of the question published by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, says, by way of summing up his investigation: "It is apparent from the foregoing that we can be certain of only one thing at present with regard to the mode of transmission of hereditary mental defects, and that is of our uncertainty."

Is there, then, any mystery about the Jukes family? What is all the shooting about, anyhow? Why do the eugenists dodge the perfectly obvious facts to bolster up their case for tinkering with the human race? The Jukes story is the story of any number of other families environed as they were. Living in a sterile country, surrounded by poverty, condemned by conditions which have always been common to certain localities, they developed a manner of living and acquired a reputation which as social heritages were passed on from generation to generation. A few members of the family were sent to prison. As the record shows, they found it difficult to get work in the small community where they lived. They lacked education where there were no schools nor any adequate opportunity to learn. It is the story of the squalid section of every isolated, sterile, rural community and of every poverty-stricken city district. This has been abundantly proven, if proof were necessary, in the growing improvement of the family.

Dr. Estabrook, whose study has been quoted above, came to the conclusion that the stock of the Jukeses showed marked improvement in those members who migrated to other parts of the country and brought up their children outside of what Dugdale called "the crime cradle of the State of New York." This is what we might have expected. Even Dugdale him-

self pointed out at the time of his study that "during the last thirty years the establishment of factories has brought about the building of houses better suited to secure domesticity and, with this change alone, an accompanying change in personal habits has been introduced, *which would otherwise be impossible.*"

The Jukeses in a barren, rocky, isolated community are contrasted in the literature of eugenics with a family in the fertile Connecticut river valley—a family in which a few members having fame were able to pass this heritage to others down the line. Why go out of the way to even infer that the germ-plasm had anything to do with either case? The generations back of Max and those back of Jonathan were infinitely greater in number than the generations that have so far followed. In any fairly homogenous community one needs only to go a little way back to find the lines crossed and the germ-plasm mixed. Otherwise there couldn't possibly be enough ancestors to go around. These two historical sires are first discovered living less than two hundred miles from each other. I, for one, am willing to contend that it is a safe bet that Max came from the East, and a not unreasonable guess that the ancestors of the Edwardses and the Jukeses were mixed.

The history of the Jukes family is largely that of all pioneers, of all workers, of the great mass which make up the warp and woof of every country. Their history is the "short and simple annals of the poor." Some men may preach hell-fire sermons, or make speeches in the Senate and the court room. Others do the rough work of the world. Which are the most important in the scheme of life, assuming that there is any scheme of life?

If one were confined to a choice of neighbors between Max and Jonathan, which would one take? I am free to confess that I would take Max without a moment's hesitation.

EDITORIAL

HAS it been marked by historians that the late William Jennings Bryan's last secular act on this earth was to catch flies? A curious detail, and not without its sardonic overtones. He was the most sedulous flycatcher in American history, and by long odds the most successful. His quarry, of course, was not *Musca domestica* but *Homo neandertalensis*. For forty years he tracked it with snare and blunderbuss, up and down the backways of the Republic. Wherever the flambeaux of Chautauqua smoked and guttered, and the bilge of Idealism ran in the veins, and Baptist pastors dammed the brooks with the saved, and men gathered who were weary and heavy laden, and their wives who were unyieldingly multiparous and full of *Perruna*—there the indefatigable Jennings set up his traps and spread his bait. He knew every forlorn country town in the South and West, and he could crowd the most remote of them to suffocation by simply winding his horn. The city proletariat, transiently flustered by him in 1896, quickly penetrated his buncombe and would have no more of him; the gallery jeered him at every Democratic national convention for twenty-five years. But out where the grass grows high, and the horned cattle dream away the lazy days, and men still fear the powers and principalities of the air—out there between the corn-rows he held his old puissance to the end. There was no need of beaters to drive in his game. The news that he was coming was enough. For miles the flivver dust would choke the roads. And when he rose at the end of the day to discharge his Message there would be such breathless attention, such a rapt and enchanted ecstasy, such a sweet rustle of amens as the world had not known since Johanan fell to Herod's headsman.

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There was something peculiarly fitting in the fact that his last days were spent in a one-horse Tennessee village, and that death found him there. The man felt at home in such scenes. He liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet. Making his progress up and down the Main street of little Dayton, surrounded by gaping primates from the upland valleys of the Cumberland Range, his coat laid aside, his bare arms and hairy chest shining damply, his bald head sprinkled with dust—so accoutred and on display he was obviously happy. He liked getting up early in the morning, to the tune of cocks crowing on the dunghill. He liked the heavy, greasy victuals of the farmhouse kitchen. He liked country lawyers, country pastors, all country people. I believe that this liking was sincere—perhaps the only sincere thing in the man. His nose showed no uneasiness when a hillman in faded overalls and hickory shirt accosted him on the street, and besought him for light upon some mystery of Holy Writ. The simian gabble of a country town was not gabble to him, but wisdom of an occult and superior sort. In the presence of city folks he was palpably uneasy. Their clothes, I suspect, annoyed him, and he was suspicious of their too delicate manners. He knew all the while that they were laughing at him—if not at his baroque theology, then at least at his alpaca pantaloons. But the yokels never laughed at him. To them he was not the huntsman but the prophet, and toward the end, as he gradually forsook mundane politics for purely ghostly concerns, they began to elevate him in their hierarchy. When he died he was the peer of Abraham. Another curious detail: his old enemy, Wilson, aspiring to the same

white and shining robe, came down with a thump. But Bryan made the grade. His place in the Tennessee hagiocracy is secure. If the village barber saved any of his hair, then it is curing gall-stones down there today.

II

But what label will he bear in more urbane regions? One, I fear, of a far less flattering kind. Bryan lived too long, and descended too deeply into the mud, to be taken seriously hereafter by fully literate men, even of the kind who write school-books. There was a scattering of sweet words in his funeral notices, but it was no more than a response to conventional sentimentality. The best verdict the most romantic editorial writer could dredge up, save in the eloquent South, was to the general effect that his imbecilities were excused by his earnestness—that under his clowning, as under that of the juggler of Notre Dame, there was the zeal of a steadfast soul. But this was apology, not praise; precisely the same thing might be said of Mary Baker G. Eddy, the late Czar Nicholas, or Czolgosz. The truth is that even Bryan's sincerity will probably yield to what is called, in other fields, definitive criticism. Was he sincere when he opposed imperialism in the Philippines, or when he fed it with deserving Democrats in Santo Domingo? Was he sincere when he tried to shove the Prohibitionists under the table, or when he seized their banner and began to lead them with loud whoops? Was he sincere when he bellowed against war, or when he dreamed of himself as a tin-soldier in uniform, with a grave reserved among the generals? Was he sincere when he denounced the late John W. Davis, or when he swallowed Davis? Was he sincere when he fawned over Champ Clark, or when he betrayed Clark? Was he sincere when he pleaded for tolerance in New York, or when he bawled for the fagot and the stake in Tennessee?

This talk of sincerity, I confess, fatigues me. If the fellow was sincere, then so was

P. T. Barnum. The word is disgraced and degraded by such uses. He was, in fact, a charlatan, a mountebank, a zany without shame or dignity. What animated him from end to end of his grotesque career was simply ambition—the ambition of a common man to get his hand upon the collar of his superiors, or, failing that, to get his thumb into their eyes. He was born with a roaring voice, and it had the trick of inflaming half-wits. His whole career was devoted to raising these half-wits against their betters, that he himself might shine. His last battle will be grossly misunderstood if it is thought of as a mere exercise in fanaticism—that is, if Bryan the Fundamentalist Pope is mistaken for one of the bucolic Fundamentalists. There was much more in it than that, as everyone knows who saw him on the field. What moved him, at bottom, was simply hatred of the city men who had laughed at him so long, and brought him at last to so tatterdemalion an estate. He lusted for revenge upon them. He yearned to lead the anthropoid rabble against them, to set *Homo neandertalensis* upon them, to punish them for the execution they had done upon him by attacking the very vitals of their civilization. He went far beyond the bounds of any merely religious frenzy, however inordinate. When he began denouncing the notion that man is a mammal even some of the hinds at Dayton were agape. And when, brought upon Darrow's cruel hook, he writhed and tossed in a very fury of malignancy, bawling against the baldest elements of sense and decency like a man frantic—when he came to that tragic climax there were snickers among the hinds as well as hosannas.

Upon that hook, in truth, Bryan committed suicide, as a legend as well as in the body. He staggered from the rustic court ready to die, and he staggered from it ready to be forgotten, save as a character in a third-rate farce, witless and in execrable taste. The chances are that history will put the peak of democracy in his time; it has been on the downward curve among

us since the campaign of 1896. He will be remembered, perhaps, as its supreme impostor, the *reductio ad absurdum* of its pretension. Bryan came very near being President of the United States. In 1896, it is possible, he was actually elected. He lived long enough to make patriots thank the inscrutable gods for Harding, even for Coolidge. Dulness has got into the White House, and the smell of cabbage boiling, but there is at least nothing to compare to the intolerable buffoonery that went on in Tennessee. The President of the United States doesn't believe that the earth is square, and that witches should be put to death, and that Jonah swallowed the whale. The Golden Text is not painted weekly on the White House wall, and there is no need to keep ambassadors waiting while Pastor Simpson, of Smithville, prays for rain in the Blue Room. We have escaped something—by a narrow margin, but still safely.

III

That is, so far. The Fundamentalists continue at the wake, and sense gets a sort of reprieve. The legislature of Georgia, so the news comes, has shelved the anti-evolution bill, and turns its back upon the legislature of Tennessee. Elsewhere minorities prepare for battle—here and there with some assurance of success. But it is too early, it seems to me, to send the firemen home; the fire is still burning on many a far-flung hill, and it may begin to roar again at any moment. The evil that men do lives after them. Bryan, in his malice, started something that it will not be easy to stop. In ten thousand country towns his old heelers, the evangelical pastors, are propagating his gospel, and everywhere the yokels are ready for it. When he

disappeared from the big cities, the big cities made the capital error of assuming that he was done for. If they heard of him at all, it was only as a crimp for real-estate speculators—the heroic foe of the unearned increment hauling it in with both hands. He seemed preposterous, and hence harmless. But all the while he was busy among his old lieges, preparing for a *jacquerie* that should floor all his enemies at one blow. He did the job competently. He had vast skill at such enterprises. Heave an egg out of a Pullman window, and you will hit a Fundamentalist almost anywhere in the United States today. They swarm in the country towns, inflamed by their pastors, and with a saint, now, to venerate. They are thick in the mean streets behind the gas-works. They are everywhere that learning is too heavy a burden for mortal minds, even the vague, pathetic learning on tap in little red school-houses. They march with the Klan, with the Christian Endeavor Society, with the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, with the Epworth League, with all the rococo bands that poor and unhappy folk organize to bring some light of purpose into their lives. They have had a thrill, and they are ready for more.

Such is Bryan's legacy to his country. He couldn't be President, but he could at least help magnificently in the solemn business of shutting off the presidency from every intelligent and self-respecting man. The storm, perhaps, won't last long, as time goes in history. It may help, indeed, to break up the democratic delusion, now already showing weakness, and so hasten its own end. But while it lasts it will blow off some roofs and flood some sanctuaries.

H. L. M.

LOVE AFFAIR

BY JAMES STEVENS

TIMES and times ago these mountain lands were known as the Volcano Country. The dismal, silent hollows of the peaks hereabouts were all roaring craters then. All days the sun shone red through black clouds over the land, and all nights the moon was dimmed by smoky blazes. And the only notable creatures that lived in the Volcano Country were the lava-bears, which had cast-iron feet and asbestos hides; the lightning-birds, which had lamps in their tails and left blue streaks wherever they flew; and the virtuous spring-tailed vaccuses, which ruled the country. Beside these notables, there were firefish in the hissing streams, fireflies in the smoky air, glow-worms in the ashy earth, and other hot and juicy small creatures whose names have not come down to us. Banks of fireweed grew along the scalding creeks which flowed under plumes of steam through the red-pepper pastures where the lava-bears roved. The Volcano Country, my lads, was a warm, warm land.

It was scorned and despised by the creatures of all other countries. The lean-bellied sand-gougers, the six-winged toolahens and the green-eyed, rough-necked, thousand-footed dollarpedes of the Great Southern Desert ridiculed, in their con-claves, the lava-bears and the lightning-birds, and had few notions of respect for the spring-tailed vaccuses. Eastward the badgerbeasts in their prairie caves had many chuckling dreams about the humorous creatures of the Volcano Country. And on in the great forest land the mighty woofer-bears shook oak trees to the earth when they thought about that strange

country, and laughed. And the elks, the moose, the eagles, the gaudy sireners, the gruff oddbellers, the white-eyed kluxbats, the snorting rotor-ryans, and the lesser species of the vast forest population held clown parades among the trees in ridicule of the poor Volcano Country creatures. And down in the Southeast the waumpus-cats and the yam-wolves would yowl and howl at night in the face of the yellow moon, their green eyes and their red eyes glowing with scorn among the snowy blooms of the cotton trees, their noses lifted sneeringly, as they thought of the Volcano Country beasts and birds. Even on the West Coast the totemcods, the blond wolves and the tigermunks scoffed at their neighbors over the mountains, in the times when they were not skittering about in search of treehoppers, sage-gulls and salmon-berries.

In the cool, green forest lands above the Border, where lived and reigned the mightiest beasts of all, the Volcano Country was seldom thought about. The kingly creatures who kept a solitary tribe there, the magnificent minktums of golden fur, silvery steel claws and velvet feet, had too much pride and dignity to clown it in ridicule of less fortunate creatures. Not even in secret did they do it. Never a one of them would stoop to chuckle, scoff at the vaccus-ruled land, even in the privacy of his comfortable cave.

Each minktum had a cave of his own. Each magnificent minktum was masculine. A golden-coated he-beast from nose-whisker to tail-tuft. The eyes of a minktrum were blazes of black in the sunlight. At night they glittered with red sparks. The

muscles of his chest, swelling out under a noble neck, rippled inside a thick coat of downy fur which was pale yellow. From his belly the pale yellow hue ran in narrowing stripes half way up his side, and then his fur was such a rich, shining gold that it seemed to have stored Summers of sunlight. The minktum's long ears were wonderful as well as beautiful. They were gifted with a sinuous muscularity. The minktum could flatten them over his eyes or he could curl them into the tiniest knots. He could stick them out so stiffly in front of him that they would become two deadly sharp horns, the hairs on their tips like steel needles. But usually these pink hairs were soft and silky, like the minktum's curly whiskers, which waved about his bright purple nose, and through which his teeth shone snowily when he smiled.

Every seven years the minktum tribe went South on its love prowl. There were no female minktums, so in the mating season the females of various suitable species were pursued. This pursuit was usually only a matter of form, for the attentions of a minktum were considered a very great honor among all the Southern animals. The mating season over, the magnificent male minktums would all return in dignity to their own country; and there were always lamentations in the desert, the prairie and the forests over their departure. When the offspring was born, whether the mother was a totemcod, a dollarpede, a badger-beast, woofer-bear, rotor-ryan, or a yam-wolf, it was always masculine. As soon as it was weaned, the minktum instinct would lead it away to the North, where it would join the paternal tribe. By the time the next mating season occurred it would be grown into a magnificent he-beast, and would join gloriously in the love prowl.

The minktums grew so much alike, as a rule, that one could hardly be told from another. But some grew a trifle lordlier than their fellows, of course; and now and then one excelled royally; so the tribe kept a kingship. Each Spring a contest was held for this honor; the minktum who leaped

the highest into a great pine tree was made the ruler for the year. When his triumphant leap was done, the victor had to lie in wait on a river bank and catch a black whale-trout, for this was the symbol of kingship. The honor and power had been held for years now by a noble but tyrannical minktum.

And sometimes a runty infant would come up from below the Border. Such a one would be tolerated until the mating season came on; then he would be forced to seek his mate in the Volcano Country, where he was certain to perish from hunger, fire and unrequited love. Only one runt ever returned in triumph. It is his story I tell.

II

At the time of his first mating season he had reached hardly two-thirds of the usual size. But in spite of that a true minktum heart beat under his golden coat. He did not go into the Volcano Country dejectedly, as the runts usually did; instead, when he leaped over the Border and plunged on at a smoking gallop towards the clouded lands, his black eyes glittered with heroic hope, his ears stiffened out before his eyes like two gilded spears, and his tail—like the tails of all minktums on the love prowl, it was lifted and spread in peacock fashion—was a shimmering golden fan in the sunlight. Soon the sun began to redden; there were black streamers of smoke overhead. The gallant little minktum galloped on, and the love call sounded from deep in his throat.

A virgin spring-tailed vaccus perched on the edge of a lava bluff, watching the fire-fish in the hot white water below and the lightning-birds making blue zig-zag streaks against the black clouds above. When she heard the love call her long, sinuous, coal-black body shook as though from laughter, she raised her black nose, and she winked a saucy red eye at the dim circle of the sun. Then she lifted her feet and inspected the innumerable vacuum cups on their bottoms, and she seized the spiral of

her spring tail in her teeth, stretched it to see that its springiness was still good, loosed it, rested her chin on her paws again, and waited.

The love call sounded nearer and nearer. The vaccus seemed to sleep, but she kept watch from the back corner of her left eye. She saw the minktum come leaping around the slope of a far volcano. He rushed on towards her through the red-pepper pastures. He paused as he came to a steaming creek. He put his paw in the water, but jerked it out and howled at the heat. Then he caught the scent of the vaccus. He lifted his nose; he sounded the love call at its noblest; then he dived bravely into the hot little stream which had turned back every other minktum in the vaccus' experience.

The vaccus quietly awaited the minktum's approach. As he neared her she sat up on her tail and looked at him inquiringly. "What do you want? I do not quite understand you?" her innocent, troubled gaze seemed to say. The minktum stopped, rolled his eyes bashfully, tied his ears into a love knot, and sounded the love call softly but throbbingly. The vaccus looked away and sniffed; then she yawned and gazed sleepily across the deep and narrow canyon. The minktum slowly crept up. His black eyes had a tender glow. His voice was singing.

Now he was close enough to the vaccus to reach out a velvet paw. But it never touched her. Vigorously she sat on her spring tail, and in the wink of an eye she was a black flash soaring across the canyon. The minktum howled in horror when he saw that she was falling short of the opposite wall. She struck the side with all four feet, and the minktum gasped with astonishment to see her holding fast to the smooth rock. The vacuum cups on her feet made her as much at home there as she would be on the earth of a level plain. The vaccus walked up the side of the perpendicular wall. When she reached the top she turned and stared over space at the minktum. Then she laughed the vaccus laugh. "H-r-r-r-ack-aha! H-r-r-r-ack-aha!" her

voice rang out. Despite the scorn in this laughter, it did not sound unpleasant to the minktum. He lay down on his side of the canyon and rested. Until nightfall the two thus lay and watched each other, the vaccus laughing very often, the minktum silent in thought. He was recalling all the guile and cunning of his tribe. He was runty in body, but his mind was as good as any minktum's.

"Never mind, my girl," he was saying, in his own way. "Never mind. I'll get you yet."

He might have been discouraged if he had known what effort was ahead of him. It was no wonder that all the other runty minktums had given up and perished. It is all very well to be a member of the noblest tribe of beasts, and to have their cunning and guile; it is all very well to go forth on the love prowl with true minktum joy and courage; but even the mightiest, strongest, nimblest minktum would be baffled by such a creature as the vaccus, in such a place as the Volcano Country. What hope, he said, is there for such a poor one as myself? So other undergrown minktums had thought, and despaired. But this one was more courageous and wise.

Being so, he did not lose his head and go floundering about in vain pursuit of the vaccus at once. He set out to find a living for himself in the country. For days he prowled and lurked over the ashy plains, along the hot rivers and creeks, and he dodged rolling rocks and torrents of lava on the slopes of the volcanos, searching for a food supply. He did not sit on his haunches and stare hungrily at the coveys of lightning-birds under the black clouds. Instead, he learned their nesting places and found sustenance in their hard, hot eggs. He learned to snap fireflies out of the air at night, and he dug among the glow-worm burrows for food also. He waited patiently in the red-pepper pastures to ambush lava-bears, but they were so tough and unsavory that his digestion was imperiled. The minktum did not wax fat until he discovered the deliciousness and nutritiousness of

firefish. Then he held himself for hours in the hot waters of the streams; and ere long he was seasoned to the heat and could angle for firefish whenever he was pleased to do so. They were often as hot as blazes when he dragged them out, but when they had cooled a bit they were far more juicy and sweet than the cold fish of the Northland streams.

Now the minktum was prepared to take up again his pursuit of the vaccus. And for months there was not a day or a night that his love call did not sound in her ears. At first she laughed at him as before and leaped across canyons from his touch. But he would no longer lie and watch her longingly. He knew the country now and was at home in the hottest rivers. Down he would dive into a stream, then under her on a rock he would sit, while she clung to the wall and looked down at him, with perturbation in her rose-red eyes. Never no more could she come down to the waters of the streams and snap out firefish. Whenever she would attempt to descend, there would be the minktum, waiting for her, sounding his low love call. When she departed for the volcanos to look for lightning-birds' eggs, the minktum would come bounding behind her, and she would be compelled to use her spring tail to keep ahead of him, and to use the vacuum cups on her feet to crawl up cliffs and escape his leaps. With all this use, they became worn and were far less dependable than they once had been.

The vaccus began to worry after six months of this pursuit had gone by and the minktum's persistence became fervent as well as cunning. No longer did she laugh, "H-r-r-r-ack-aha! H-r-r-r-ack-aha!" at the minktum. She began to respect him, and even admired him a little.

And the minktum had become respectable and admirable in every way. The effort of the long pursuit had made his muscles swell and grow. The firefish agreed with him wonderfully, and his coat grew more handsomely golden week by week. At last he was as fine a creature as any

minktum that ever was; and when a year had gone by and a Spring sun shone vainly to brighten the land again, he was such a minktum as had never trod through the forests of the Northland. He had been tried by fire, and his soul had been sharpened on a hard purpose and proved true steel. The weakening vaccus looked on the magnificent minktum with a troubled gaze, and she mourned over her spring tail and her vacuum-cupped feet, and she was frightened to see in their increasing weakness, as in a mirror, the shadow of inevitable surrender.

III

But she was a stubborn vaccus and resolved on one last desperate attempt to shake the minktum from her trail. On a smoking Spring day of blazing heat she set out on a steady run, the minktum sounding his throbbing love call behind her. Fear lent her its eternal wings and she fairly flew up the length of a wide valley and turned in among a vast cluster of volcanos. The minktum followed like a golden shadow. Around one volcano she loped, and she heard the rocks rattling under the minktum's feet as he suddenly shortened the distance between them. A stream of molten lava rolled fiercely ahead of her. She felt the breath of the minktum on her neck. Desperately she sat on her spring tail and soared over the lava stream, barely clearing it. And plunged on. She stopped a moment to rest. She saw the minktum leaping up the side of the volcano, his golden coat showing dingily through the smoke. He reached a narrow place in the fiery stream and leaped across. Once more the pursuit was on.

The vaccus rushed down the side of the volcanic mountain. On the brink of a boiling stream she halted, sat forcefully on her tail and sprang to the sheer wall of a cliff. She ascended slowly, for the worn vacuum cups in her feet were far from trustworthy now, and she needed to use great care in walking up the wall. The running minktum disappeared in a gully above. And

just as she labored over the edge of the wall she saw him galloping across the plateau towards her. Desperately the vaccus sprang away. She reached a narrow gully. On her tail she sat, and soared across. The minktum leaped up the head of the gully, crossed it, and circled down after her again.

He waved his ears like banners, in his hope of approaching victory. His black-eyes shone with fervor in the ashy smoke. Already there was a ring of triumph in his love call. But the vaccus would not yet abandon hope. All day she led the love race among the volcanos. But despite her spring tail and her vacuum cups, which she was forced to use constantly, the vaccus could not shake the tireless minktum from her tracks. Did she leap a canyon and race around the slope of a volcano, she met the minktum, who had cunningly headed her off by galloping the other way around. Through and around the whole vast cluster of volcanos the chase kept up, and at sundown the vaccus emerged into the valley again. Weary and panting, she sprang into the valley plain, using her spring tail more and more to elude the persistent and tireless minktum. At last she came to the canyon of the hot river, and one last despairing spring sent her to the wall beyond the stream. Almost exhausted, she clung tremblingly to the smooth rock.

The canyon was darkening fast. The sun was only a smoky red spot in a bed of black clouds. In the mountains the fires of the craters began to glow dimly. Soon the thick darkness of the Volcano Country night would descend. The vaccus, with a painful effort, raised one foot to ascend the wall. But she thrust it back at once, for she had slipped when her weight was held by only three feet. The vacuum cups had been tried beyond their strength this day. The vaccus shivered. Then she felt a dull ache in her spring tail. She looked down at it from the back corner of her left eye as she wagged it feebly. It was beginning to swell. Certainly it was terribly strained. The ache in it became more painful. Two great tears rolled from the eyes of the

vaccus and dropped down the canyon wall.

They fell on the upturned face of the minktum. He sounded his love call pleadingly as he tenderly wiped them away. Then four more large tears fell upon him and he let them remain. He lay on a little beach before a big dark cave in the canyon wall. In front of his paws was a heap of delicate young firefish. The steam of them wafted up to the vaccus and gave her a faintness of hunger. She was very weary. Her feet were sore and weak. Her spring tail ached more painfully every minute. Another such day would ruin her. The vaccus began to slide slowly down the canyon wall. It was surrender.

For half an hour she feasted on firefish, while the magnificent minktum fanned her with his golden tail and purred lovingly. When she was through eating the vaccus looked up at him meekly. The minktum gently smiled. And then such tenderness softened her gaze that her eyes glowed with a rose-pink light. The minktum motioned with his head towards the black mouth of the cave. And then the twain disappeared in its darkness.

IV

The others of the minktum tribe had returned from their love prowling among the totemcods, the dollarpedes, the badger-beasts, the woofer-bears and the waumpus-cats long before. They had forgotten the runty minktum they had sent out to perish in a hopeless love prowling among the volcanos. Now they were engaged in the Springtime contest which was to choose the ruler for the year.

The pine for the contest stood on the bank of a deep river. One by one, the minktums had leaped up among its branches, and now the contest was nearly over. The last one, the tyrannical, lordly minktum who had ruled for so long, ran and leaped now, and made the great tree shiver as he caught a place far above the one reached by his nearest rival. He clawed his mark proudly and the minktums below growled small

applause. They did not like this lordly minktum with the tyrannical heart.

The victor started a roar of triumph. But it was never finished. A great golden shape came bounding out of the green trees of the hills; it flashed into a glittering streak as it approached through the sunlight; then this glittering golden shape soared high over the assembled minktums and crashed into the branches over the lordly minktum's head with such violence that he was shaken to the ground, where he lay groaning. Now the golden shape dived out of the tree and dropped headlong into the river. Two minutes passed, while the minktums waited in astonishment. Then the head of the minktum who had been driven into the Volcano Country was thrust above the water, and in his mouth a huge black whale-trout struggled help-

lessly. The minktum marched drippingly out of the river, dropped the whale-trout at his feet, and looked kindly down on his fellows. He was grander now than any of them. They saw the kindness in his eyes and they roared with delight as he picked up the black whale-trout and strode with noble dignity to the royal cave.

All his years this minktum kept the rulership of the tribe. For he always went into the Volcano Country on his love prowls and renewed his strength and endurance in pursuit of the vaccus. And the vaccus of the Volcano Country became envied by all other animals and was laughed and clowned about no more. For now she was the favorite of the mighty ruler of the minktums, and in that time, also, rulers and their favorites were never laughable.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SPECIMEN of Late Alabama prose by the gifted editor of the *Cullman Tribune*:

Then Judge Hugo Black, of Birmingham, who is not only one of the best known and most successful members of the Birmingham bar, but is truly a silver tongue orator and one of the ablest and most deepest thinkers in the South today, for his thoughts are not just of today, but he is ever looking into the future, grasping opportunities in lending his talents for the betterment of those who tomorrow will tread life's journey, trying to instill into the minds of those who are privileged to come in touch with him that on this earth there is work for one and all to do if they do the wish of the Saviour of men Whose examples were given on this earth more than two thousand years ago, was introduced by President Fuller as the speaker of the evening.

ARIZONA

PATRIOTIC dictum attributed to Capt. Cloyd Heck Marvin, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., president of the University of Arizona, by the *Daily Star* of Tucson:

We cannot accept European music as the basis of our music, because it is founded on monarchical and aristocratic notions.

CALIFORNIA

FROM a Bryanite reader of the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

Daylight saving time . . . is blasphemy. . . . There is nothing said in the Bible about putting clocks ahead in the Summer. . . .

MRS. E. T. WILSON

MORE evidence of the success of Prohibition, from the editorial page of the moral *Los Angeles Times*:

California is not furnishing the nation with all the grapes that are demanded. We shipped more than 50,000 carloads of them East last season, but more than \$300,000 worth of grapes were imported from Argentina, to say nothing of those from Spain and Italy. Official Prohibition was the greatest stimulant the grape market ever had.

COLORADO

FROM the advertising columns of the *Denver Times*:

MOTHER OLINGER IS BACK

We've missed her greatly. . . . As her son, . . . I felt positive that a few months spent at sea level was what she needed, after nearly forty years of almost continuous service to mankind. . . . She is wonderfully well once more—and glad to be back at the Mortuary again, actively directing our associates in a service to humanity which she, more than any other, made outstanding.

GEO. W. OLINGER,
President.

THE OLINGER MORTUARY ASSOCIATION

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SOCIO-ECCLESIASTICAL note from the intellectual *Washington Post*:

The more warts the merrier it will be for the boys and girls who go on the Gospel Mission's outing at Arlington Beach. A handsome prize, donated by the park management, will be presented to the child showing the most of them.

FLORIDA

THE processes of justice in the late earthly habitat of the Archangel Bryan, as described in an Aframerican journal:

Four colored people obtained berths in a Pullman car coming out of Palm Beach. Their tickets were secured by a white man. The conductor sees them. He telegraphs to a station, which the train is going to pass, to inform the officers of the law that niggers are on this train traveling first class. The dignity of the South is insulted. The sheriff calls on his deputies to avenge the sacred honor of their country. Anxiously they wait for the train to pull into their little town. Excitement runs riot. They are going to teach these niggers a lesson.

At four o'clock in the morning the officers of the law see the engine's headlight shining down the track. The whistle blows. Orders are given to stop. The brakes are hurriedly applied. Six men, brave and true, jump on the train to get four peacefully sleeping people. They are rudely awakened. The three women were not permitted to dress. One of them requested that she be given time to clothe herself. She was knocked down in the berth, snatched up,

pushed out of the car and her clothing thrown out after her. Half naked they were carried to the jail. Southern gentlemen looked on and laughed.

For twenty-nine long hours these unfortunate people were forced to remain in jail as a tribute to the glorious South. A mock trial is begun. The judge hears the testimony: "These niggers were riding on a Pullman in Florida, please your Honor." "You are fined \$1,000.00, and if you try to do it again you will be turned over to a mob and lynched." Thus ended the case.

GEORGIA

DIVERTISSEMENT of Southern belles, as revealed by the *Savannah News*:

A chewing gum party will be given at high noon at Nunnally's.

ILLINOIS

CONTRIBUTION to veterinary science from the *Montgomery News*:

H. S. Butler and H. M. Dorsey drove to Macoupin county to the farm belonging to Mr. Dorsey, and while they were there Mr. Butler saw a pig in a pen which was apparently very sick and about to die. Mr. Butler called the attention of the owner to the matter and while the three men were discussing what to do with the sick pig, a foreign-born neighbor came along and said:

"Cut off his tail and one ear and him get well."

The pig was apparently about to die, so the tail and one ear were cut off and within thirty minutes the animal had apparently fully recovered.

INDIANA

FOOTNOTE on the democratic form of government from the *Gary Post-Tribune*:

East Chicago's City Hall was dark last night, despite the fact that the city council was to have held an important meeting. Not a councilman showed up for the session. A prize fight with two favorite sons of fistiana heading the card drew a nearly 100 percent attendance from the city fathers and official business went by the board.

IOWA

New champion discovered in Des Moines:

Gene Mathews can spit farther than any other member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He won the standing broad spit at the picnic held by the organization at Grand View Park

KANSAS

DISPATCH from Kansas City, Kansas:

An old-fashioned spanking was the penalty imposed in Juvenile Court here yesterday on

two 14-year old boys who had played hookey. Judge Harry Meade himself used the rod, which was a *Congressional Record* wrapped tightly in paper covering. "That's the first real use I ever found for a *Congressional Record*," the judge observed.

LOUISIANA

MORAL dictum of the Rev. H. J. McCool, pastor of the Istrouma Baptist Church, in the up-and-coming town of Baton Rouge:

I am not against bathing. I believe that we should at least take a bath once a month. But . . . I am coming to believe that mixed bathing is one of our future problems. . . . I doubt seriously if we can retain virtuous thoughts when the whole community is in bathing together.

MARYLAND

THE progress of Law Enforcement in the Free State, as reported by the industrious police-court reporter of the Catonsville *Argus*:

A. G. Ayoub: \$5 and costs for peddling without a license and \$20 and costs for slurring the United States.

MASSACHUSETTS

MELLOW reflection of the patriotic editors of the *American Christian-Humanitarian*, published at Cambridge:

Our representatives at Washington are the best and ablest educators the nation has—and the subjects they thrash out at the Capitol are the most important, elevating, thoughtful, timely, patriotic and constructive that could possibly engross the attention of the people. Our representatives are the cream of American intellect.

MICHIGAN

ADVERTISEMENT in the distinguished Detroit *Free Press*:

UP FROM ART

The man was an artist in commercial work. This work called for an insight into the future, and, studying the future, he naturally became interested in real estate. . . . He is with us now. Still a high grade artist capable of great success in that field, but a more successful real estate man. No matter what your regular line, there is real success here for you if you are a quality man. Come and see us.

THE STORMFELTZ-LOVELEY CO.

Washington Blvd. Bldg.

Corner State St.

Third Floor

MISSOURI

PATRIOTIC reflection of a contributor to the erudite Kansas City *Star*:

Our system of government is Christlike in its perfection.

NEBRASKA

PROGRESS of the new Fundamentalism among Nebraska Christians, as revealed by a press dispatch from Lincoln:

State Superintendent Matzen has received a letter from E. E. Thomas of Omaha, Federal Prohibition director for Nebraska, which incloses a complaint from A. L. Shamblyn, superintendent of schools for Blaine county, relative to illustrations of a distilling apparatus and information as to the method by which malt and spirituous liquors are made, contained in a physiology textbook. The Prohibition director said he did not know whether this was an actual violation of the State law which forbids the advertising of any recipe or formula for the manufacture of liquor, but he thought it contrary to the spirit of the law and believed anything of the kind should be discouraged.

NEW JERSEY

INCIDENT of the consecrated life from the eminent Salem *Standard and Jerseyman*:

The indictment against Fred Stopper for assault and battery on his wife and carrying concealed weapons was nolle prossed. Prosecutor Errickson stated that the State could not prove its case for the reason that Mrs. Stopper was not attacked but fearing that she would be had her husband arrested and at the house a blackjack was found on his person. Mr. Errickson said that Stopper is the father of eight children and that since last September he has contributed \$36.00 toward the family's support. He also stated that Stopper leaves the family and disappears and when he comes back throws the whole household in fear of being attacked. The wife has said that she wished he would stay away for she and the children get along better without him. Attorney Atkinson explained that Stopper is a Bible salesman and going around the country he carries a blackjack for protection.

NEW MEXICO

How the spirit of Cervantes is being fanned to flame among his fellow Iberians in this Republic, as revealed by a leading print of Santa Fé:

"How to Preserve Corn-on-the-Cob for Winter Use" was one of the very interesting and instructive papers read before the Sociedad Literaria Cervantes, at its regular monthly meeting. Pablo Lopez was the exponent of this interesting theory. Other papers read before the society were: "Life of President Wilson," Marcelino Apodaca; "Life of General Pershing," Canuto Lobato; "Community Ditches," Miguel Rodriguez; "From Laborer to Barber," Lazaro Vigil.

NEW YORK

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning in America's center of civilization, as revealed by excerpts from the schedule of courses given by the New York University Summer School:

Among the courses to be offered are the following: Salesmanship, principles and practice; intermediate and advanced swimming; psychology of retail salesmanship, . . .

Special Notice:

The Summer-school of art education will be under the direction of Mr. Robert A. Kissack, supervisor of art and manual training of the public schools of St. Louis.

LEGAL note from the eminent *Times*:

Supreme Court Justice Russell Benedict in Brooklyn refused to approve a certificate of incorporation for the First Hwerchndneprowsker Progressive Society.

"I am constrained to refuse approval of this certificate of incorporation on the ground that the name is un-American," Justice Benedict wrote in his decision. "I will not stamp with my approval any society to be organized which has the name of a foreign place . . ."

LAW Enforcement in Manhattan, as described officially by a committee of the Board of Trade and Transportation:

Men are being shot down in the streets. Bandits are invading business establishments, looting them, and if it strikes their fancy, maiming or killing any of those present whom they may imagine show signs of resistance. Armored cars, manned by crews with heavy revolvers in open holsters, are necessary for the transfer of funds in any considerable amount. These are facts of common knowledge.

OFFICIAL pronouncement of the Hon. Richard C. Ellsworth, secretary of St. Lawrence University, as reported by the enterprising *Plaindealer* of Canton:

President Coolidge is as nearly . . . a superman as any man can well be.

THE recreation of 100% Americans, as reported by one of Brooklyn's great journals:

Everything from nuts to soup was on the menu of the weekly luncheon of the Jamaica Lions Club at the Franklin Arms, and it was served just that way—nuts first, soup last. The Lions had invited some of the members of the Jamaica Exchange Club to be their guests, and when the Exchangeites, a rather modest, unsophisticated lot, entered the dining-room and found the Lions seated with the backs of their chairs to the table, they straddled their chairs, put their napkins over their backs and started the

full course meal with pie à la mode and coffee first, and went right through the menu from end to beginning; then, when called on, got up and told who they were, what they represented, and where they came from, backwards.

THE effects of Law Enforcement upon its agents, as reported by the Auburn *Citizen*:

The Syracuse office of the Federal Prohibition Enforcement Bureau is under fire, as seems to be the case with every branch from time to time. The present upheaval includes wire-tapping, intimations of deliberate tipping-off, graft and incompetence. The last time the Syracuse office came under public scrutiny in a sensational way was when an enforcement agent connected with it died, and left \$50,000 in cash in a safe deposit box as part of his savings.

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning at Cornell, as revealed in a recent news report:

The first class of college-trained hotel men was graduated from Cornell University recently. Everything from potato peeling to assignment of the bridal suite was included in the curriculum. Diplomas of the graduates vouched for the ability of the college-bred hotel men to cut and roast a steer, to make beds, to hop bells, to arrange menus for a business man's club luncheon, or an epicure's banquet, etc.

PROOF that the movie industry is an educational force, gathered from the want ad columns of the *Times*:

WANTED—LAURA JEAN LIBBEY stories.
Scenario Department, Film Booking Offices,
723 Seventh ave., New York City.

SIGN appearing in a delicatessen store on Third avenue:

FRESH IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE
DIRECT FROM SWEDEN

FROM the *Lamp*, a Catholic monthly published at Peekskill:

M. J. P., Denver, Colo: "I send you herewith two dollars in honor of Bro. Philip for favors received through his intercession. I had a dizzy spell for two days, and I prayed to Bro. Philip to help me, and I got better. I do believe Bro. Philip is a great Saint of God. Many thanks to good Bro. Philip."

K. M., Tompkinsville, S. I.: "I prayed to Bro. Philip to rent an apartment which had been vacant for a long time, and my prayers were answered in a few days. I am most grateful."

MOMENTOUS contribution to educational psychology from the eminent Dr. Winifred Sackville Stoner, president of the Natural Education Forum:

"Mother Goose" is a moral menace. She puts terrifying ideas into the heads of children: cruelty, rudeness, selfishness, murder, immorality, cowardice, bad grammar, in fact, almost every crime, misdemeanor or violation of etiquette, with the possible exception of arson. . . .

NORTH CAROLINA

WANT ad in the Raleigh *Times*:

WANTED PARTNER, MAN OR WOMAN—

PREFER A WOMAN, AS WOMEN WITH INTERNAL CANCERS FEEL SO MUCH MORE AT EASE IN TALKING TO ONE OF THEIR OWN SEX. MUST HAVE SOME ONE ON ACCOUNT OF BEING COMPELLED TO GO PRACTICALLY ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES TO SEE PATIENTS WHO ARE NOT ABLE TO COME TO ME. . . . AFTER YOU GET HERE, IF YOU HAVE THE NECESSARY REFERENCES, I WILL . . . TAKE YOU AROUND AND LET YOU TALK WITH PEOPLE FROM TWENTY TO SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE WHO HAVE BEEN AND ARE BEING CURED OF ALL MANNER OF EXTERNAL CANCERS WITH A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL TREATMENT. . . . BESIDES LETTING YOU TALK TO LIVING PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN CURED AS MUCH AS TWELVE YEARS AGO, I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE WAKE DRUG STORE . . . AND PROVE TO YOU THAT I PAY TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR THE MOST SCIENTIFIC DRUGS KNOWN TO THE MEDICAL WORLD. . . . I DO NOT WANT TO HIRE ANY ONE. I WANT YOU TO BUY HALF INTEREST IN THE BUSINESS AND HAVE ONE-HALF OF ALL INCOME AND LEARN YOU ALL I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT CANCERS IN SEVENTEEN YEARS. IT IS A VERY PLEASANT BUSINESS. YOU MAKE LOVING FRIENDS, AND CANCERS ARE NOT CONTAGIOUS.

DR. DAN HARRIS

RALEIGH, N. C.

FIRST signs of a *rapprochement* between the crusaders of civilization and the cultureless, brought to light by the Asheville *Enterprise*:

Representatives from the local branch of the Ku Klux Klan were guests of Nazareth Baptist Church (Negro). Robed in white and masked, the Klansmen marched silently down the aisle and were seated in front of the church. . . . After an organ prelude members of the Klan arose and the Rev. O. R. Gordon, pastor, gave them a hearty welcome to the church. "We welcome you here and always welcome you," said the Rev. "And I am praying for your success, and wish you would help us make our people better." . . . After his remarks the church received \$20.00 as a gift from the Klansmen.

OHIO

HISTORICAL pronunciamento by the Hon. Brooks Fletcher, editorial writer on the *Tribune*, published at Marion, late home of the lamented Dr. Harding:

Jesus was the first Chautauqua orator.

OREGON

DEFENSE of an immortal, as set forth in the *Lariat*, published at Portland:

Close up the churches and schools, burn up every volume of Shakespeare with its forceful and faultless English, but let Eddie Guest write on and on; let his songs that bring smiles, then tears, be sung in every household, and our nation will not go wrong.

AGNES JUST REID

ALARMING state of the country, as brought to light by the Hon. Griffith Jones, LL.B., of Medford:

When a judge of the Superior Court can say from the bench that an atheist makes as good a guardian as a Christian, and that a man who denies the existence of God and the deity of Jesus Christ is as much entitled to the custody and care of a child as is a member of any church, we well may tremble for the future of the land we all dearly love.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADVICE to the lovelorn in a recent calendar of the Sacred Heart Church, of Pittsburgh:

IF YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS OF THE PARISH, MABEL, 'GIVE HIM THE GATE,' FOR HE IS A FOUR-FLUSHER, AND IF HE CHEATS GOD, HE WILL CHEAT YOU!

LAW Enforcement note from Greencastle:

Private Teofil Govalesski of Troop A, Pennsylvania State police, who is awaiting trial on a charge of slaying Michael Kraynik, East McKeesport confectioner, was today presented with a loving cup by East McKeesport citizens. The cup was inscribed "for meritorious service performed in the interest of law and order." The presentation speech was made by the Rev. C. F. Irwin, pastor of the Wilmerding Presbyterian Church. Kraynik was shot and instantly killed during a raid on his place.

TENNESSEE

THE technique of necking in the Genesis Belt, as described by an indignant reader of the Etowah *Enterprise*:

In the interest of common decency I want to register a protest against such conduct as I

am going to attempt to describe, which occurred on the Athens-Etowah pike in open day. . . . There was a car parked directly in front of my door with five occupants. . . . I noticed the back of a man bent over something beside him, and a woman's hand on his neck. . . . The five of them . . . talked, laughed, played tricks on each other, pinched each other, snatched caps, and ate. . . . Suddenly without any cause that I could see, the young woman in the front seat fell bodily on the young man, grabbed him around the neck in a vice-like grip and jammed her face into his Adam's apple. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes she repeated the onslaught half a dozen times or more, with variations. Sometimes she would clutch him frantically and pull his head down on her chest and hold him close. Once she enveloped him in her embrace and batted her face into his jugular vein; another variation was butting her head into his breastbone while she gripped him in her arms. Once she folded him to her bosom with one arm, and tousled and rumped his hair with her free hand, another time varied it by dropping herself on his person and rubbing her face into his, and in another enthusiastic spasm she massaged and rubbed and patted his face. To all of these manipulations he submitted in a truly sheep-like manner. . . .

NANNIE CHESTNUT

CONTRIBUTION to moral science by the editor of the *Banner of Lebanon*, seat of Cumberland Presbyterian University:

The biographies of all great men show them more sublime in the last scene of the last act of their lives. Socrates took the shamrock rather than submit to the abuse of enraged ignorance.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in Chattanooga, as described by a Universal Press dispatch:

May King, an 18-year-old girl, a week ago was a prisoner in the county jail here. While some welfare workers were pleading with her to give up her old life she began a mock prayer. In the midst of it her tongue became as cold as ice and as lifeless as if she were dead. In addition she suffered great agony. She fell across her prison cot and mentally prayed for the restoration of her power of speech. In an hour it returned.

TEXAS

THEOLOGICAL note in the eminent Dallas *Musical*:

Evangelist G. A. Dunn, Jr., spoke to a capacity audience at the Central Church of Christ on "Why Instrumental Music Should Not Be Used in the Worship." The speaker essayed to show that . . . because an instrument is proper in the home or heaven does not justify its use in the church today. He also declared . . . that Jesus, the apostles and disciples sang, and asserted that he would be converted to the use of man-made instruments if one would show

him that Jesus or the apostles ever touched one of these instruments.

VIRGINIA

MACHINATIONS of Beelzebub among the Fundamentalists of the Virginia hills, as described in a letter to the celebrated Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

I wish to make a correction regarding the arrest of Dr. E. J. Bulgin while fishing. It was stated he was arrested and fined for fishing without a license.

He did fish without a license, but was the guest of Mr. H. H. Hudson, of this town. The State game and fish laws of Virginia provide that a non-resident may fish without a license, being a guest of a resident—Section 3209, Page 64. Mr. Hudson took Dr. Bulgin in his car, paid for the bait and boat and furnished the dinner. Dr. Bulgin and his party are also guests of the town of Luray and Page county.

We think the laws should be enforced when violated, but we, in the light of Section 3209, don't believe Dr. Bulgin violated any fishing laws. Still, he was fined.

Dr. Bulgin is one of the strongest and most widely known evangelists in the country, is a law-abiding citizen and stands for law enforcement. He preaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ and his work makes men better and gives the devil a black eye. The devil always tries to undo Dr. Bulgin's work and uses human instrumentality to carry out his (the devil's) plans.

Luray, Va.

R. G. Sisk

WASHINGTON

APPEARANCE of a new form of Service in Seattle, as revealed by an advertisement in the New Thought journals:

WHAT ARE

ENERGICIANS?

They are specialists in the development, direction and control of ENERGY—the basic force of *Universal Life*—within the Human Mind and Body.

ENERGICIANS, INC.

Health Service Associates

offer a superior health service *right in your own home* by the very best, simplest, easiest of the proven methods, *without the cost of one cent for consultation*.

Repair the damages of sickness and disease. Restore the fagged-out body; clear and quicken the fogged and lagging brain—rebuild and RE-ENERGIZE them—then you will thrill with the joy and power of real health and true efficiency.

What is YOUR TROUBLE?

No matter what it is, write to Energicians, Inc., about it. Explain your ailment fully. A staff of International Health Service Associates will do everything possible to help you. Write

them *now*. Enclose only 6 cents for postage and helpful literature.

Address Letters to Dept. N

ENERGICIANS, INC.

6110 PHINNEY AVENUE

SEATTLE, WASH.

WISCONSIN

CONTRIBUTION to medical science by the learned chief editorial writer of the *Wisconsin News*, published at Milwaukee:

Cigarette smoking makes women's noses red and causes a moustache to grow.

THE rewards of larval journalists at the University of Wisconsin, as revealed by the *Daily Cardinal*, the official student publication of the University:

Ten minutes before the examination in the copy-reading course of the journalism department, awards are to be given to the sections who have made up the best front page and the best editorial page of a newspaper. Oranges will be given to the section making up the best front page, and bananas to the section making up the handsomest editorial page.

How Prohibition is safeguarding the youth of the Badger State from the evils of drink, as brought to light in a recent article in *Collier's*:

In Madison, Wis., Superior Court Judge Ole A. Stolen made a public address in which he related the incident of young girls being taken out of fraternity houses at the University of Wisconsin dead drunk. A visiting youth, drunk on hooch, went to sleep in a fraternity house at the same university. Next day he was found dead in bed. One co-ed in the same university got notoriously and scandalously drunk and was sent home. Two of the university football players got drunk and beat up a policeman.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

CABLEGRAM from Mr. Basil Wood, correspondent of the *Universal Service* in Paris:

Marooned amid the cosmopolitan throng at the corner of Rue de la Paix and Rue Daunou this morning, a slender man, who was evidently bewildered, informed a policeman, who could not understand him, that he had lost his way.

It was James Oliver Curwood, famous American novelist, who can trail a bear through the wilderness of the North with no other signs than broken twigs and bruised tree bark, but who confesses himself lost in Paris every time he leaves his hotel.

"I wish I was back in Michigan," Curwood declared to me as he boarded a train with his wife and family for Rome. "There is more culture, architecture, knowledge, education and fundamental truth in one acre of Northern woods than in all Europe."

WHEN WE GET IN WITH NICE PEOPLE

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Irene and Laurence Turner came to New York from Camden, Illinois. Their coming was a part of the pattern of their lives as they saw and wanted their lives to be. They had always been aware that Camden wasn't good enough for them.

"There's no one here to go with who is our sort," they would tell each other after some party they had honored by attending. "Some day we'll get to a real city. We'll entertain . . . go places . . . do things. No use bothering here. When we get in with some nice people . . ."

Yes, they were undoubtedly superior to Camden. Not, of course, that the town was in any way foreign to them. Irene, in fact, had been born there and Laurence had been born on his grandfather's farm, eight miles out the pike—a farm which his grandfather had paid for by his own toil and on which he had worked long hours every day. But that was before Laurence's time. His grandfather had died long ago, in what might have been the prime of life, if he hadn't worked so hard on the farm. His father had inherited it, but not liking farm work—he was as superior to the farm as his son became to Camden—he moved into town, taking a position as salesman in a wholesale feed house and later acquiring a partnership. He kept the farm, though, and got an old couple to look after it. It became "the country place" and Laurence was born there. As he grew older, and had to go out with his parents each Summer, he found that there were even worse places to live in than Camden. A farm!

Irene had never had a taste of farm life. She had been born in the Moffett home in

Perry street, the same house she lived in until her marriage. It was a comfortable, square house, painted, according to the whims of her parents, alternately yellow or white. Her father was a lawyer, only fairly prosperous, and given to long arguments and discussions. You could find him in his office nearly every day that court wasn't in session, talking oratorically to two or three friends. The office was always dusty, the floor always stained with tobacco, and the air filled with an odor of stale liquor. A good man, Victor Moffett. Everyone said so. They said he was "his own worst enemy" and that it was a shame he hadn't gone into politics . . . he might have been one of the big men of the county—of the State, even. He had the reputation of being "a great classical scholar," and could quote, at length, dull passages from some book no one present had read or heard of. Irene never paid much attention to her father at home, though she was glad he was a professional man.

Mrs. Moffett was a brisk little woman, with bright, round eyes. She never said a great deal, but didn't mind giving her real opinion, if you asked her. She was neat but dowdy and never forgot that her father, old Judge Harper, had been one of the important men of the community. As the daughter of a judge and the wife of a lawyer, she felt that her position in Camden was impregnable and her thoughts never went outside at all. There were no sons in the Moffett family, a fact which Lawyer Moffett always regretted, but there were two other daughters, Grace and Emily, both older than Irene—pretty, com-

placent girls, who married young and went to housekeeping in broad-roofed bungalows on the outskirts of town. They owned shining new cars which stood in brand new garages back of the new bungalows when they weren't being used to take the men to business, or "the girls" to the country club, or to the homes of other "girls," for bridge or an afternoon of sewing. Each of Irene's sisters had two babies. They found nothing the matter with Camden.

But Irene had felt superior to Camden even when she was a child, though she hadn't dared speak of it then. She had taken the smarter fashion magazines and had had the town dressmaker copy dresses out of *Vogue*, though she achieved only indifferent results. She started getting Altman's catalogue when she was fifteen, and would send away for things, a hat, a scarf, a pair of gloves.

"I don't see why the stores here aren't good enough for you," Grace or Emily would say, selecting their hats at the Banner Store. "I think the people in Camden are awfully good dressers. Mrs. Fuller just got back from Chicago and she said that the women here dress every bit as good as the women she saw on Michigan boulevard."

"Mrs. Fuller—she's the tackiest thing I ever saw! I wouldn't let our cat wear anything she'd pick out!" Irene would answer politely.

No, her sisters didn't understand. There was something different about her. She read about the kind of people she would like to know. Some day, somehow, she'd manage to know them.

She got along as well as the others when she was in school—the grades and high school. While at grade school she studied music, practicing finger exercises for long hours on the piano in the back parlor, just as Grace and Emily had done. She hadn't much taste for music, so when she went to high school she stopped taking lessons, though she felt that she rather furthered her musical education by buying classi-

cal records for the Victrola. She never liked them, but she listened to them, patiently, when she had time. Knowing good music would come in handy, some day.

For two years she went away to the State university but, though she joined a sorority and was fairly popular, she didn't like it, and regretted that she hadn't gone East to a finishing-school. The rubes you meet at a State university! Earnest young fellows, just off the farm, who have solemn ideas about Success or want to talk for hours about books. Even the boys who had come from cities seemed stupid, didn't know things. The richest Chicago boys—the most sophisticated—went East to school, Harvard or Yale, and the Milwaukee boys with money went to the University of Wisconsin. Oh, well, she was young. She learned a few things at school, things that would help her, later, when she . . . well, met people. She had a couple of half-hearted love affairs, even. Such rubes! She hardly remembered their names, later.

When she got back from school, Emily was married and she was maid of honor. That started things nicely in Camden. Not that Camden counted, of course—still, she might as well have a good time while she was there.

II

Then she met Laurence Turner. She had known him vaguely, all her life, of course, but Laurence was four years older, which meant that he left high-school the year she entered, and he'd gone to a grammar school in another part of town, and had spent his vacations on the farm, so they were practically strangers. He had had two years at the University of Chicago and had then gone to work in his father's wholesale feed house.

The thing that brought them together, from the first, was their disdain of Camden. They didn't call it that, of course, but they understood. They were quite sure that Camden was no place for them. They

were intended for a city, for foreign travel, for New York.

They had a brief and uneventful courtship and a very pretty church wedding. Mrs. Moffett gave a sigh of contentment even through her tears—the tears so necessary at a wedding in Camden. All of her daughters nicely married and settled down! She had been sure enough of Grace and Emily, but Irene was different. She'd been afraid that, with her funny ideas . . . but here was Irene marrying nicely, right in Camden. Of course, it would have been better if she had married a richer boy, or one whose father was more important. Still—a wholesale feed business—nice respectable people . . . the only son in the family, and only one daughter, and she lived in Kansas City . . . not bad at all!

Irene and Laurence took a bungalow out on Rock Road, near where Grace lived. They rented it with the privilege of buying after a year.

"I wouldn't think of buying property in this town," Laurence told Irene. "Oh, you can sell and all that, but I don't want to be tied down. Some of these days you and I are going to light out of here . . . no use wasting our lives with these rubes."

"I should say not," said Irene. "Why, even while I've been fixing up the house I've been laughing at it. I can't get anything I want here—cretonne I've seen pictures of nor any of the furniture—and you can't send to New York for everything you want. When we live in New York . . ."

"I know," Laurence would agree, sympathetically. "If you did fix up the place all swell, what would these rubes know about it? Did you see the parlor suite the Harrisons bought? Wouldn't it make you laugh? Why, folks here don't appreciate it when you do try to show them something."

Irene squeezed his hand understandingly.

"I know. Wait until we're in New York. . . . When we get in with some nice people . . ."

They went to parties at the Blakes' and the Harrisons' and the Drewseys', at Grace's

and Emily's and at the country club. But what did any of these people know? Somewhere . . . their crowd . . .

Then, Laurence, finally:

"Listen, let's get out right away. No use waiting. Wait too long and we'll never get a chance. We'll get in a rut here. Father'll raise the dickens, of course, but there's no help for it. I shan't be buried alive. What do you say?"

Irene said the idea was grand, of course. What if Laurence didn't have a job ready in New York? They had a little money saved up. A big fine fellow, with a college education, could always get something; there were big opportunities in a city. . . . How silly to worry! Of course, now, while they were still young enough to enjoy themselves, they would meet people—make friends—before they started to get settled. Not that they'd ever let themselves "settle down" the way some folks did! But the friends you make when you are young are the ones you keep all of your life, they told themselves.

Their friends were amazed at their decision. Irene and Laurence listened to their comments with silent amusement, though they couldn't keep from exchanging smiles of understanding. There was old Mr. Hodkins, who got up to New York once every year or two:

"Well, you can believe me or not, but I wouldn't live in New York—not if you gave me the town. No sir, I like to be here in Camden, where I can wish my neighbors the time of day and where I amount to something. You couldn't hire me to live in New York."

The old fool!

The Blakes, who went to New York occasionally, were just as bad, and they were young, too.

"New York's a nice place to visit once in a while, but for a place to live in, Camden's got it beat a mile!"

And Betty Harrison said:

"You won't stay in New York. Inside of a year you'll be back in Camden. Just wait and see."

Little she knew! Of course, Betty Harrison wouldn't like New York—a small-town person with small-town ideas. Irene and Laurence told themselves that they really were New Yorkers, in thought and viewpoint and all, even before they got to New York.

They were glad they hadn't bought the bungalow—funny how things were working out just as they had planned. They sold most of their furniture and gave the rest to Emily and Grace. No use taking things bought in Camden to New York. They packed a few boxes of books—books do add so much to a home! They planned to have quite a library after they got settled. People judge you so much by your books when they come to see you. They could get the right kinds of books in New York. They took a couple of barrels full of their best china and silver—wedding gifts, mostly—and some linens. Those things would be fine to start with; they could always get more when they needed them. That was the nice thing about New York—everything right there handy.

III

Irene and Laurence reached New York on a cold day in January, a windy day, the streets full of dirty bits of paper, gray snow packed against the curbs. They went to a hotel in Twenty-eighth street that they had heard of: the hotel the Harrisons came to. They found it more expensive than they had expected and not at all attractive: a small lobby, the usual hotel room furnished in bright red mahogany. They had a nice bath, though, and, after all, they had taken the room because of its convenient location; they wouldn't be in it much, anyhow.

Irene had never been in New York but Laurence had been there with his father when he was nineteen. He remembered that Fifth avenue crossed Broadway at Twenty-third street with a resultant Flat-iron Building, that Macy's was in Thirty-fourth street, that the restaurants were

awfully expensive, Broadway full of theatres and people and bright lights, and that you got to the Metropolitan Museum by taking a bus—it was some place in Central Park—and that you took the subway to Wall street and Trinity Church. He felt quite superior to Irene, who knew New York only as she had read of it in the advertising columns of *Vogue*.

They spent a few days getting acquainted. They took bus rides, choosing a Number 4 or a Number 5 or a Number 7 with remarkable impartiality, and forgetting, of course, which bus they were in and where they were going, as soon as they got inside. They marvelled over the huge apartment buildings they saw from the busses which went up Riverside Drive and wondered if they would like living in an apartment. They'd take one later, as soon as they got—well, settled a little. They peeped in at the Public Library, whispering to each other as if they were in a hospital. They sauntered with a pretended carelessness into the Ritz and the Plaza. Awfully expensive, those places! They'd eat there after they were . . . when Laurence had a job and they had some nice clothes. They hoped no one they wanted to know saw them in their funny Camden things. They didn't want to buy any clothes until they saw their way a little.

Armed with a dozen letters from Camden business men, who had various, though unfortunately not intimate, connections in New York, Laurence visited the business districts. He was willing to try anything—banking, selling bonds, real estate—even something more lowly and commercial. But the New York business firms to which he applied were not crying out, it seemed, for young blood from Camden, Illinois.

So he and Irene gave up their room at the hotel—expensive and not at all attractive, anyhow, and, through the columns of the *Telegram*, found a room in Eighth street. Irene had read about Greenwich Village, and though she desired acquaintances above the level of starving artists and writers and poseurs, it still was

a good place to get started. They'd be careful whom they met there.

Their new room showed a gallant attempt at decoration. Their landlady, who explained that if her grandfather had been cleverer, she would be the owner of the whole lower portion of Manhattan, and who frizzed and dyed her hair more than was necessary for beauty, had "rebuilt" an old, brownstone house into small "apartments." Their "apartment" consisted of one fairly large cubicle, full of an odd assortment of rocking-chairs, divans and tables. You slept on the divans, which were revealed as not at all uncomfortable single beds when their Turkish covers were removed. There was a tiny kitchenette, and a bath without outside ventilation.

Irene and Laurence ate most of their meals in the Village. It was cheaper to eat there, and, besides, you could learn about New York. They determined to be real New Yorkers. They visited the High Hat, the Green Mouse, the Red Umbrella, the Lamp Chimney and a dozen other such places. They would nudge each other when interesting-looking individuals came in. They "just knew" that the people they saw were writers or artists or musicians. Maybe someone they had heard of! The girls had bobbed hair, of course, but Irene had bobbed hair herself, and most of them smoked, but the girls in Camden also smoked, when they were sure there wasn't anyone around to see them. Here, they didn't care, of course. New York! The people were rather poorly dressed—they admitted that. Oh, they wouldn't be satisfied to live in the Village after they got settled. As an experiment it was awfully nice.

They heard a man say something about an article he had written for a Sunday paper and were a bit thrilled over it. A real writer! Another man and a woman discussed a Village masked ball they had attended and the man said, "Yes, I went—Spanish. An awful wild crowd there—I didn't get home until seven o'clock." Not people they wanted to go with, of course—but then . . .

IV

During the first few weeks, no one spoke to them—though of course they really didn't care about meeting people. Then a man got into conversation with them. He worked in a book-store, day times, it seemed, and wrote poems at night. One of the poems had been in the *Times* a few months before, and their new acquaintance—his name was Hollis—took a yellowed copy of it out of a note-book he carried in his pocket and read it to them. Irene didn't quite know what it was about. A piece of free verse Hollis had written had been printed, too, though he neglected to say where, and this, even more yellowed, torn, and mended across the back, was produced and read aloud, too.

Then they met a girl who said her name was Dell Drimmer—"she had a hard time making that up," Laurence commented, later. Miss Drimmer hurried toward them if they entered a restaurant where she was, and, though she spoke a great deal of her career and her freedom, she seemed a bit forgetful of her independence when the time came to pay her dinner check. Oh, well, they weren't so poor they couldn't buy a cheap dinner for an interesting acquaintance.

But Laurence didn't find anything to do and their money started to run low. They didn't want to write home for more, though they knew they could have got it. No, there had been too much talk about money before they came to New York. So they began to prepare meals in their room instead of eating in restaurants—bringing home little paper bags from neighboring delicatessen stores and heating a can of beans on the single burner in the kitchenette. They were surprised, sometimes, when Hollis or Dell Drimmer appeared. They tried to discourage them, but they both seemed perpetually hard up, and a free meal was a free meal.

"Don't worry," Laurence would say, after a delicatessen dinner, and after their uninvited guests had departed. "I'll get

something before long. I'm a college man—young—there are a thousand opportunities here in New York. We'll get away from this hole and drop these leeches. We'll get a nice place to live when we get in with some nice people."

Laurence went again and again to the business acquaintances of his friends in Camden. There were no openings. He looked up an old college friend who had moved to New York. The college friend was busy and uninterested. Laurence started reading the want ads and on Sundays the floor of their one room was littered with newspapers. Then Laurence, at the unsteady desk, wrote innumerable letters beginning "In answer to your advertisement in this morning's *Times*, I believe that I have just the qualifications . . ."

When they were really starting to worry, Laurence got a job through an advertisement. The job consisted of soliciting advertising for a third-rate advertising firm.

"It's straight commission," he told Irene, "but when I make good I'll get a lot of money. It's my chance. You watch me show some of these Smart Alecs what I can do."

But for several months Laurence was not able to demonstrate his brilliancy. He made barely enough to pay for their room, their breakfast in the kitchenette and their dinners in the restaurants of the neighborhood. Then he got another and better advertising job. He had found out by this time that he had qualities which could be developed into those of a good salesman. He decided finally that soliciting advertising was the quickest way to get ahead in New York. He had once thought vaguely of stocks and bonds but they seemed to represent a knowledge that he could never possess. Advertising seemed clear, definite. All you did was to convince a client that he should make a certain appropriation each year for advertising, and that his sales would jump beyond his wildest ideas if this appropriation were wisely distributed. In this second agency Laurence did

better from the start. He was even able to get one or two fairly good contracts from reputable advertisers. He was still "new at the game," but the other solicitors in the firm gave him valuable hints.

As the money increased Irene and Laurence decided that it was time for them to start doing some of the things for which they had come to New York. The first thing they did was to move uptown, quite far uptown—almost as far as the Number 4 bus would take them. Washington Heights. It was clean, Irene told Laurence, and not too expensive, and a lot of young couples lived out there and they could start making friends. It probably wasn't considered very stylish but there was time enough for style when they had more money. It would take a lot of money to fix up even a small apartment.

The apartment they found in Washington Heights had four rooms. It was brand new and the kitchen was elaborately tiled and the other rooms boasted of paneled walls, the paneling being made by nailing strips of molding in rectangular design on the wall. Irene bought their furniture at a store which extended the payments over many months. She bought carefully, her knowledge based on what she had read in the magazines before she came to New York and on the furniture she had seen in the shops since she arrived. For the living room, taupe over-stuffed furniture with a few little tables for magazines and ash trays and a day bed—very stylish just then. For the bedroom, twin beds in walnut and a chiffonade with an intricate arrangement of trays and doors. The dining room bloomed with Windsor chairs and a gate-leg table—the last word in simplicity in the women's magazines.

The night the Turners left the Village, Hollis and Dell Drimmer came in to call—helping them abstractedly with the packing. After they had gone Laurence said,

"We've seen the last of them, all right. Now that we've got a start we'll meet some people that really amount to something."

V

The Turners liked Washington Heights. The air was fresh, the Hudson only a few blocks away. There were dozens of clean markets and groceries, ornate moving picture houses, little restaurants when you didn't feel like cooking. The restaurants were "dainty" and served innumerable but insignificant courses at reasonable prices.

At first there was just enough money for the rent of the apartment and payments on the furniture and the economical purchase of clothes. Gradually Laurence and Irene were able to shed their Camden raiment and began to look like their idea of New Yorkers. When money became a little more plentiful they went to the theatre, picking out the more obvious successes, musical comedies and revues, followed by supper at the less expensive restaurants they had heard about.

They made no acquaintances at all at this time. At first they did not feel the need of other people, and then they really didn't know just how to go about getting acquainted. They had heard that New York neighbors were not friendly and they were glad of it; they didn't want to get in with their neighbors. Those neighbors, now, were mostly young Jewish couples, each possessing several round brown babies. Nice enough, but not folks you'd care to go about with socially. The heads of Laurence's firm were Jews, too—both rotund, brisk and smiling. Their wives were fat and jewelled and wore too-small slippers with French heels. There was no one in the office that Laurence cared to know outside of business hours. He had tried a bit eagerly to get better acquainted with one or two clients who seemed the sort who would make desirable acquaintances, but nothing came of it.

Then he and Irene got in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Jessup Blake, relatives of the Blakes in Camden. The Jessup Blakes had once lived in Camden themselves. They invited Irene and Laurence to dinner, but the Turners found them extremely dull. They

did not dance nor play bridge. They thought new music stupid and undignified and Mr. Blake said, "When I come home at night I'm too tired to think of going any place." Nothing there. They looked up the Griswolds, who also had lived in Camden, and found an oldish couple given to long conversations about their goldfish, their electric piano, and the annual putting up of home-made preserves. Why, you wouldn't even go with them if you lived in Camden! There must be thousands of young couples in New York, college-bred, who were jolly and up-to-date, who went to parties and theatres, whom they would enjoy knowing—and who would like to know them, too.

They were enthusiastic over the theatre that first year in Washington Heights and were glad when money came in more freely and they were able to go down from the gallery to the balcony, and finally could afford to buy seats downstairs without the horribly guilty feeling that they had had at first when they went to the theatre at all.

Irene met a Mrs. Rogers who lived in an apartment a few doors from her and who had a small Pekinese dog. Owning a Pekinese dog is one way of getting acquainted. Irene asked Mrs. Rogers to call and bring Mr. Rogers, and Mrs. Rogers asked Irene to call and bring Mr. Turner, but their acquaintance was never furthered.

As Laurence made more money he and Irene became dissatisfied with Washington Heights. It was a long trip to the office. The subways were always crowded; it took you half an hour to get home from the theatre. They could afford something better. Washington Heights had been all right for a while—certainly better than Greenwich Village. They knew now what social status Washington Heights occupied. Why, people who amounted to anything never lived above the hundreds! After all, they hadn't made a single acquaintance on Washington Heights. If they did meet people they wouldn't want them to know they lived way out there or ever had lived

there. Might as well get in a better neighborhood so that when they got in with some nice people . . .

They found an apartment in West End avenue. It had six rooms and allowed them a guest room—Laurence and Irene preferred sharing the same room—and a room for a maid. They kept the same furniture, but bought new things, too: an elaborate console table with a mirror over it for the foyer hall, a Cogswell chair for the living room, and some brass andirons for the fireplace. It was supposed to be a real fireplace but they never experimented with it. They bought gray enameled furniture, painted daintily with lavender morning glories, for the guest room, "in case any one comes up from Camden." The maid's room and bath were off the kitchen and a line of maids appeared and disappeared until Irene found a young colored girl named Hilda who suited her.

Irene and Laurence wore better clothes now, and Hilda became the possessor of the things that seemed so nice just after Irene had moved to New York. Irene patronized the smarter shops in Fifty-seventh street, and to see her step out of her apartment in the afternoon you would know she was going to a smart tea or a *matinée*. Laurence got a new dinner coat and the two of them discovered First Nights at the theatre. What fun those First Nights were! Irene would wear one of her newest evening gowns and Laurence his dinner coat, and they would nudge each other and point to people whom they recognized. "There! that's Bright Morning, the movie star," or "Look! Harold Strongface, the actor whom we saw last week in 'Once Over,'" or "There! I don't know her name, but I saw her picture in the Sunday paper—a *débutante* or an assistant at a charity ball or something."

Laurence changed his position. He left the agency to become an advertising solicitor for a well-known magazine. More money still. He was a good advertising solicitor now. He met men in business, jolly fellows with whom he had frequent

drinks. On several occasions he went to the theatre with a group of them or to dinner, but he and Irene were never invited *en famille*. Irene made acquaintances, too. A woman across the hall who stuttered and who, before noon, always had cold-cream on her face and wore soiled negligees. The woman who lived on the floor above and who had a series of mysterious callers. Neither insisted that Irene and Laurence call on her.

VI

New York was grand. A lovely place to live in. They wondered how they had ever stood living in Camden, that funny place. Yet—well, it would be nice to know someone. They wondered how other people got acquainted. Of course you didn't want to meet the wrong kind of people . . . still, there must be some way. It wasn't any fun being always alone, just the two of them. At night they went to a neighborhood movie or to the theatre, or fell asleep reading books they had seen reviewed in the literary supplements. Irene found herself getting annoyed at little things Laurence did, and she knew Laurence felt the same way about her. They had a hundred needless quarrels, losing their tempers completely and forgetting, the next day, what they had quarreled about.

Jack and Betty Harrison came up from Camden, and, of course, Irene and Laurence insisted that they stay with them. Nice to have folks in the guest room. Nice too, being able to show Betty and Jack the city. Betty and Jack knew New York well enough, so they didn't have to see the Woolworth Tower. So Irene and Laurence took them to odd little restaurants they had stumbled on, first nights at the theatre. Irene and Betty went shopping, buying innumerable and unnecessary garments. The Harrisons stayed for ten days. Yes, it was nice to have had them, but it had meant running around, getting all tired out, and spending a lot of time and money. What rubes the Harrisons were! But of

course even when they had all lived in Camden, Irene and Laurence had realized the Harrisons' lack of knowledge and sophistication. Now, they were full of small-town ideas. They had exclaimed over all the wrong things and wondered how Laurence and Irene were so satisfied, cooped up in an apartment. They didn't get any sort of a thrill when celebrities were pointed out to them. On the whole, the Turners were glad when the Harrisons returned home.

Laurence was a lucky fellow.¹ He realized that. During the next two years his salary and commissions were more than doubled. There was no use for them to live, well—so simply. Irene was quite sick of West End avenue. Such funny people were moving there. Newly rich. Why, she and Laurence had college educations. She was tired of the West Side anyhow. They considered the suburbs, rode out to Forest Hills and Kew Gardens, Garden City and Pelham, Rye and Great Neck, spoke to a dozen real estate agents, and inspected fifty houses. It might be nice . . . a little garden, a garage, a country club. But they didn't want the country. They had had enough of that in Camden. They hated the idea of a furnace to look after, of trains to catch, of living on a schedule. Of course, you do meet people in the suburbs, but what of it? In time they'd know the people they wanted to know right in town.

Irene knew that the East side of the Park was far smarter and more expensive than the West. After some deliberation she and Laurence picked out a rather elaborate apartment in one of the brand-new apartment buildings just off Park avenue in the East Sixties. Expensive. Of course. Why not? They could afford it. They bought a car too, a rather good-looking limousine, and, because Irene was afraid to drive in traffic, they hired a chauffeur; otherwise she knew she wouldn't get any use out of the car at all. The new apartment was most attractive. Irene had finished with Windsor chairs and day-beds. She went to an expensive-looking shop in

East Fifty-seventh street, where a sleek and good-looking young decorator helped her make the proper purchases. These were bought "on time," in a way, though you didn't call it that. They were so expensive that no one—unless you really had an awful lot of money—could pay for them all at once. The bills were sent in, and you paid a part every month until the things were paid for.

The apartment was done in Georgian English to correspond with the house itself. It had many French doors and rather good hardware. The mahogany had good lines and the stuffs used for draperies were of rich material and color. This was something like it. Irene was enthusiastic from the first. Laurence thought it all a bit formal, but he got used to it. There were book shelves for the books they had brought from Camden and the few additions they had made to their library since coming to town.

Now they were ready at last. They told themselves that they would have been premature if they had tried to make friends when they could not receive them in proper surroundings. Now, they had the proper surroundings. Before this they had made little active effort to get acquainted, feeling that friends would come to them in time. Now, their search became a real part of their lives. They went to the most fashionable church of their neighborhood, High Church Episcopalian, of course. They found that the only way to attract attention would be to make huge donations. They couldn't afford that. It took all their money to live, now that they had the car and the apartment. Their fairly generous contributions were received without comment. A few solemn men, a couple of dowdy old women shook hands, nodded to them. No one they cared to know made any effort to get acquainted with them. They stopped going to church altogether after a while. Too much trouble getting up Sunday morning, and anyhow it was tiresome sitting through the sermons—if you didn't meet anyone. Laurence tried the ex-

periment of bringing home some business friends to dinner. The friends would come, prove rather boring, and then go away offering no similar entertainment in return. Irene smiled and spoke to several neighbors and found that they were not visibly eager to be friends.

Irene did meet one neighbor whom Laurence nicknamed "the sporting widow." Mrs. Camilla Humphrey had an expensive apartment and a maid but there was no Mr. Humphrey. Camilla was always having remarkable adventures. Her life was a series of misunderstandings and coincidences. She and Irene went shopping occasionally—she had no car—but Irene found she was always buying things she didn't care for and paying for the luncheons or teas, too. Mrs. Humphreys never invited them to any of the evening parties she told about.

They entertained the Dreweys from Camden and felt that the Dreweys were properly impressed by their manner of living—far above the way the Dreweys or anyone else they knew had ever lived. Well, they had shown them! The Dreweys were gossips and would tell everyone in Camden how well they were getting along. Laurence and Irene still read the Camden *Advocate* rather thoroughly—especially the social column—and questioned the hall-boy if they missed a number of it.

Their parents came to visit them occasionally and they dutifully took them to theatres and restaurants. They were always a little glad after they had gone back home. Laurence's father was a plain, good man but not the kind you like to be seen with in New York. Victor Moffett was still oratorical and conceited, full of long quotations. Mrs. Moffett was still bright-eyed and dowdy. Grace and Emily came up on occasional visits, too, a bit envious of Irene and Laurence, but complacent as they had always been, telling of Camden parties and Camden events. "The Riggss are putting up a great big home on the old Seaton place, and all around there is being built up with perfectly darling

little houses. You won't know the place when you come out for a visit."

"As if we'd ever go out to Camden for a visit," Irene would say to Laurence after the guests had gone. "They must think we're as big rubes as they are. New York is good enough for me. I'm perfectly satisfied with things just the way they are."

"So am I," said Laurence. "We've got things fixed up pretty nearly the way we want them. I'd like to be able to save a little money, if I make more, next year. And, after we meet a nice crowd, get in with some nice people . . ."

VII

On New Year's Eve they decided to attend a restaurant that was just coming into prominence. It was the smartest and one of the most expensive places in town. A group of well-known dancers performed nightly, and a world-famous jazz band played until four in the morning. They engaged a table weeks in advance.

"You never can tell what parties like that can develop into," Laurence told Irene.

Irene had a new evening gown of white georgette, elaborately beaded. Her evening coat was of white ermine lined with jade crêpe. She felt that she looked important, and hoped that people would ask "Who is that?" when she came in. She felt, too, that she looked much younger than she really was. She had learned little tricks of the toilet that made her attractive—not that she cared to attract other men, of course, nor anything like that. But you can never tell.

They went to the theatre first and got to the restaurant just a little before twelve. An elaborate supper was served. Laurence had brought his own liquor, which was supplemented by the restaurant. Laurence and Irene looked around eagerly. At each table was a party of happy people. If they only knew some of them! Why, at the table next to them—the very kind of people they wanted to meet! There was a man of about fifty, two younger men, three

girls. The girls were all young and pretty and beautifully gowned. Irene and Laurence drank champagne in celebration of the New Year. Irene wished something would happen so that these people would invite Laurence and her to join them. She looked at them and caught the eye of the oldest man, who held his glass up and seemed to be making an invisible toast with his lips. She returned it. Somebody called across the table to them and in ten minutes, after much laughter and drinking, Irene and Laurence found themselves at the other table.

What a nice evening it was! Later, Irene realized that she never knew quite what happened. But there were drinks and laughter over nothing at all and uncertain dancing. The party broke up at five o'clock and they all went to a breakfast of ham and eggs. There the men exchanged cards and telephone numbers and the women told Irene that they would telephone in a day or two.

The men telephoned Laurence and the women telephoned Irene as they had promised. Within a week Laurence and Irene found out that the eldest man of the crowd was Edwin Schwelbach, of Quality Clothes for Misses and Children, and that the other two were the Messrs. Strickman and Harberg, of Strickman and Harberg, Smart Sport Outfitters. One of the girls was Mr. Harberg's stenographer and the other two were models for Quality Clothes. The crowd decided that the Turners had money and wanted to help them spend it. They got into the habit of telephoning to Laurence and Irene at odd hours, of coming into their apartment after the theatre for drinks. It took them several months—they didn't like to be rude—to get rid of these acquaintances. Oh, well, things like that happen in New York. It was an experience. Something to laugh at, when they got in with some nice people.

One night at the theatre they saw Hollis. He was sleek in new dinner clothes and Irene could scarcely believe he was the man they had known in the Village until

she heard a man call him by name and say, "Your play is going over with a bang, isn't it?" Was this the same Hollis who had written "Several of Them" that they had seen just the week before? She caught Hollis's eye and smiled cordially. He returned her greeting coolly and walked away.

Laurence made a new purchase, this time without the help of the interior decorator. Irene was sick of the decorator, anyhow. He had promised her so much—said he would take her to teas and introduce her to all sorts of people. He forgot all about her after the apartment was decorated. She knew he would never approve of this last purchase and that rather pleased her. It was a huge cabinet Victrola, liberally carved. Of course, they could have bought a Victrola at any time—though not such an expensive one. They had even had a little one back in Camden. They just hadn't thought of getting it, somehow. Now, it represented a definite triumph: it was one of the most expensive ones they could buy. They put a new jazz record on the Victrola after dinner and danced to it. They felt they were good dancers; they hadn't let themselves get old and settled.

"Gee, but there's nothing as good as having music in the house," said Laurence. "Hasn't this machine got a clear sound? I want to get a radio, too. Maybe I'll get one soon—get a good one—nothing like something first-class. When you pay a lot for a thing, you usually get your money's worth. You know, Irene, we've got it pretty soft . . . the apartment, my job, the car, a chauffeur, nice clothes, good servants in the apartment, both got our health, still young—living in New York—no kids to worry about. I guess we're getting all we want out of life. Look—this apartment's the greatest place in the world to entertain in . . . we can roll up these Oriental rugs here in the living room and have a wonderful dance floor . . . serve a buffet supper in the dining room around twelve. Great, I tell you . . . when we get in with some nice people . . ."

AN ARMY OF AMATEURS

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

THE Army of the United States to-day is submerged in a mass of civilians. The professional soldier is in the minority; the amateur struts in khaki and Sam Browne. Here are the figures for our forces as given in the 1924 report of the Secretary of War:

Regular Army (including nurses and West Point cadets)	132,464
National Guard	176,235
Organized Reserves	85,104
Reserve Officers' Training Corps	115,337
Citizens' Military Training Camps	33,975

Truly do the publicists at Washington prate of the Citizen Army and truly does the Secretary of War warn a group of Regular officers that "the Army should not be a class apart." There is, indeed, some sense in the dictum, set forth in successive appropriations bills, that the standing army should remain small. A productive nation needs to avoid enrolling too many men in the non-productive pursuit of arms. Out on the hill slopes and the wooded valleys between the main force and the potential enemy, a mobile force places its outposts, just strong enough to delay hostile attack until the major man-power can be brought into action. So it is with troops on campaign; so should it be with the defenses of the nation. The outlying forces, always alert, are necessary, yet they need only be as large as the barest safety demands, especially in a republic like the United States, with oceans for protection and a popular aversion to standing armies handed down from the days when the red-coats insulted the people of Boston. But if the ever-alert outguards be only a shade too weak the whole nation is imperilled. And if the primary duty of military leadership be left

too largely in purely civilian hands, the whole defense may collapse.

Since the Act of 1920 was put into effect, various pacific persons, such as the adroit Mr. Frederick J. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War (neatly changed from its former title, which announced its purpose as Disarmament), have protested that the United States is in peril of being militarized. They have had nightmares over the amount of military training being given the youth of the country. They have quite obviously viewed a very small regular force as adequate for all the protection the country needs. I believe that the perils of militarism which make these gentlemen tremble in their boots are fictitious. Militarism means *compulsory* service, with the military men in the saddle. A Citizen Army means *voluntary* service with civilian direction and eventual control. There is no doubt of the political power wielded by the Reserve officers of the country, many of whom sit as legislators at the national Capitol. Yet the American nation remains peace-loving, and there is not the slightest chance of "a vast military organization" seizing the reins of power from the hands of the people. The Reserve officers are politicians first and Reserve officers afterwards. The Citizen Army insures popular control and general popular participation. That, in truth, is what is the matter with it.

There is a tradition in this country that Americans will providentially provide skilled military man-power on an instant's notice. It is a tradition handed down by the text-books which retail second-hand history incorrectly, and give the impression that the minute men of the Revolution were

normal, peaceful farmers. As a matter of fact, the citizens of Massachusetts Bay, in 1775, were trained militiamen, who had brought over from England the old English habit of popular participation in military training. The Assize of Arms and the Statute of Winchester were in their blood. Every ancient Englishman had to own and be able to use a long bow as tall as himself. Or he had to have his horse and armor. The Massachusetts men who rallied to the harassing of redcoats outside Boston were organized soldiers under skilled leaders. They had had experience at Louisburg. They had placed the training-field and muster-day on a parity with the meeting-house and Sabbath observance. And when the new nation was but five years old, they saw to it that the first statute book bore a Militia Act which provided for the possession of uniforms and arms and for local enrollment by all citizens. That was the idea in their heads—even though it was not carried out. It was training that told at Breed's Hill, where the colonials stood firmly before the advance of professional soldiers. But that training for arms was forgotten as time went on. It began to be considered hereditary—a sort of natural gift. All the sons and daughters of the Revolution began to feel that they could pull the old squirrel rifle from the mantelpiece and do as good a job as their ancestors.

II

To provide an authoritative antidote to this grotesque error General Emory Upton made his historical study of American military policy. In the dusty files of the War Department the document remained obscure and unknown until Mr. Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, brought it out and had it published. Since the early years of the Nineteenth Century, the Upton book has been the Bible of the Army. It proves from American military records that raw militiamen, hastily assembled without organization, equipment, or training, are ineffective, and that only regulars and non-

regulars who have had skilled training and hardening are reliable on the field of battle. Since Upton's day, Bladensburg and Monterey, Lundy's Lane and Buena Vista have been by-words in the service. Since Upton's day, the comparative behavior of hasty volunteers and seasoned regulars in the tangled jungle before San Juan Hill, and of experienced fighters and raw troops in the Meuse-Argonne, have amply proved his point with modern weapons. These weapons are merely the tools with which men fight; the men themselves must be trained and hardened to the job.

Nevertheless, we now have a vast Citizen Army which, in spite of a modicum of instruction and the vast multitude of bars and leaves and eagles and stars scattered in ninety thousand bureau drawers through the country, is still only a Citizen Army. Its organization is based on World War experience—on the assumption that there will be time to season the raw increments as there was between April, 1917, and May, 1918. From General Pershing's office in Washington there had gone out an explanation of our basic plan, describing what is called the "national position in readiness." In the event of war, the regulars and guardsmen will be moved to the critical coastal areas, and there they will proceed to train the recruits needed to make up the difference between peace strength and war strength. The plan envisages the moving of these completely raw divisions to points in the rear of the critical area for their final training, *where they may be available in emergencies*. In other words, the plan is to use raw troops in battle. Upton goes by the board! Again we rest content with the false security afforded by raw troops in the face of the enemy. Again we shall repeat, perhaps, the experience of Bladensburg, where recruits were mustered in on August 21, reviewed by the President on August 22, and met the enemy—and defeat!—on August 24. The raw militia from Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis were alarmed by the Congreve rockets thrown up by the British on

that August day, and gave way. What can we expect with the terrifying uproar and tremendous concentrations of shell to be expected in Twentieth Century fighting?

The (partially) trained officers of the Reserve Corps, of course, will be of some help. However, the training they now receive is neither extensive nor thorough. You cannot make a military leader in fifteen days when the fifteen days come only once every three or five years. The social colonels and political brigadiers may betray our confidence, not in their loyalty, or their valor, but in their ability. Of what use will a colonel member of Congress be who spends his time being a politician, and comes around to his officers only for a splendid banquet "to stir up enthusiasm?" Will we have to repel future invasions with such brigadiers as General Winder, who was thought to be distantly related to the governor of Maryland?

There are now more of these Reserve officers, all nicely folding their commissions into their safe deposit boxes, than there are Regular and National Guard officers. Worse, they are not at the bottom of the scale, where their scant training should place them, but up the scale, too. A lieutenant resigns from the Regulars and receives a commission as a major in the Reserves! Becoming a civilian, he receives so sudden and vast an increase of wisdom that it rates him, for future emergencies, above the heads of thousands of his former superiors. The sheer numbers of the Reserve officers would not be fatal: many of them might make good corporals. What worries those who seek real efficiency is their steady step-laddering up the grades, and their attitude of mind. "Each and every Reserve officer . . . is in fact an officer of the Army of the United States, not merely when called to active duty, but at all times." So says a committee of Reserve officers in a special report to the Operations and Training Division of the General Staff. Napoleon's soldierly privates only dreamed of field marshal's batons; common Americans in civil pursuits actually have their colonel's eagles.

No one denies that some of these men proved their titles to leadership in the World War. But many of them are passing the age of military usefulness, and their places must be filled, in all grades, by younger men who have not had any experience at all. These citizen officers are now in the saddle. They are not only numerous; they are strong. Regular officers may not organize into unions, but the reservists may have their unofficial organizations. Regular officers may not play politics; but the reservists may play them to their heart's content. Said Congressman L. J. Dickinson, of Iowa, in the House at the last session:

There is a serious contention going on between what we call the Regular Army appropriations and what we call the civilian components of the Army appropriations—one the Regular Army, where men give their lives to their work and where they are continuously on the job, and the other made up of civilian components that give a very fractional part of their time to the work. I want to suggest in these figures the trend of the times and where we are going along these lines.

In 1916, for the three components of the Army—made up of the National Guard, the Reserve Officers' Corps, and the Civilian Military Training Camps, known as the civilian components of the Army—we appropriated \$4,310,000. In 1923, for the Regular Army, we appropriated \$222,000,000. I am giving only round numbers. For the civilian components we appropriated \$31,000,000, an increase, from 1916 to 1923, from \$4,000,000 to \$31,000,000. In 1924, for the Regular Army, we appropriated \$207,000,000, a decrease of \$15,000,000, and we appropriated for the civilian components of the Army \$37,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000. In 1925, we appropriated for the civilian components \$39,000,000, an increase of over \$1,000,000.

I do not believe the National Guard of this country is worth anything without the leadership of Regular Army and the science which the Regular Army brings to the war preparation of this country. I do not believe the Officers' Reserve Corps is of any value to this country unless you have it supported by the study and the leadership of the Regular Army. That being the case, I want to sound a warning that the Regular Army is without friends among the voting population, while the members of the Officers' Reserve Corps are all over the country. They come in contact with you and are asked to come in contact with you by the very organizations they maintain.

I suggest that we are going to run off on the wrong tangent and going to have the leadership along the wrong components of our Army organizations if we are not careful. We do not want the civilian components of the Army to overreach and control the military policies of the country.

III

An old sergeant is reputed to have remarked, some years back, "It's this here war that's ruinin' the Army—us havin' to take in all them civilians." He spoke of personnel. But how about control? The clerical gentlemen of the *Christian Century*, who protest that ministers should not be in the Reserve Corps, are all wrong. Far from there being any peril of the dominies giving way to Cæsarism, we have the very real peril of the citizenization of the military. On the General Staff today is to be found a lieutenant colonel who is national secretary of the Reserve Association. A committee of Reserve officers sat in Washington for fifteen days last June to advise the General Staff on local reserve problems, on the training of Reserve officers, and on the organization and operation of certain portions of the Army of the United States. Another committee of Reserve officers gave advice to the General Staff in March and April on organization for training and mobilization. The War Department's report on the 1924 Defense Test and its recommendations for future tests were held in the office of the Secretary of War; but this committee and the (unofficial) Reserve Officers' Association made another recommendation, and made it public. Small wonder there was a flurry when President Coolidge awoke one morning to find the entire nation apprised of a scheme not yet prepared for final presentation to him—a scheme which demanded as a prerequisite to a successful test "early and vigorous action on the part of the President."

The recommendations made by these gentlemen who consider themselves, even when not on active duty—and are legally so considered by the Judge Advocate General of the Army—officers of the United States and of the Army, are now heeded by those in authority in military circles. With the power and influence of the reserves all officials must reckon. They bring direct pressure on Congress, as Representative

Dickinson points out, to get greater appropriations for their own activities than the Budget Office and the War Department deem advisable. They boast in their trade journal that they broke the budget. Each year the Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army goes to the annual convention of the Reserve Officers' Association and makes a "report" to them—General Hines in October, 1923, and General Nolan in October, 1924. "The Citizen Army is the thing," you hear officers say. "It's useless to buck against it. We might as well run along their way."

Affairs, indeed, have reached such a state that when any prospect of slashes in Army appropriations is discussed and it is feared a reduction may come from the Coolidge economy programme, the folk high up in the Army say: "Well, that means another cut in the size of the Regular Army." No one thinks of cutting the activities of the civilian components. Those components now hold the whip-hand. There is a definite cleavage in doctrine between the Old Army men and the Citizen Army men, and the "latter" men seem to have the Commander-in-Chief on their side, for they point exultantly to his Annapolis address, in which he declared that the major defenses of the nation must rest upon the efforts of the Citizen Army.

The National Guard finds itself growing beyond the limits set by the federal funds appropriated for State aid, and even has to put the brake on enlistments, and to postpone the formation of new units for lack of equipment. It makes demands that must be heeded because they are backed by important political influence. When President Coolidge tried to hold up the additional drill pay voted in a deficiency appropriation bill, or at least hesitated about allowing the money to be spent, the National Guard Association showed its teeth—and the appropriations became available. It is a fact that the Guard is growing rapidly, and that it is demanding more and more instructors and material from the Regular Army. It is a fact that, at the rate of two a

month, the War Department receives requests from colleges for the establishment of new training units, with the additional money and the additional officers that go therewith. It is a fact that the Reserve officers are continually asking for more training periods—with pay—and for more Regular officers to help them organize their local groups. It is a fact that in spite of the clear willingness of Congress to appropriate funds as great as the demand seems to warrant, the increasing enrollments in the Summer camps for civilians are always several jumps ahead of the money and men needed to take care of the number applying for enrollment. The Citizen Army has found a rising market.

The growing demand for directors of training among the civilian components has taxed the Regular Army's utmost energies. Within the continental limits of the United States are about 60,000 enlisted regulars; of these about 45,000 are used in the Summer camps for citizens, reservists, and guardsmen. Within the same limits are about 6,000 officers of the combatant branches of the service; of these more than 5,000 are on Summer camp duty. In the four best training months of the year, the Regular Army must lay aside its own work of shaping men into professional soldiers to engage in mad scrambles through crammed schedules in the citizen camps. Thus its own training suffers. Major-General John L. Hines, Chief of Staff, protests that it has been unable to hold any maneuvers, save in Panama and Hawaii, since the World War.

All the political influence is on the side of the "Summer soldiers and sunshine patriots," who take up their drill in the best months of the year, and leave the professionals to snatch what moments they may between the Autumn clean-up and the Spring preparation. These professionals are compelled to work shorthanded and to rest in dilapidated barracks. The need of keeping buildings and other equipment in repair is so pressing that special "fatigue" duty—the army name for hard labor—occupies

far too large a part of the available personnel. In the field exercises of small units, one regular soldier has to fill the places of four. The War Department has recommended that all commanders try to get full units out for drill at least two times a week. But a captain who should have a company of over a hundred—and in war must lead 250—finds a meagre group of 35 or 50 answering his roll-call. We are in about the same state as regards the effective strength of units as we were before the Spanish War. Then, as President Roosevelt once said, captains without experience in maneuvers were catapulted into the command of larger units than they had ever seen.

IV

The art of war, as General Foch has remarked, is an art wholly of execution. Skill in it must be acquired by practice. "The time for maneuvers on a large scale is here," declares General Hines. And yet the training of the Regulars continues to be subordinated to civilian activities. Regular officers get special theoretical training at schools of their own branches of the service and, as the Chief of Field Artillery says, "join their organizations filled with a high purpose and with a mind fully made up to put into practice the knowledge acquired at the school, and thus in a short time show what a real live and efficient organization is. But they have no more than joined when they find that instead of commanding a unit with Table of Organization strength, they have but little more than a skeleton organization to work with."

The business of an army is to be ready for war. We shall perhaps never have another full, clear year in which to prepare as we had in 1917. Instruction should be going on now. Instead the Regular Army is hard at work repairing its decaying wooden buildings and furnishing men for duty far from all soldierly surroundings—all to arouse enthusiasm in groups of civilians! Even among the reservists, the idea is to do everything by imagination. "It is pref-

erable," says official instructions, "to permit regiments to go out for training at whatever strength they can muster and thus train two weak regiments, instead of one regiment built up to full strength by attaching a large number of outsiders."

The combat divisions which plowed across the plains of Artois and the hills of the Ardennes are now represented by skeleton units with strengths of 780 officers and 150 enlisted men. These reserve divisions number twenty-seven in all. There are nine weak divisions of Regulars, but they are not real divisions at all. It was contemplated having a Regular division in each of the nine corps areas, but the "cut the Regular Army" idea has diminished their strength until six re-inforced brigades take the place of a full division. There should be twenty thousand men in the Hawaiian Division, at the strategic apex of the Pacific, but fifteen thousand men are all that can be actually found there, including the coast artillerymen and headquarters staffs. The First Division is scattered at a multitude of posts around New York City, without opportunity for divisional training.

The National Guard is in fine shape, the reports say, and could furnish its contingents in case of emergency. But the weak Regulars and the skeletonized divisions of the Organized Reserves are mighty poor reliances. They could not do their job in war, and they cannot carry on practical training in advance of war. Their correspondence course Reserve officers and their squad leading Regular officers may be fine theorists, but the art of execution they have not practiced. The militiamen against whose efficiency Upton inveighed are with us again. Says the Secretary of War:

We can only attain efficiency for our forces if we hold fast to practicality. Practicality does not thrive in circumstances where shortage of officers makes it necessary to detail with civilian components officers who have not had sufficient duty with a unit of their own branch of the service. Practicality does not thrive in inactive units, depleted strengths, imaginary maneuvers, paper plans, fictitious reserve stocks, and theoretical weapons. Our greatest peril today is too great a dependence upon theory to the exclusion of fact.

On the occasions of the last two defense tests one-day volunteers were sought to fill the ranks and "illustrate" the Citizen Army. Down the street came the Regular units from near-by posts, looking like soldiers and acting like soldiers. One officer may hold the posts of five, sixty men of 250, but they are professionals with the air and confidence of professionals. Down the street came the local National Guard Company or higher unit, citizens all, but citizens who have given actual time to actual drill—also marching like soldiers. Captain So-and-so may be an attorney in civil life, but he knows his rank and file.

Next there came the unit of the Organized Reserves. Its leader holds a commission in the Reserve Corps as a captain, though he has never functioned as such. Yesterday he had no company at all, but merely a mass of correspondence course leaflets and some blank forms. Today he has one-day volunteers behind him, marching like one-day volunteers, with alignment awry and step conglomerate. If he says "Squads East" or "Squads West" they go to all points of the compass. Small wonder the Guardsmen scoff and the Regulars weep. "There are duties," says General Hines, "that must be learned in the field, and not from books," and yet out of books the Reserve officer has received his training.

The Reserve unit really doesn't exist at all. It has no armory, and no drill nights. It is a mere skeleton, and the one-day volunteers slop and slide all over the loose bones. Half the divisions of the Army of the United States are Reserve Divisions. The Reserve Divisions have, by and large, 780 officers to 150 enlisted men. The Regulars and the Guardsmen are leaders of men, but Reserve outfits are composed of unpracticed leaders without men, and their one-day volunteers would require long training and hardening for the arduous and complicated tasks of modern combat. But the Reserve idea, politically speaking, is in the saddle, and so the Army is an army of amateurs.

HYMN TO AN OASIS

BY ARTHUR O'DANE

THE impression is general that Mr. George Follansbee Babbitt has settled down definitely to Service in Zenith City, his faith renewed after a most regrettable philandering, both mental and physical, and a passage through the cleansing fires of democracy's displeasure. He was heard from once or twice during the 1924 campaign, and, I am advised, made a fugitive appearance in a late work by his official psychographer, on all such occasions giving voice to the most righteous sentiments imaginable. Surely the assumption was thus far from monstrous that Mr. Babbitt had got bravely over the unpleasantness connected with his son's marriage and was entering upon a serene old age filled with godly baitings of Zenith City Reds, Catholics, Jews and Negroes, and evenings at home with the *American Magazine*, the *Dearborn Independent* and the *American Standard*.

The truth is, however, that Mr. Babbitt is dead. I know, because I walked and talked with the wan ghost of him but yestere'en. The adventure took place in West Park street, in the city of Butte, county of Silver Bow, State of Montana, hard by the Y. M. C. A., and under a Rocky Mountain sunset that was all brass and copper-sulphate. The stride of the apparition was still pepful though a mite handdog, the white silk socks twinkled in my eyes at every step, the pearl-gray hat brim was turned down for'ard in condescension to a lately visiting heir apparent and up astern to show that the wearer was an American forever—but the sun glimmered through the ensemble rather than on it. No questioning can be allowed.

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The fact must be accepted that Mr. Babbitt, for reasons unknown to me and by him undisclosed, at some time since January 1925, saw fit to travel westward from home a thousand miles to Butte, Montana, and that there he departed this life.

His spirit did not call attention to the obvious fact that it was only a spirit, nor can I say why it chose me to fall in with in West Park street. Its chief desire seemed to be to talk to someone, to anyone, and I saw nothing for it but to listen.

"No place for a real honest-to-John Amurrican," it mumbled. "This town of yours, I mean. I dropped in at the Kiwanis meeting when I first come here, over at this, now, New Finlen Hotel, and what did I see? Why, I saw the members grinning across the table at each other while singing some the finest songs ever written, and I saw several of 'em tip each other the wink at the strongest points that was being brought out by the speaker from Salt Lake City. Real red meat that talk had in it, too. Well—" the ghost sighed windily—"then, I hear how your attorney-general started a drive on bootleggers in this county, and all he could get out of your juries was one acquittal on top of another, and finally one of the State's own Pro'hibition agents was locked up because he was forced to shoot a bootlegger while performing his sworn duties."

"Yes?" I said, for it was all true.

"Yes! . . . Uh—" furtively—"you're a Protestant, I take it?"

"Episcopalian," I told him, with that urbanity which seems assumable by us Churchmen alone of all heretics when so questioned.

"Well," said Mr. Babbitt, partially reassured, "in this here town I see Roman Cath'lics inside-of-the-Y.-M.-C.-A.! Spot 'em in the shower-room, by those dinguses around their necks. Yes, sir! Now, even you'll admit . . . But there's other things happen. I'm told how, while the campaign was on, there was a Red agitator spoke every evening on one the main business streets, aiming to overthrow the government—and all the sheriff and police chief would do was say, 'Let the — — — — — talk his head off. We should worry.'"

"The Wobbly didn't draw any very large crowds," I offered meekly. "We'd heard it all before, around here. And he wasn't exactly red—looked bilious to me—"

"That's just what I'm getting at," the immortal fraction of Mr. Babbitt broke in. "In this town, nobody listens to anything at all—no more to what they should listen to than what they'd ought to call out the reserves to keep 'em from hearing. Just no spirit. No Amurricanism, none whatever. Hope you don't take it too much to heart me saying these things. But it just don't—just doesn't seem quite right, to me."

In the shade's tone was a woolly bewilderment. For my part, as I stared into that outrageous sunset aflame beyond the square School of Mines buildings, I conceded inwardly that on the concluding point, at least, truth had indeed been spoken. The city of Butte, Montana, does most lamentably possess major characteristics which from the Big American Standpoint are not Quite Right. Mr. Babbitt's premature taking off was explained: it was simply that that great heart of his had cracked upon an alien sod.

II

The word, by the way, is pronounced *Bute*, the *u* taking the sound given it in *due* by the more precise segment of the populace and the *e* being silent, as the *q* is, let us say, in *swimming*. I dilate thus in remembrance of certain gross wits in the East who used to take sport in discharging

at me such barbarisms as Butt, Butty, and others therefrom shamelessly derived.

As being a fairly accurate report on Butte's physical and economic being, I quote a paragraph of the opening statement to the jury by George F. Vanderveer, defense counsel in the cause of the U. S. A. vs. William D. Haywood and one hundred other Industrial Workers of the World, tried at Chicago some years ago before the eminent Landis, J. In so doing, I deny all complicity in the spelling and punctuation used by the I. W. W. publishing house:

Butte is a town of about a hundred thousand people, nested down in a little valley among some hills, every one of which is a copper mine; copper mining or more laterly some zinc mining or lead mining,—a few by-products,—is the entire industry of the town. Pretty near all the mines there are owned by a company known as the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, which is a consolidation of the old Amalgamated, about which you read so much in Tom Lawson's article some years ago, and the Heinze interests. Outside of the A. C. M. mines there is little in Butte, except a few independent mines, owned principally by W. A. Clark, former senator from the State of Montana, and former stockholder in the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Mr. Vanderveer is correct save for the facts that practically all the mines are situate on one hill known in Chamber of Commerce pamphlet as The Richest Hill on Earth, and that the 1920 census gave Butte a population of 41,611. The suburbs of Walkerville, Centerville, Meaderville, Williamsburg (or Dogtown), Butchertown and Seldom Seen, combine to raise this figure at the present moment to perhaps 56,000.

The population wags with the market price of copper. When copper is up, Butte streets bustle, everybody has money and spends it, the miners acquire delusions of grandeur and flock to the first union organizer who hoists a foghorn voice into the snow peaks, and delinquencies both *mala prohibita* and *mala in se* in alleys and purlicues take on an exhilarating frequency. When copper is down, as now and for long past, only the gamblers, pimps and bootleggers make any real money, the business streets gape with empty store-fronts, and the men in the mines reconcile themselves

beautifully to the fact that they are Being Crushed Under Capital's Iron Heel Hurray For W. Z. Foster.

It is this mining camp which may be remembered as having been advertised extensively some eleven years ago by the gifted Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in her novel "Perch of the Devil." She described with much detail and no little artistry the Butte hill at night, with its blazing scarf of lights twirled out against a sky of black ice, the Flat and its roadhouses, the electric atmosphere, the glistening mountains roundabout. A thunderous outcry arose from Butte's upper social stratum when the book appeared, to the effect that Mrs. Atherton had misrepresented local conditions shockingly, and altogether had not done right by our city. Inasmuch as the novelist caused her central character, by way of capping his other exploits, to outsmart the above named Anaconda Copper Mining Company in a projected land-grab, the criticism would seem to have been rather unjust, for the reason that an achievement of this generic aspect represents the unspoken wish, or libido, of fully nine-tenths of Montana's male population of voting age. The other tenth work, have worked, or hope some day to work, for the Company.

Butte, further, is the city where lived, wept, laughed twistedly, and wrote with an iron nib dipped in fire that wizardress of beautiful words, Mary MacLane. The poet resides in Chicago nowadays, I believe, where presumably she looks into her smouldering heart and writes down what she finds there. Her own city, world-wearily persuaded for reasons shortly to appear that all poems are but vanity, laughed at her consistently, yet gloried none the less in the terrific splash she made with "The Story of Mary MacLane." That was in 1902.

Butte, again, is the place wherein was indited, *anno Domini Sancti* 1897, that masterpiece forerunning by fifteen years Vachel Lindsay, Sandburg, and the rest of the current trumpeters, "When Bryan Came

to Butte." The author of this poem, C. H. Eggleston, is now an editorial writer on the *Anaconda Standard*, his vinegary prose daily delighting the literate, though seemingly his epic fire was spent on this lone magnificence.

III

So much for what we may term the city's major cultural output since its incorporation in 1879. It is not of this that I would chiefly carol, because such tricks and devices are held in more or less contempt by Butte at large. Every person within the corporation and suburbs well knows that any attempt to adorn, otherwise than with laughter, the jagged bronze surface of existence is a vain thing. The cultural output is not characteristic of Butte; it came in spite of Butte.

The things that are typical, that chalk out the municipality's mind and soul, are such as I list hereunder:

Item: The discharging in Federal Court some eighteen months ago of eleven shots by a convicted bootlegger awaiting sentence; and more especially the wind-up of this affair, namely, a hung jury when the man was prosecuted for attempted homicide, necessitating transfer of the case to Helena.

Item: A small flag bearing the letters KKK, nailed by some cosmic realist to the masthead of the Mountain View Methodist Episcopal Church in the dark of the moon shortly before the last election.

Item: A recent bald announcement in the public prints to the effect that the cigar-store proprietors of Butte had "agreed" (that was the word used) with the sheriff's office to suppress their punchboards, poker dice, and other dime-traps, all strictly prohibited by Montana statute, until such time as the anti-gambling fever then running high in the local purity squad should have abated.

Item (in extenso et solido): The dark and earnest suspicion that is nursed by the average man of Butte, the man in the street as he used to be called, of all evan-

gelical clergymen, faith healers, stock promoters, boosters, Republicans, optimists, Democrats, Fundamentalists, sweet old-fashioned girls, and advocates of the propagation in any way, shape or form of sweetness and light.

Sub-item to the next preceding: The equally pronounced torpor which characterizes the aforesaid average Butte man amid the din incident to the New Dawn about to be ushered in by the birth-controllers, anti-child-laborites, pacifists, modernists, communists, Younger Generation literati, single-standard moralists, third party John Baptists, and Salvation Yeo's of whatever kind named or not named.

The first three items are submitted out of dozens available as indicating the kind of incidents that may be looked for in Butte any day, and as direct results of the Butte state of mind. The concluding pair illumine the inner recesses of the civic heart of Butte, that great throbbing organ so lushly saluted by the local press whenever a drive is toward.

Enthusiasts of all kinds come in for closer, more morose scrutiny, hundred-percenters wax less fat, and pep, punch and piety meet with rougher sledding in Butte, I believe, than in any other American city save the great godless seaport of New York. Warned of an impending drive, be the object never so worthy, the average Butte man wonders first and instantly—and inquires in harshly audible tones,—who is slated to get away with the pot. Notified that he is summarily to be saved by grace, the New Thought, McAdoo, Mrs. Eddy, Coolidge, 'Gene Debs, Judge Gary, Henry Ford, or the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he reflectively lights another Camel and gets him to Jere Clifford's place to shoot a quarter on the baseball pool.

This is true not only of the higher orders in the city, but likewise of the common man—the man who goes without butter on his table to keep his Chevrolet rolling, who owns his little home subject only to

two mortgages and a mechanic's lien—the man who, in the States generally, showers his worship and his savings on the vendors of buncombe and furnishes the raw material for the Ring Lardners and the Sinclair Lewises. In brief, the entire Butte community, long ago, whether consciously or unconsciously I know not, took to its bosom that wise crack of Dr. Johnson's—

Boswell: Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement.

Johnson: Why sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things.

—merely broadening the apothegm by eliminating the word *political*.

It is a wise, weary, sardonic burg, this copper camp pigeonholed away in the remoter Rockies; a wild one, a Rabelaisian, bad and bold one. Even the municipal dog, Dynamite, who boards at the restaurants, sleeps at the Quartz street fire-station and superintends all fires and funerals, has an eye that says, "Of course, my acting as I do is a joke, but don't kill my game, and I won't tell what I know about you."

IV

A large part of my reasoning lifetime has been devoted to a fascinated speculation as to the reasons, if any there be, for the juice and savor that is Butte. I love this common man of Butte and all his ways, with the single exception of his mysterious preference for Camels, and my chief joy in my hours of ease is to ponder on what it may be that makes him the sweet cynic he is.

One explanation which appears plausible at first thought I find in the large proportion of Roman Catholics to the city's population. The Latin church has ever recognized the truth that this flesh is incurably lustful, and it places a damper on the fiercer fires by means of a system of symbolic fines and penalties, rather than seek to stifle them after the fashion of the evangelical sects. It would seem to follow, then, that wherever popery wields a measurable influence there will be found a

group-philosophy more closely approximating horse sense than in predominantly Protestant feudalities such as Oregon or Tennessee. However, there smoke and sweat many American cities in which Holy Church is even stronger than in Butte, so that I think this theory fails to reach to the root of the matter.

Another reason might be predicated on the League-of-Nations tableau presented daily by the 41,611 Butte denizens. About forty languages and dialects, by reliable estimate, are used in the camp. The ceaseless, inescapable spectacle of men even thinking in words meaningless to the viewer, yet squeezing just as much money and social prestige out of the environment, is calculated finally to ram racial vainglory amidships. And when that goes down, a huge cargo of assorted jackassism founders with it. Undoubtedly the perpetual rubbing of shoulders with Harps, Hunks, Spades, Canucks, Wops, Frogs, Greasers, Hunyaks, Far-Downs, Yids, Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies has a part in keeping the average Butte dweller's eyes in focus on the realities of this world. But there are a thousand other American cities where national crazy quilts flame as gaudily.

The rest of the State of Montana, comprising some 146,066 square miles, loathes Butte with the acrimony that only the inferiority complex engenders. The Ku Kluxers in the legislature would long ago have jimmied the Butte hill up at the roots and taken it home piecemeal to Ekalaka, Two-Dot or Pompey's Pillar, had they had the power so to do. A Butte candidate for any berth in the snug harbor 'neath the capitol dome at Helena is fortunate to complete his stumping tour without receiving a charge astern from some ranch hand's squirrel gun. This knowledge that ravaging foes surround in numbers all but overwhelming no doubt helps to hold the Butte intelligence at razor's edge. The underlying isolation, however, is the result of something else.

After long meditation, as aforesaid, I believe I have hit upon the basic cause of

the Butte uniqueness. I offer my conclusions herewith, and dedicate them solemnly to the radical Republican senators, the General Committee of the I. W. W., and Upton Sinclair.

Properly to expound my thesis requires a glance at the outset over the motivation of Mr. George F. Babbitt. What was it that made him in life the manner of man he was, and what is it that keeps his seven or eight million prototypes revolving? Surely it was and is nothing more or less than a conviction that it is humanly possible—nay, easily feasible—for a man to be somewhat other than he is. A little qualification is needed here. The idea I am attempting to convey, and finding deuced hard to express as it happens, is that Mr. Babbitt believed himself able by taking thought to add unto himself characteristics and talents which inherently he did not possess.

He thought, for example, that by pretending to be a terrific worker and cunning in the art and mystery of the realtor, he would actually be one. He had a fixed idea which certified him in the fancy that he was a model American husband and father so long as he bullied his wife and attempted to terrorize his children for a given length of time each day, let his thoughts stray to no matter how many Tanis Judiques. Mr. Babbitt believed, further, that some necromancy lay at his disposal whereby he could rise above the mental and manorial level of the source of his being, to-wit: his hundred generations of peasant ancestors. He thought he became automatically a gentleman when he dressed like one, a scholar by reading the *Literary Digest* and being seen in public with Chum Frink, a judge of good whisky by buying synthetic gin from a druggist. He thought that if he were outwardly good he would be inwardly happy, and that he understood any given proposition once he had proclaimed loudly enough that he did understand it.

Mr. Babbitt most emphatically did not, be it observed, think he could bluff his way through life. What he thought was

that bluff *was* life, and the sum and substance thereof. The distinction is important. The notion was born in him from those ever brooding, ever hopeful, ever superstitious peasant ancestors. And it was nourished by the tons of optimistic go-getter philosophy he absorbed from babyhood. Further, conditions in Zenith City were such as to give Mr. Babbitt the illusion that his belief had worked out in practice. The God he affected to admire had been exceeding generous toward the nation of which Zenith was a conspicuous adornment, in the matters of enormous natural resources, a population still sparse in proportion to area, puny or friendly neighbors, wide seas muzzling potential foes, a late entry upon the historical stage, and similar beneficences. Mr. Babbitt at forty-five saw himself not the least among the business captains and kings of Zenith; and he told himself that he had done it all, never realizing that first, his achievement was not excessively notable, or that secondly, almost any man could have done as well, given similar circumstances under which to work.

V

Let us turn now to Butte, where nothing conduces to such mental flatulency. I quote once more the earnest Vanderveer:

For years there have existed in Butte certain conditions which have operated to keep the whole camp in one seething turmoil. They have what they call the rustling card out there; some other places they call it the white card. . . . If you come into Butte, you may be the finest copper miner in the world,—you first have to get it, if you want a job,—you have to go to some employment office. . . . You ask for permission to apply for a job; not for a job. They immediately ask you who you are and where you came from and what you have been doing. . . . And then they tell you to come back bye and bye, and “We will see what we can do.” Then they will look you up. . . . If they find that you have ever been a union man . . . you don’t get a rustling card. . . . When you get work, and get down below, if you do the least thing that displeases the boss, this man who is called “the safety-first man,” why under the pretension that you have endangered somebody’s health, or done this or that or something which he thinks you ought not to do, he says, “You go up on top for seven days . . . fifteen days, or thirty days.” You are laid off for that long. And you go. That is all.

. . . I say that may happen to the finest miner in the world.

All “seething turmoil” of an industrial nature ended at the precise instant of the copper market’s collapse in post-war deflation days. It will undoubtedly boil up again the moment copper leaves the sick-bed; indeed, faint signs of revival were observed when the Hon. Mr. Coolidge was established on the throne last November amid a cannonade of skyrocketing stocks. In other particulars Mr. Vanderveer’s remarks remain accurate to this day as a description of the circumstances under which jobs in the Butte holes are rustled, got and held down.

“And you go. That is all. . . . I say that may happen to the finest miner in the world.”

It may indeed. In all the mines it may happen, save in the two or three operated by the W. A. Clark Company, which is reputed to be airily unconcerned regarding the thoughts its men think so long as they deliver the work required of them. (I am told, by the way, that the left wing of the I. W. W. considers a boss of such a nonchalant turn of mind more odious than the blacklisting boss, because the former’s practices tend to defer the *dies irae*.)

A condition analogous to that prevailing in the mines extends to every person who makes a living in Butte. Like the Lord God Almighty in His universe, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company is everywhere. It is all, and in all. Its titular Mercy Seat is on the sixth floor of the Hennessy Building at the intersection of Main and Granite streets, but it is enthroned in the heart, brain and wallet of every man and woman from Nine-Mile to Stringtown, from the Main Range to Whisky Gulch. Paraphrasing Mr. Vanderveer: if you do anything calculated to injure the company financially or politically, and do not speedily purge yourself, why your profits fall off, or you lose your job, or you leave town, that is all.

Butte is thus seen to be a giant analogue of the one-man small town; it is a one-

company large town. And here, I think, rises up the reason for its being the wisest, most scornful, keenest-brained, hardest-eyed city to be found in many days' journeying. I say this with full knowledge that such towns are thought of by the intelligentsia only with shudders, and are pictured as the abodes of none but the dull, the cowed and the slavish. This impression is false; on the contrary, such places, if Butte be a sample, are among the last refuges left in the States for men of soul, and humor, and individuality.

Consider the fact, if you please, that the state of affairs I describe reduces life's aspects to black and white; ink black and naked white. There is one boss, one overlord, one hero of the piece. The multifarious pickers of the general pocket in Zenith City were able to convince at least part of the people all of the time that their activities constituted Service of a most noble stripe. This they accomplished by a concerted and continuous gas attack from press, pulpit, rostrum and blackboard which stifled all dissenters. But where there is only one boss, from whose till flows all the money that circulates in the community, it must be plain that no such deception can be worked. The company long since gave over the attempt in Butte, except for occasional perfunctory gestures in the shape of publicity matter.

My neighbor, for instance, knows that I try daily to win the company's favor by any and all means in my power, and I know the same of my neighbor. The basis of this insight on the part of each of us is the fact that we should be starving or resident elsewhere if such were not the case. Accordingly, when he boosts the grand old town in an eloquent address before the Rotary Club, I know his sole hope to be that the company officials will hear of it and approve. When, from the balcony of the Butte Hotel, I make a campaign speech ringing with virile denunciations of the master, my neighbor knows that I have been advised privily by the

company to take precisely that tack because the assembled yeomanry likes to hear it and it doesn't do any harm.

The Company knows that most free and independent Americans dote on being ordered and shoved about, even as the rest of the human race. Accordingly it provides abrupt-spoken, hard-eyed employment clerks, reinforced by quick-fingered gunmen in time of stress. It knows that the I. W. W. is the only labor organization which will not sell its soul and membership books to the first comer, and it therefore blacklists I. W. W.'s whenever and wherever found. The company knows likewise that what rudimentary courage the workingman possesses flickers up only when he has money in the bank, and it sees that the gamblers, bootleggers, fancy women, credit stores and automobile agencies are given free rein in keeping that source of danger drained dry.

So life wags in Butte. All is beautifully simplified, no motives are misunderstood, and nothing clouds the economic issue. The common man sees all this going on under his nose, but he sees that nothing can be done about it. He reasons, and by no means illogically, that nothing ought to be done about it. The sharpening of his intellect by the raw exposure of human motives is too precious to be dispensed with, the spectacle too gorgeous to be in anywise edited or censored. So, living, he remains the canny gazabo that Butte has made of him, and, dying, he goes to join the gallant company of the unregenerate of all ages in hell.

A prevision rises before me as I complete these observations. I foresee the shaking of heads that will go on among any radical Republicans, I. W. W.'s and Upton Sinclairs to whose eyes these words may come, and I hear their pitying comments anent the gilding of cages and the scrawling of pictures on dungeon walls. My reply to all that, uttered with whatever sincerity the good God has given me, is that I am happy to be among the prisoners.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Journalism

SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM TODAY

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

PRINCIPLES and standards for the teaching of journalism in the United States were lately drawn up by a Council on Education for Journalism, comprising five members of long experience in both practical journalism and teaching, representative of schools on both coasts and in the Middle West. The preliminary statement says:

Adequate preparation for journalism must be sufficiently broad in scope to familiarize the future journalist with all the important fields of knowledge, and sufficiently practical to show the application of that knowledge to the practice of journalism. Under present conditions the best means of acquiring this essential knowledge and of learning its application is a four-year course of study in a college or university, including such subjects as history, economics, government and politics, sociology, literature, natural science, and psychology or philosophy. Not merely acquisition of knowledge but encouragement to independent thinking and fearless search for truth should be the purpose of all courses in preparation for the profession of journalism. Instruction in all subjects in the curriculum should be vitalized by research and contact with current developments, on the part of instructors.

Preparation for journalism should also include instruction and practice in journalistic technique, and consideration of the responsibility of the journalist to society. All instruction in journalism should be based on a recognition of the function of the newspaper and other publications in society and government, and should not be concerned merely with developing proficiency in journalistic technique. The aims and methods of instruction should not be those of a trade-school but should be of the same standard as those of other professional schools and colleges.

The phrase, "under present conditions," implies the belief of the Council, or at any rate of most of its members, that instruction in journalism will tend gradually to become graduate work. A beginning in this direction has already been made. The schools now concentrate their instruction

in professional journalism mainly in the last two years of the four-year course. One or two schools expect the student, as a rule, to devote five, rather than four, years to his course. Several others encourage promising students to remain for a year after graduation and take the master's degree. In the best schools, students are being encouraged to specialize in finance, labor, agriculture, law, or some other subject.

The situation thus parallels to some extent the history of instruction in law and in medicine. Formerly one could enter upon a course in either of these subjects in a reputable university after only a high-school course, but gradually more and more college work has been required for entrance. The schools of journalism, developing in a later period, have the advantage of having always required a general college training in addition to the professional instruction; from no university, to the best of my knowledge, has a student ever been graduated in journalism without four years of collegiate study.

The specific standards set up by the Council on Education for Journalism and adopted by the journalism teachers' organizations specify, in addition to the subjects named in the statement of principles, organization of the instruction in journalism as a separate academic unit and the establishment of standards of admission to, and graduation from, the course sufficiently high to prevent students lacking in ability, knowledge, or proficiency from obtaining a degree. In the work in journalism proper, minimum requirements include reporting, copy reading, editorial writing, the preparation of special articles, the history of journalism, the principles,

or ethics, of journalism (with particular reference to the duties and responsibilities of the journalist in society), and the law of the press.

Individual criticism of written work by competent instructors, laboratory equipment for instruction in the technique of journalism, and technical libraries which the students are to be required to use, are further provisions of the plan. Instructors, on their part, are to hold at least a bachelor's degree plus professional experience in newspaper or magazine work, are to keep familiar with current journalistic conditions, are to be urged to contribute to the literature of the profession, and are to be employed in sufficient numbers to give adequate attention to the needs of individual students.

These are minimum standards. All the members of the Council would have gone further, some of them much further, but the plan, as adopted, represents the substantially unanimous opinion of the competent teachers of journalism of the United States. These standards will be, presumably, the first standards for Class A schools when a classification is made. The Council has not as yet attempted a classification, believing that a plan for detailed, impartial investigation of the schools should first be worked out. Such a plan, when finally adopted, will doubtless involve the co-operation of practicing journalists and of students of education as well as of teachers of journalism.

Classification of a tentative and limited sort already exists. Several years ago there was founded the Association of American Schools and Departments of Journalism, now comprising fifteen institutions offering professional instruction. This organization, membership in which is by institution, not by individual, has adopted for its own membership the principles and standards set forth by the Council, but in addition it lays down specific requirements as to hours of instruction offered, the number of teachers employed, and similar matters. Also, its attitude is militant to-

ward interference with freedom of investigation and teaching: an institution in which instruction in evolution was prohibited could not be admitted to membership—as was made clear in a discussion at a recent meeting of the association. The organization devotes its attention largely to institutional problems.

The other organization, the American Association of Teachers of Journalism, is the older. Membership in it is individual. To it belong the men whose schools are included in the other organization, beside other college and university teachers of journalism. Its programmes deal chiefly with ethical and other problems of journalism and with teaching practices. The two associations meet at the same place, the sessions of one following those of the other. The setting up of standards for instruction in journalism is not the only progressive movement inaugurated by them. A Council on Research has been named and is making plans, not for Ph.D. dissertations, but for surveys of contemporary news sources, of the handling of news here and abroad, and of the manipulation of public opinion.

When instruction in journalism began, there were no text-books of much value. The principal book of the day, written by a practicing editor, was evasive on ethical questions, though implying that dishonesty was permissible because of the exigencies of time, public demand, and competition. The teachers of journalism, mostly either professors of English who had had a little newspaper experience or newspaper men who had had some college training, had to organize the courses from the ground up. They lectured, gave the students assignments, and criticized the results. Eventually they wrote text-books attempting to cover the whole field of journalism. It soon became evident, however, that courses must be differentiated and also that the schools must emphasize the ethical obligations of the journalist if they were to afford any better training than the average city-room. The result was that

students began to be graduated with more thorough knowledge of journalistic technique and more definite professional consciousness.

Further, the writing of books, not on journalism in general, but on specific phases of journalism, began. Readable, more or less authoritative texts now exist on reporting, copy reading, editorial writing, feature writing, journalistic style, the ethics of journalism, the history of journalism, and the law of the press, as well as a number of research volumes of considerable significance. In the related fields of circulation, advertising, printing, publishing, and publicity, contributions have also been made. The many biographies of journalists and histories of newspapers issued in recent years would hardly have been published save for the demand established by the schools. No fewer than thirty books dealing with journalistic subjects (exclusive of advertising and other business matters) are published annually in the United States. Twenty-five years ago it was an exceptional year that produced a single book which could be so classified.

Professional instruction in journalism has encountered several major difficulties, and these have not yet disappeared. The first was the opposition of newspaper men, who, like the early lawyers, insisted that they were the only competent teachers and their offices the only useful classrooms. This feeling has been largely dissipated, especially in the Middle West, where schools of journalism are most numerous. There it is now exceptional to find an editor who does not give preference to graduates of competent courses in journalism. The support of editors has been won not only by the quality of the graduates turned out, but by the close relations which the schools have established with the profession. Short courses have given editors familiarity with modern theories and practices, and at the same time have familiarized them with the instruction given to regular students. The books written by teachers, the bulletins published by the

schools for the discussion of problems in journalism, and the coöperation of the schools in the press associations have further established their competence in the minds of editors. Still, better, the editors have themselves acquired a degree of professional consciousness of which they would have been ashamed a quarter of a century ago.

There remains, however, a serious menace to professional instruction in journalism: the institution whose president has introduced courses in journalism primarily in order to gain publicity for his college and incidentally, perhaps, for himself. He employs a young go-getter to head the department, and this modern type of professor devotes most of his attention to making "contacts" with newspaper editors, press correspondents, and other persons who can secure favorable mention and suppress unfavorable mention of the institution in the public prints. He utilizes his students to the same end. All his assignments to them are directed to getting publicity stories about the institution. Most of the students suppose that they are receiving training in journalism, whereas they are really being taught merely to be press-agents. Such departments of journalism, though fortunately very few, obviously tend to discredit instruction in the subject.

There is also the institution whose instruction in journalism is hardly above that of a trade-school. The technique of journalistic writing and editing is taught well enough, but the more significant implications of journalism are disregarded. Such ideas as the students get in other departments of the university they are never taught to apply in their work in journalism. Such a school turns out merely reporters of the same point of view that reporters have held for the last fifty years. They have hardly an inkling of professional consciousness.

The high-schools, which a few years ago were causing uneasiness by their introduction of so-called courses in journalism,

have largely disappeared from the equation. They are still teaching the technique of news writing, but, warned by their own organization, the National Council of Teachers of English, they are for the most part endeavoring to avoid the vocational taint. They have found that they cannot give adequate professional training and that the students competent enough in writing to succeed in their courses want to go on to college anyway.

Nor can I see any harm in the semester or two of journalism offered as an elective by English departments in college after college, so long as it is not presented as professional preparation for journalism. What these courses try to teach is the form and objectiveness of the news story, and nothing is more needed by the average college student of English. Whether he is going into business, law, teaching, or what not, he may better model his writing on the

contemporary news or feature story than on the essays of Addison or the fiction of the Brontë sisters.

The total number of American colleges and universities offering instruction in journalism is now approximately 250, but not more than fifty of these make any pretense of professional instruction. As standards become more rigid, the number of these professional schools will probably diminish. This has been the experience in other professions. Practically all the schools which remain will be Class A institutions. They will limit their enrollment to students who have indubitable qualifications for journalism. This will be practicable as soon as graduation from a good school is recognized as prerequisite to a journalistic career of any significance. With the growing complexity of journalism and the increasing specialization which it demands, this time can hardly be far off.

Cookery

THE DECAY OF THE COOK

BY JACQUES LE CLERCQ

THE art of cookery is, by definition, the art of "preparing and dressing food of all sorts for human consumption, of converting the raw material by the application of heat or otherwise into a digestible and pleasing condition, and of ministering, in a general way, to the satisfaction of the appetite and the delight of the palate."

From an origin purely industrial and necessitarian it progressed, as civilization progressed, into an art. Like the other arts, it has always accurately indicated the coëval civilization. In classical times, for example, Greece, and particularly Athens, was the home of what Montaigne calls *la science de la gueule*. The Romans, who, according to Cato the Censor, had earlier considered cabbage the greatest of all delicacies, learned the art in their turn from the Greeks, sending cooks to Athens to be instructed in making Greek and Persian

dishes. As culture suffered a decline with the Barbaric invasions, so did cooking also; it underwent an eclipse until the day of the Renaissance. Nevertheless, the Norman Conquest, bringing a measure of refinement to the boorish Briton, did not fail to mark a certain gastronomic progress: William the Conqueror is recorded to have bestowed land on his *coquorum praepositus* and Domesday Book relates how Robert Argyllon was invested with a manor for serving on the king's coronation day a dish called *de la grolôte*.

But the Renaissance was naturally the signal for genuine culinary progress. Michael Angelo designed kitchens; Raphael, Titian and Veronese were celebrated gourmets, and the *fricandeau*, that conception of genius achieved by infinite pains, was the masterpiece of a cook of Leo X. Catherine de Medici, Montaigne tells us, transplanted all such brave inventions to France. The superb construction and endowment of the kitchens still vis-

ible in the châteaux of the Loire bear eloquent testimony to the emphasis laid in those days upon dining. Noblemen, prelates and kings vied with each other in a generous and genial interest in cookery. Louis XIII was an able cook himself. Béchamel, a servant of Louis XIV, created the sauce that assured him immortality. *Caille à la Mirepoix, potage à la Condé, gigot à la Mailly, chartreuses de Mauconseil* bespeak their history proudly. *Mayonnaise (mahonnaise)* is ascribed to Richelieu, a duke; a prince compounded the priceless onion sauce, *Soubise*, that is illustrated by his heroic name. The expression *cordons bleus* recalls the conferring of the blue ribbon of the Saint Esprit by Louis XV on the female cook of Madame du Barry. Memorable, indeed, is the account given by Madame de Sévigné of the high-minded Vatel's suicide because of the tardy arrival of the fish on the table of the Prince de Condé. They were giants in those days, and lofty eaters. A small, simple meal, served by the doctor's orders at the bedside of Louis XIV, consisted of *des croûtes, un potage avec volaille, et trois poulets rôtis!* It is no wonder, then, that Saint Simon describes how at the monarch's death *son estomac étonna surtout et ses boyaux par leur volume et leur étendue au double de l'ordinaire, d'où lui vint d'être un si grand mangeur et si égal.*

But it was under the Regency that the French cuisine reached the apotheosis of perfection. Asparagus was no longer thought popularly to be the fruit of sheep's horns planted in the earth, and dates, or *dactyles*, were more than a medicine *propre à fortifier l'enfant dans le ventre de sa mère*, as Rabelais tells us was the case in his day. One imagines pleasurably the excellence, the purity, the concinnity of the table at Buffon's, D'Holbach's or Madame du Defand's, just as one reads with delight the treatise on the kitchen by the two Jesuit fathers, Brunoy and Bugeant (1739).

The Revolution, of course, destroyed all this beauty, which was essentially the upshot of the aristocracy's enlightenment and which excited *ipso facto* the hatred

and envy of the democrat of the Terror. Not until a semblance of optimacy in social life returned was the art of cookery revived as such. Talma, Talleyrand and Cambacérès were proud hosts and noted *gourmets*, as was Napoleon, whose *chef*, Carême (later M. de Rothschild's), accompanied his master to the congresses of Aix, Leybach and Vienna. It was said of the Emperor that he left French cooks in every nation where his army passed. This century was the age of restaurants. They opened in astounding numbers and the tradition of French cooking spread all over Europe. A few French exiles came even to America. Volney promenaded his provocative, cynical smile on the streets of our cities and Brillat-Savarin, in the intervals of his duties in what was the equivalent of a modern jazz-band, found Julien, cook of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, keeping a restaurant in Boston. The great gastronome showed the *méridional* a certain lordly fashion of cooking eggs with cheese, for which the other presented him with an entire stag, killed in Canada. Brillat-Savarin speaks of eating, somewhere in America, excellent and well served wild duck. Even as far back as 1793 a Captain Collet was making a fortune by selling ices in New York.

This brief, necessarily incomplete historical sketch has its obvious point. It illustrates the truth that cookery flourishes in proportion to the intellectuality, stability and refinement of a *milieu*. Here we have the principal reason for the wretchedness of the American cuisine today. Not knowing the South, I cannot speak of epicurism there, but if it ever flourished the fact does not invalidate the above conclusion but affirms it. Was not the very excellence of southern cooking due to the existence of a society which, alone on this great continent, presented genuine claims to aristocracy?

Cookery in America today is thoroughly representative of the prevailing civilization. One can no more imagine Leonardo da Vinci or Paolo Veronese feeding on Yankee pot-roast, Boston baked beans and

pumpkin pie than one can imagine the founder of the Mormons or Calvin Coolidge consuming anything very different. Our cooking reflects our *mores*, its formation is bound up with the characteristic philistinism of our people. A nation capable of supporting the Fundamentalists, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, John Roach Straton and Billy Sunday is not likely to possess a temperament and palate that rise higher.

In the first place, the pseudo-scientific charlatanism of other walks of life finds its way into American cooking and thrives there. In no land are there more universities, colleges and schools that profess cookery under various high-sounding titles. Courses by correspondence abound; books of instruction pullulate; government publications are distributed over the continent; the radio broadcasts hundreds of lectures annually; not a newspaper but devotes column after column to the subject; not one of the women's magazines but abandons itself lasciviously to culinary pundits. Yet in spite of all this expensive and wholesale education, what do we produce in the way of cooks and dishes? What, indeed, does it accomplish save the support in comfort of a few intelligent and honorable teachers and a mass of incompetent quacks? The latter, hiding under the covert of so-called dietetics and health nutrition, satisfy the native lust for hocus-focus as thoroughly as the most ludicrous secret society. To point out that cookery is only most remotely connected with such "sciences" is to voice a mere platitude.

Secondly, big business has stepped in to ruin any individuality we might have developed. New implements and devices have been invented by the thousand; they have been marketed and the public "educated" to buy them. Many of them may save labor, but they ruin cooking, for cooking happens to be, like all the other arts, a work of love. The fireless cooker, for instance, allows the mother of the family to go to church in her Ford, but for all the boasts to the contrary, it botches the food.

Then the preserving of fruits and the canning of almost every other foodstuff have gone far to debase our taste; they have ruined all the subtle discriminations of the palate.

Business, too, has, as usual, propagated its share of bald hokum. Firms spend fortunes advertising synthetic products: their means of propaganda are infinite, not the trickiest of which consists in subsidizing feminine domestic periodicals. These synthetic products are warranted to be eminently tasteful, healthful and nourishing; it is pretended they are as good as the originals. An orange drink, bearing the word "orange" in its title, unites compliance with the law on advertising by stating on its label that no ingredient whatsoever comes from an orange. For one soup made from real meat-juice by a conscientious cook, you are served a hundred based upon substitutes. These products are cheap, they save labor and we are told they will fill us with the bloom of youth and happiness. They thus find a ready sale among us. Is it likely that an American would refuse hay if you chopped it up, called it a cereal, packed it in a convenient, sanitary and particular package and proclaimed it a cure for constipation?

Thirdly, there is our national crime of haste. We have not the faintest germ of an idea about how best to extract its juices from meat. As often as not our cooks soak fresh meat in cold water, thus losing most of its sapid property; they never cook it long enough for it to possess the tenderness it achieves in France, for instance. And how many Americans boil their food in rain-water? In other procedures, the same thing happens: broiling which should be done with tongs is done in some other way; the disuse of open grates for roasting has brought about anarchy. Meat is baked first and then browned, exactly the reverse of the true process, by which one should begin with the lowest temperature first, and then rise gradually. Baked meat is never delicate and always supremely indigestible, cooked, as it is, in an atmosphere

heavily charged with empyreumatic oil. Nine out of ten so-called roasts in America have been previously baked.

This haste, with its corresponding wastefulness and carelessness, so dominant in American life and so often besugared by the title of efficiency, expresses itself in many more ways. We have, as has been pointed out, a vast system of cookery instruction and a supreme mechanical equipment. Yet in the entire annals of our history we have given the world no famous cook and but one lone *gourmet*, Count Rumford, an expatriate! Our people simply cannot and will not become cooks. They shy at the patient apprenticeship required: we are far from Hadrian's *collegium coquorum* and from Étienne Boileau's legislation (1260) which forbade a man to cook unless he knew how to, or to take an apprentice unless he himself had served for two years. And for all our talk of sanitary markets and the rest, we have not improved on Boileau's legislation against selling viands *s'ils ne sont bons et loyaux*, though we know how to preserve meat, and thereby banish its savor forever.

There is neither pleasure nor dignity nor skill attached to the office of cook in America today. A man is a cook for the nonce, something else next week; he finds it much more profitable to become a politician, a lawyer or a moving-picture actor than to undergo the patient discipline demanded of its votaries by the *science de la gueule*. Cooks, like other servants, are rarely Americans nowadays. The notion of getting ahead, with the prospect of being one's own boss in the end, has kidnapped the native domestic. Even the African has succumbed; he much prefers to run an elevator and term himself an aviator. Their places have been taken by raw Irishmen and Swedes or occasionally by the more tony Frenchman. One has only to observe the extraordinary attitude of the American at home or abroad toward servants to realize how artificial the whole thing is.

He exercises an amazing mixture of inappropriate familiarity, of forthright stupid generosity and of boorish bullying.

Often, when discussing these questions, I have been accused of judging by the restaurant, and have been told that Prohibition has changed matters in this country, and for the worse. Well, one can and should judge the cooking of a country by its restaurants. The criterion is the average place. You can enter the meanest *Restauration* in Austria and the chances are that you will get excellent *Kalbfleisch*, *Rindfleisch*, or *Schnitzel*. No French *bistrot*, be it ever so humble, fails to furnish a delicious *boeuf gros sel*, *boeuf bourguignon* or *rognons au vin blanc*. The commonest Frenchwoman will cook you an omelette or fried potatoes fit to bring tears of respectful gratitude to your eyes; I have yet to taste a really light omelette in this country. It is probable that cooking at the homes of the better people is superior, due to foreign or African labor, yet the average American home-cooking is of a sameness and banality almost incredible.

Prohibition has not changed matters in the least. The drinking American was almost always more or less a spirit-drinker—and whiskey drinking does not prepare the tongue for much refinement of taste. His one supreme gift to civilized humanity's usages is the cocktail. But even that divine concoction must be sparingly taken not to dull the gustatory sensibilities. One and one more at the most, just before meals, if a savory is served as well. In matters of wine the citizen of the Republic never knew much. Even today in Paris you have great difficulty in preventing him from drinking champagne with his fish, and most often the subtlety of the *liqueur* nonplusses him: he drinks it down like grapo or he swills *fine* for the effect it gives him. Even the connoisseur has found that the new liquors at home ruin his taste and his stomach. How can one enjoy food with a destroyed taste and a burned-out stomach?

THE COLOR LINE

BY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

SOME years ago a young Negro, who was later to become a well-known figure in the literary world, was walking in a park in Richmond with a colored woman friend. Some white men saw them, and stopped them. "What are you doing walking with a white woman?" they demanded. "But I'm not," protested the young man. "She's colored." It was only after great difficulty that these people were persuaded that the young woman was not actually white! . . . Several years ago there was a young woman graduate student at an Eastern university. She was of Southern birth, but had in some manner outgrown the racial prejudices on which she had been brought up, and was engaged in writing a thesis which threw her into constant contact with Negroes. One day she came to us, proud at having broken down another inhibition. "I had lunch with a Negro yesterday," she said. "We were working together and he suggested that we have lunch together and I accepted." It wasn't until some time later that I saw him. We were at a lecture, and suddenly she got my attention. "See, there's Mr. N—, the one I lunched with." "Where?" "There, right across the aisle." "But that man," I protested, "is no Negro . . ." Later it developed that his father had been a white man, and that his grandparent who was a Negro was half white. . . . It was at a small gathering in a Negro home that I met her. She had blonde hair and blue eyes. There were only the two of us who were white, and in the course of the evening we got to chatting. "It is fascinating, isn't it," I remarked, apropos of the similarity of the behavior of persons

on similar social levels, regardless of race, "to be one of a few white people among Negroes? And to see how soon inhibitions due to color distinctions are worn down?" "It must be," she replied, "but it's a little difficult for me to realize. You see, I'm a Negro myself. . . ."

White Negroes! It seems almost as curious as it would be to speak of a Caucasian Chinaman or of an amorphous form. And yet, in our current racial classification in this country, in all the discussion of the Negro problem, in every other situation where the group called Negro touches that called white, the word Negro is applied with no real understanding of the significance behind it, nor of the fact, almost always overlooked, that what we have in America is not the Negro at all, but a some-part-Negro. So vague and general, indeed, is the use of the term that one is embarrassed when a definition of it is sought, particularly if any biological significance is to be attached to it. Why call a man, three-quarters of whose ancestors were white, a Negro? And yet we find on the statute-books of the State of Virginia a law defining the term Caucasian as meaning only such persons who are (presumably) absolutely free from any ancestry other than European!

What, then, is a Negro? Are we really entitled to use the term for any large proportion of the group we designate by it? What is the biological meaning of the word? And what are some of the consequences of our misuse of it? A Negro, to one who is at all versed in anthropology, should only be one of those persons who are of the type at present found generally

in Africa south of a line drawn, roughly, along the southern border of the Sudan to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and then to a point on the east coast somewhat south of the island of Zanzibar. They have certain characteristics which are more or less definite, although there is as great variation within this region in all these characteristics as there is to be found among the peoples of Europe. They are, generally speaking, however, dark as to pigmentation; the nose is broad and somewhat flattened; the hair is tightly curled; the face is more or less prognathous; the lips are thick, and they have little body hair. That these traits are characteristic only in a broad degree must again be emphasized, since there are large variations among them. Yet even in America, among the descendants of those Africans who came here, it is still possible, despite all the crossing, to discern more or less vaguely at least two main types. One strain, which seems to center in Maryland and Virginia, is tall and somewhat light in color, longheaded, and with long limbs, while the other, centering in the farther South, is somewhat more stocky, darker as to pigmentation, and more roundheaded than the other. The original African Negro, when contrasted with the white peoples, or even with the mixed peoples who inhabit the Sudan and Egypt, is sufficiently differentiated that, for purposes of classification, he may be called one racial group.

II

The use of the term in this way has some biological significance. There is a stability of traits among these Africans which is characteristic of more or less fixed groups, and their distinguishing features are different from the corresponding ones in other groups. But when we come to America we find something vastly different. Let us look at the matter from the point of view of time. The first Negroes came here in the Seventeenth Century, and they continued to be brought in until well into the Nineteenth. In this time, they were the

property of white masters, and notwithstanding our friends, the racial purists, who feel that there is an instinctive repugnance on the part of members of one race toward the members of another, these white masters seem to have sufficiently overcome their distaste to mix their own blood liberally with that of their servants. Thus there was introduced into the Negro blood no small percentage of white. Our very attitude toward this phenomenon, as expressed in the way in which we describe it, is significant. We almost always say that there was an introduction of white blood into the Negro stock. It is very rarely that we come across an expression of the reverse,—that the Negro blood was introduced into the white stream. Biologically, of course, all this is nonsense, for what occurred was simply a *mingling* of the two racial strains. But actually, the usual view is not unnatural, for most of the impetus toward the mixture came from the white side, and, since the child of the slave remained a slave, it took the racial name of its slave parent and thus became lost in the Negro group, living and marrying there.

The outstanding fact about the Negro to his white fellows is the fact of his pigmentation. It is his distinguishing mark, and beside it the other features which differentiate him, such as the form of his hair or the breadth of his nostrils, are of minor importance. As time went on, and more and more of the racial mixture between Negroes and whites took place, the skin color of the "Negro" group naturally began to lighten. While it cannot be definitely said that the color of an individual is lighter in direct proportion to the amount of his white ancestry, yet, by and large and on the whole, this does hold, and the longer the Negroes remained in this country, the lighter they became as a group. Today, the mixture is very extensive, and it is perhaps not too extreme to say that 80 or 85 per cent of the so-called Negroes in this country are really crosses between Negroes and whites, Negroes and Indians,

or all three. But during this period there was no tendency on the part of the dominant white group to adjust their nomenclature in accordance with the biological change occurring. A Negro remained a Negro, no matter what his color or the character of his ancestry, provided that at least one of his parents bore that name. In the course of time, however, some of the Negroes became so light that it was practically impossible to tell that they were Negroes at all, and with the opportunities which the abolition of slavery and the opening of educational advantages presented to them, they became white in name as well as in fact, and the phenomenon of "passing," known commonly to all Negroes, came into existence. In accordance with this, a very light Negro now passes as white, and perhaps even goes entirely over into the white community, moving to a new locality and marrying a white woman. Indeed, there is reason to believe that through this process there is Negro blood in small quantities liberally distributed throughout the white population of this country.

Nor did the advantageousness of a light color fail to influence the Negro community itself.¹ Negroes have many terms to distinguish the skin-color of their fellows, and their color sense in this direction is exceedingly fine. They describe shades of pigmentation which go all unnoticed to the white eye, and have a large vocabulary for the purpose. Recently, I obtained from a group of Negro university students lists of all such terms that they had used or had heard other Negroes use. It is interesting to see how wide a range they show: black, brown, high-brown, yellow, red-brown, high yellow, dark-brown, chocolate-brown, ginger-brown, fair, fair-brown, red, pink, tan, olive, copper-colored, blue (an extremely dark complexion), cream-

colored, smooth black, rough black, bronze and banana-colored, to say nothing of such slang terms as stove-pipe blonde or tantalizing brown (a term given me, in the main, by the women students).

But not only have the Negroes recognized these color distinctions in a way unknown to the rougher classification of the whites, but they have erected among themselves invidious barriers on the basis of them. Thus, I have been informed on reliable authority that in certain fashionable churches in New York it is difficult for a very dark-skinned Negro to obtain a front pew, and that this is not uncommon nor confined to that city, but holds more or less throughout the country. Again, it is noticeable that in the more intellectual occupations, followed naturally by those who have had the greatest educational opportunities, the occurrence of a man or woman with a very dark skin is not usual. And there are also movements in the opposite direction. In certain of the sects where the social standing of the members is generally low it is difficult for a light colored man to get on in the ministry. Few of the higher officers of these churches are light, and there is a positive distaste to having such persons for preachers. But the professional groups, in the main, show hostility to the darker aspirants for membership, and this is true also of the social clubs. The fact is only natural, for the Negro, living in a civilization in which everything desirable is allowed to the person who has the least pigmentation, tends to adjust himself to these evaluations.

What, then, is the American Negro? Can he be called anything at all save the vague and unwieldy mixed Negro-White-Indian? Various attempts have been made to distinguish between persons of different degrees of mixture, and the term mulatto, meaning a half-Negro half-white person, is still in general use; other similar terms, such as quadroon, octoroon, or zambo, are also employed. But this method is clumsy, to say the least, and the main difficulty, that of assuming that a given person will

¹ I must confess that the use of the term Negro here is unjustified and embarrassing. The confusion which would result, however, from the use of a manufactured term forces me to employ it, and in the remainder of this discussion I shall use it as signifying mixed Negro-White American.

know his ancestry a sufficient number of generations back to tell exactly what amount of crossing he represents, makes the use of such terms almost impossible. It may be well, therefore, to look at the American Negro as we find him today, in an attempt to discover what he is, and whether he can be defined.

III

Definition on a biological basis, I believe, is well-nigh impossible, and may as well be given up as not worth the undertaking. However, if we refrain from trying to think of the Negro in terms of racial quantities, and inquire into the problem of the homogeneity of the group as we find it, we may perhaps come to some more satisfactory conclusion. We must first inquire what has been happening to the Negro in the centuries he has been here. As has been pointed out, up to the time of the abolition of slavery and even for a time after, there was much mingling of white and Negro blood. It is commonly accepted that this has continued to the present day, particularly in the South. There is grave reason, however, to doubt whether that is the case to the extent usually assumed. The generation now in our universities represents the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the persons who were at the age of procreation at the time of the Civil War. I have been privileged to obtain a large number of genealogies from Negro students and it is somewhat disconcerting to find how few individuals of the present generation are the result of primary crosses. Out of some 300 genealogies that I have gathered only one represents an individual who has a white parent, while not over ten per cent claim white great-grandparents. The group investigated includes persons from every part of the country—and a further indication of its typical character lies in the readiness with which the persons in it confess their ignorance of their ancestry when they do not have information, and the closeness with which the percentage of

those claiming no mixture of any kind checks with the percentage commonly thought to obtain for the Negro population as a whole. In brief, the vast majority of our Negroes neither represent recent crosses nor pure types of any kind. Nevertheless, analysis of the data gives the curious result that what we apparently have is a homogeneous group, from the point of view of physical traits. The variation among the children in a large number of families is very low indeed—almost as low as in an inbred community—but the variation within the family lines as represented by sets of brothers and sisters is high. In other words, there has been a large amount of mixture, but several generations ago. This, again, checks with the genealogies.

This phenomenon occurs only where there is persistent breeding within the group, and it seems to indicate that among the American Negroes such a homogeneous group has established, or is on the way to establish, a definite type. To accomplish this, social selection must be exerted; it is to be found in the social distinction carried by light color, plus the prevailing behavior with regard to the relative position of man and woman in our society. The woman wants a man who will take care of her, as the saying goes; the man wants a woman who will enhance his position and be someone he can be proud of. There is thus a great competition among dark Negro men for light-colored wives, and the light-colored women, on the other hand, prefer the dark men for husbands, since they will work hard to keep their regard and "take care of them" to the best of their ability. This is not, of course, true in every case. The light men sometimes marry dark wives. But on the whole, it seems to be a valid observation. It is bolstered by the fact that of the persons whose genealogies have been mentioned, over sixty per cent said they had mothers who were lighter than their fathers, while, if one discard those who described their parents as being of about the same color, over seventy per cent had

lighter mothers. Such selection will work eventually to slough off the extremes of dark and light, and to complete the work which was begun by the whites in the intermixture of the races.

At the same time, to describe the type which is thus developing in any way that would encompass all of the individuals in it seems to be, at present, at least, a hopeless task. And it brings us to the question again: What is the American Negro? Surely not a real Negro, as the term is biologically used. Surely not a white man. Surely not a true half-breed, for there is every conceivable percentage of mixture in him. Is he, indeed, a biological entity at all? It is seriously to be doubted. But that the term used to describe him is a sound *sociological* one cannot be doubted at all. Let us look again at the situation. Here is a man who, to all intents and purposes, as far as the casual stranger is concerned, is white. He is, however, a Negro, and is so classed for purposes of discrimination. Here is another person, darker than this first one, who is labelled an Italian. There is no such repulsion: he may sit downstairs in any theatre, he may stay at any hotel, and he is not forced to travel in a special car if business happens to take him South. Biologically, all this is nonsense. Indeed, from any rational point of view, it is nonsense. But sociological distinctions are, in the nature of the case, irrational and nonsensical. They exist because they *have* existed, and the college song to the effect that we're here because we're here is perfectly applicable to them.

Whether rational or not, they have real meaning in the lives of the people who live according to them, and it is this fact that gives them their pertinency in any discussion of the American Negro. For he does not represent a biological grouping, but a sociological one. Negro, in this country, means implicitly, not-all-white, not-all-Indian. All the nonsense about pure stock which has been going the rounds of our popular journals to the contrary, there is no such thing as a pure race in this country. Our classifications are all sociological,

and are applied to the people who submit to them. A sociological white Negro, therefore, is quite possible—as possible as a biological one is impossible. And it is this distinction, risen out of the historical fact that the child of a slave was a slave and took the classification, racial as well as social, of his slave parent, that has got us into the dilemma in which we find ourselves involved.

It is interesting to consider a case in which the facts are reversed. In Brazil anyone who has white blood is white. A Negro is merely a person who *is* a Negro in the biological sense. They had slavery in Brazil, and later than we had it, but the change came about easily and was not forcibly imposed upon the slave-owners. There had been no social degradation in the old days if one's ancestors had been freed slaves, and there was thus an easy mingling among the resulting people of all racial types, and much cross-breeding. In consequence of the different sociological line-up, there is no stigma attached to Negro blood, such as obtains here. Mixed Negroes feel no discrimination—they mingle with people on similar social levels, and there is no race problem in Brazil.

It is not denied that the one classification is as irrational as the other, from a scientific point of view, but in terms of human happiness the second cannot fail to be of greater usefulness. Indeed, from a social point of view, the friction engendered by our position makes for the greatest waste; one need only consult any personnel manager or efficiency expert to obtain testimony as to the damage it can do. It is, however, apparently typical of the American scene, as it is of that of any other human group, that a method of doing a thing, once having been fixed upon, continues merrily on its way. All we may hope for is that those interested in the problem may eventually see the situation more clearly, as they undoubtedly would if they could be brought to an understanding of the fact that it is a social, and not a racial one.

PRAIRIE FIRE

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE summer of 1921 lay heavy upon the Cotton States, but the 7,000,000 incurably white and Democratic inhabitants thereof were taking it lightly. They had the best of reasons for doing so. They were, by God's providence, no longer running the national government—and the government being furnished them by the opposition was of the convenient sort which they did not have to trust and commend, but could easily understand.

The austere and intellectual Dr. Wilson, who had just spent six out of a possible eight years reminding them that there were such things as Powers, premiers and international alliances and places with such jaw-breaking names as Czecho-Slovakia, had departed with all his uncomfortable policies. Gone with him, too, was the oily intriguer, Tumulty, whose baleful Jesuitism was familiar, not only to every Cumberland Presbyterian and Southern Baptist pastor below the Potomac, but to every Southern politician who had been beaten in the race for Federal office by some priest-anointed son of Tammany.

The time had come to canonize the martyr and forget his evil angel—both of which were easier and more comfortable feats than defending in detail the policies of either. Meanwhile, Noble Harding of the Mystic Shrine sat upon the throne of Millard Fillmore, at Washington, and the sole intellectual obligation of a faithful Democrat was to practice his best howls against the day when an alert octoroon would be appointed collector of customs in some South Atlantic fishing port.

Idyllic days, and yet shadowed by a sense of insecurity! Out of just such a pas-

toral calm had come the terrible annoyances of the Wilsoniad: the odious compulsion to think beyond county, State and even national lines, the menaces of Tumulty and the Pope, of foreign entanglements, of the hyphenated American, of the German spy in the Odd Fellows meeting, of the uppity nigger in khaki, of the Knights of Columbus giving away cigarettes and coffee free to the soldiers, and so diabolically discrediting the Protestant Fundamentalism embodied in the price-lists of the Y. M. C. A.

Such nightmares, having come once, might come again. Was it not, then, the proper hour for all native white, Protestant Americans cherishing the patriotic, social and theological ideas that they had been born with to unite for their perpetual defense against all revolutionists, papists, well-poisoners, infidels, adulterers and other villains, present or to come?

Beside, business was rotten, and it was high time the bosses who had adorned the Wilson regime in the Southern provinces were turned out.

It must have been the hour, for it brought forth its Man.

II

He came to the town I am concerned with from Atlanta. He had acquired the art of the rhetorician and he knew how to handle an expense account. At need he could address infant classes in the Sunday-schools or secret conclaves of puissant politicians, but he was at his best before the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce. When his wiry fingers impressed his points with an

affectionate tug at his victim's forearm or shoulder, when his eye flashed concern for the plight of an imperilled republic, when his voice poured forth its tale of sinister dangers with the rapid-fire diction of a high-speed salesman turned evangelist—at such times he was powerful medicine to every go-getter along Main street.

He made his first set for money. Who were the richest and most influential persons in the town—that is, the richest who were likely to be charmed by his programme? He passed up the department-store and chain-store proprietors for the obvious reason that they were Jews. He had his doubts about the bigger, and therefore cannier, bankers. And, the town being in Texas, there were no industrial magnates to entice with moving word-pictures of labor unions smashed. So he picked at last upon the leading automobile dealers, for no other members of the local Anglo-Saxon nobility so feverishly cultivated the arts of aggressive salesmanship, or so tenderly nursed the commercial advantages of membership in fraternal orders, or so exclusively lived and prospered in the warm wind of boosting.

In private interviews he worked upon the patriotic fears of these thoughtful aristocrats. They would agree with him that the German spy-hunt and the Bolshevik deportations had but barely begun to accomplish their purposes, that the hyphenate was not yet sufficiently humbled, that the Roman menace was by no means removed with Tumulty. They would agree that, because of the excessive privileges accorded them during the war, the niggers required a new and harsher discipline, and that it was a shame how, in a great progressive city like this one, founded by American blood and built by American treasure, half the best business was in the hands of alien Semites. Then he would quote them the Nordic equivalent for *noblesse oblige*—"Birds like you and me, old timer, gotta stick together an' see old Uncle Sam through this mess." And the rich patrician blood of the automobile

vendors would boil with a noble fury.

Nevertheless, it was the reference to Hebrew efficiency which really led up to the main point in his argument.

"See here," he would say, a caressingly convincing finger on the victim's breastbone. "You join this here Klan, and you put all your great personal power and influence on the side of the American institutions against un-American institutions. But that ain't all. Listen: You also join a great body of loyal, red-blooded he-men like yourself whose first principle is to practice klannishness. That means that when every Protestant American in town is a Klansman, as he is going to be, every mother's son of them will buy their automobiles from you because you will be known as a charter member Klansman. And let me tell you, brother, your inside track ain't got no string to it. Remember, this Klan is absolutely secret. Not a living soul outside of it will ever know you belong. So your Catholic and Jewish customers, and your nigger customers, if you got any, ain't got a chance in the world to get sore at you and take their trade somewheres else. . . . Yes, I've got a membership application blank right in my pocket."

Within a week practically every automobile dealer of magnate pretensions had tumbled his way into the inner sanctuary over the writhing, but successfully persistent, bodies of his competitors.

This was a good start, and next week the visitor took advantage of it. He rounded up the service-station owners and the owners rounded up their employes, all on the plea that there was no way like it to acquire merit with the big agencies. Also, on the same ground and with more important results, the sellers of automobile insurance were rounded up. This last achievement, by way of the complicated structure of the underwriting profession in small cities, led the go-getting Georgian into all sorts of new financial fastnesses. Automobile insurance, it appeared, was a side line of the life, fire and accident agencies, even

of realtors. It was next door to the mortgage companies, and these were next door to the banks. One insurance, real-estate and mortgage outfit landed was an argument for dragging in all the others. The persuader from Atlanta presently had some of the minor bankers meeting under white robes in the borrowed warehouse of a convert, and soon even one or two of the supreme magnates promised to think it over. The lesser lawyers, physicians, dentists and veterinarians, hearing the glad tidings, followed gloriously in the wake of clients and patients.

Now the Georgia mullah launched his grand assault. He approached the politicians. That is, he was discriminating, and approached *some* of the politicians. Those who actually controlled the city and the county he tactfully avoided. They were in power already, and naturally would not feel any overwhelming attraction to a new organization when those they belonged to already were sufficient to keep them in jobs. The Klan agent's technique was to tackle the new men who would be grateful. So he approached those who were either openly against the machine, or secretly displeased with the machine though nominally members of it, or mere tyros who wanted to horn in. He found a considerable number of all three classes. And after one sentence they were his. That sentence was: "How would you like to train with a secret political organization that's got a \$16,000,000 war-chest?"

This, of course, was gross exaggeration. The total wealth of all the Klansmen then in robes probably did not reach half way to \$16,000,000, and most of them were obviously men who would be very unlikely to sell their kine and their Cadillacs, their private stocks and their daughters' one-piece bathing suits to keep the Pope out of the White House. But \$16,000,000 was good selling talk, and the political droppings from so vast a bar'l would be, from the local point of view, enormous. Within a month the Klan's political organization was full grown.

The Georgian now sent his expense account and his bill for commissions on memberships and regalia orders to Atlanta, and left for other missionary fields. His work was done. But before he went, he performed one act which stamped him as a great soul capable of gratitude. Through family influence and fraternal ties, the town's leading Ford agent had been forced for several years to keep on his pay-roll an engaging young man who as a Ford salesman was a first-class Mystic Shrine potentate. The Ford agent was the Georgian's key convert. In return, the Georgian seduced the potentate off the motor industry's pay-roll upward into the local kleagleship.

III

Getting members was easy for the new Kleagle. Whispers spread abroad from the mysterious courts of Masonry and Odd-Fellowship soon identified some of the charter members and made the Klan socially respectable, even alluring. The satellites of the great men tumbled in, and brought their employés.

All the lean and moth-eaten pastors of the socially negligible churches hastened to the sanctuary, hot with jealousy of the local Roman Catholic bishop's good living. The ferocious shepherds of the larger emotional congregations were already there, suspecting that the new bond would mean bigger dividends in the contribution plate. Sundays and week days they whooped up the Klan among the hordes of 100% Christians. A thin but constant dribble came in of men with old grudges to settle: impersonal joy-killers who wanted their neighbors sent to the hoosegow because they kept good bootleggers, or let their women smoke; Fundamentalists who believed that every evolutionist started the day by spitting on the Bible; old-fashioned Southern gentlemen of the houn' dawg class who, having taken their women in adultery and being afraid to do anything about it, were encouraged to believe that vengeance could be had.

Unfortunate poker-players gloated to think that they might frame the winners of past contests before a Klan court and so win the final triumph. Deacon-souled men of forty and upward, jealous of the younger generation's petting parties, gloated with delight over the prospect of checking the envied libidinousness. In short, every non-Catholic, non-Negro, non-Jewish swine in town, every man who had the instincts of a cheat, a spy, a coward and a cad, lusted after membership and got it if he had \$10.

But membership alone would not do the business. The recruits had to have a definite cause and a definite enemy. So the Kleagle organized a spy service and a propaganda. The propaganda was to the effect that the city government was corrupt, partial to the foreign-born, and controlled directly from the Vatican. The major activities of the spy service were conducted by a small group of city cops who saw captaincies in store for them, and by confidential menials in various lowly political berths who saw corresponding promotions. In addition, every Klansman was invited to visit the Kleagle's office at any hour and reveal, under klannish secrecy, anything scandalous that he happened to know or suspect about anybody.

The Kleagle embellished these relatively literal reports when noting them down in the permanent record. He and his inner squad raised the ante once again when they launched each separate communique for whispered circulation. Each faithful Klansman raised it still further when passing it along to brother Klansmen.

Thus, the fact that one of the anti-Klan candidates for the school board was no church member and a mild agnostic gave rise to the report that the whole board was composed of rabid atheists seeking office as a means of launching an anti-God propaganda in the kindergartens. When it was proved, in refutation of this, that one member was an Episcopal vestryman, the fact merely caused the board to be changed over night from atheists to Jesuit agents.

The city editor of an anti-Klan news-

paper had a Catholic name, and as a matter of fact, had been excommunicated from Holy Church many years before for refusing to retract certain unorthodox matter in a college essay. Nevertheless, his connection with the staff proved that every Protestant on it had been discharged as a preliminary to the Klan struggle, and that the new members had been assembled from the ends of the earth by the personal choice of the papist bishop of the diocese. A public office-holder in the divorce courts furnished fuel for the romance that all the city officers were adulterers and wife-beaters. Such bankers as refused to join were accused at once of pandering to huge Vatican deposits and of being on the verge of insolvency. The fondness of a bachelor employé of the anti-Klan newspaper for night life was responsible for the news that every editor and reporter on it—with an average salary of perhaps \$40 a week!—was keeping a woman. So far as I know the Klan's propaganda squad was not sufficiently learned in the history of public scandal to revive the old one about ritual murders. But most Klansmen came to the comfortable conclusion that it was a virtuous act to delay payment as long as possible on their bills at Jewish stores.

The Roman clergy soon had to take cognizance of the whispers being circulated about the scarlet sins of the confessional, and they were cautioned by the ordinary to avoid being seen in conversation with fair parishioners in public. This was especially onerous to one young priest who came out of a downtown store one morning to find one of the fairest of his flock seated in his Ford runabout and demanding to be taken home because she had sprained her ankle. He met the emergency like a gentleman and the bishop forgave him, though the peering eyes of the propaganda squad made the most of it.

So half the town had every day a new and juicy scandal about those it delighted to envy. Two thousand red-blooded, Nordic he-men, and their even more enthusiastic she-women, who had been taught all

their lives that they were "as good as you are," but had thus far been unable to prove it, were suddenly enabled to establish the fact to their entire satisfaction. For as long as the Klan lasted, every inferiority complex in the community flopped itself belly upward, and, swollen with self-righteousness and an arrogant sense of separation from unbelievable (but nevertheless believed in) depravities, indulged itself in a savage and ecstatic gloat.

But it could not last!

IV

For a time, to be sure, the promises of the gifted gentleman from Atlanta were redeemed. The faithful, in their new hysteria, did practice klannishness. The business of the little shops of the Protestant Nordics picked up mildly, while the Jewish department-stores and chain-stores languished. The Klan pastors were cheered by an improvement in zeal and gate receipts, and whooped with loud hosannas.

When the first political test came on, the opposition was still in doubt as to who belonged and who didn't, and the Klan won the school board hands down. The victory was celebrated by the solemn dismissal of half a dozen Roman Catholic teachers of long service and large personal popularity, and the Klan, in gorgeous ceremonial on the neighboring deserts, implored the blessing of God on the good beginning it had made in doing His work.

But in each of these momentous achievements there were the seeds of failure. Soon irresistible clearance sales tempted Angle and Saxon housewives away from the new racial solidarity back to their old stand at Jewish bargain counters. These sales bargains continued until the little 100% merchants were actually worse off than before—with higher pay-rolls to meet, beside, since many of them had discharged all their "foreign" help to make way for red-blooded but high-priced Nordics. In fact, the master-minds soon saw that some accommodation must be reached with Jewry

or the Klan would go to pieces before its political aims were gained. So the outstanding Jewish firms were confidentially informed that the Klan had no quarrel with them, and that, though it could not admit actual Jews to membership, it would readily admit their employes.

The hint was taken. Within a month advertisements of the department-stores and chain-stores were being flashed on the screen at the meetings of the faithful, and red-blooded Protestant department heads were regularly reporting the doings of the secret Konklaves to their Semite masters. This was fatal, for what any Jew knew about the Klan was soon imparted, by virtue of a still more ancient klannishness, to every other Jew, and eventually it even seeped down among the more alert of the non-Klan Gentiles. Also, numerous other local institutions borrowed the confidential agent system from the department-stores. Also, there gradually accumulated in the town groups of dismissed and disgruntled Klansmen, of naturally blabbing Klansmen, of humorous Klansmen, taking their oath-bound obligations lightly, who revealed names without even insisting on confidence. Simultaneously, it became the favorite outdoor sport of the alert-minded anti-Klan citizenry to gather about the Odd Fellows' Hall on meeting nights and note down the license numbers of the cars parked there. All in all, by the time the first year was up, the inviolable secrecy of Klan membership became about as inviolable as the secret of a husband's fibbing in the face of an intelligent wife.

So when the Klan school board furnished the Roman Catholic populace with a motive for a boycott, the least of that populace's troubles was learning where to strike. It hit hard. Meanwhile, the Jews continued the war of bargain sales on general principles, in spite of the new considerations extended to them, and in the same hour hard times hit the town. After that, whatever his faith in his Kleagle, no Klansman was able to imagine that klannishness really paid.

But this was only the beginning. The police heads and the local judiciary refused to be sympathetic, and so the promises of necktie parties for the benefit of the aggrieved against the immoral could not be made good. Threatening letters still filled the mail carriers' pouches, but the Klan found it impossible to carry out the pleasant punitive expeditions which had made it glorious in Georgia and East Texas. There was muttering on this score among the rank and file, and soon there followed a rapid falling off in interest. Even the plea of the leaders that it was necessary to win the county and city elections before the real clean up could be started did not entirely overcome these low spirits.

Finally, the great moral yearning which the Klan had stimulated had to satisfy itself lamely by building a tabernacle and bringing in an evangelist from outside for six weeks. This tabernacle took money from the building funds of the established basilicas, and the evangelist took the cream off the ecclesiastical gate receipts, so that thereafter it was hard for even the fieriest local pastors to be more than lukewarm. Some remained faithful to the crusade for a while longer, but the tender conscience of the majority soon agreed with the merchants that klannishness didn't pay. Under such handicaps the Klan drew only a 60-40 victory in the county elections.

The politicians now rubbed in the lesson that klannishness didn't pay by gently easing themselves out of membership, and the Civil Service Board promptly dismissed some cops who were known to be in the Kleagle's spy squad. Some of them denied their Klan membership, and the board discovered that it had legal power to summon the Kleagle before it and make him spread his rolls on the public record. This was the final blow. The extinguished gendarmes' names were duly published, and that morning panic seized the Klan's *corps d'élite*. From the motor-car magnates, the insurance go-getters, the realtorian archdukes, the slap-on-the-back bankers, the high-powered selling dervishes, the dynamic

contractors—from all this massed and gullible Babbittry, which less than eighteen months before had joined the Klan for the greater glory of Protestantism and Better Business, arose the whisper of the Terror: "My God, if they can print them cops' names, they might print ourn."

Within a week, practically every son of a peasant in the whole business aristocracy had visited the Kleagle's office and got his demit. The war-chest went with its owners.

But give the Kleagle credit. He took it standing. With nothing but his lunatic fringe remaining, with candidates who were known only as frenzied Methodists or reformed bail-fixers, he went into the city election and staged a fight that was a masterpiece. For two long months evangelically minded rabble-rousers, husky voiced, red in the gills and wet about the eyes, sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" at nightly rallies, and women of the small grocery class, white-faced with the fury of religious zeal, dashed about town licking up scandal about their betters, and spreading it back hotter than they received it. For two months it would have been unsafe for a newspaper reporter of the opposition to have showed up at a Baptist sewing circle. Stern men, forewarned by the Kleagle's press, armed to repel invasions of papally trained Negroes from Louisiana, bent on the destruction of white Protestant civilization. For two months the Catholic churches were passed with shudders by those who loved their terror as the saints loved their whip-lashes.

In short, a population of Anglo-Saxon morons, inbred for generations to repress all its joyous and bawdy instincts as the yeastings of Beelzebub, thoroughly enjoyed itself. They might have won the election, run the town a few years, and even mutilated a few bootleggers if their furies had been but moderated by the suave discretions of those local super-men and former war-chest holders—the town's first Babbitts. But as it was, with all restraints removed, they went down to disaster. And that was the end of the Klan.

THE GUNMEN OF DIPLOMACY

BY MICHAEL VREELAND

THE modern diplomat is much like a poker-player who sits in the game with the butt of a gun rubbing reassuringly against his thigh. It may be that play conducted along these lines will remain orderly, but the chances are that sooner or later the drawing will be from the hip instead of the pack.

That diplomacy and force have always been brothers under their skins is a truism that most writers upon the former will not admit. Yet no negotiation of major importance has ever been conducted without a considerable rattling of sabres, and as a rule the diplomat who could clatter the loudest has emerged victorious. When the first resident embassies were established, an ambassador always brought with him a corps of plug-uglies who acted as his body-guard and as a visible symbol of his sovereign's power. This armed array was presently done away with, chiefly because it produced more rows than settlements, and the tactics of the churchmen, who were the diplomatists of the Middle Ages, and highly distinguished for their disingenuousness, became the *vade mecum* of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century negotiators. The old show of open force disappeared, but every one knew that the importance of diplomatic talk was still in direct proportion to the size of the talker's army.

The general use of stratagems and ruses had the effect of making the diplomacy of the Old World one of the most highly developed branches of chicanery that Western civilization has yet produced. It was a game in which every move was covered by rules, and wherein any deviations from those rules was liable to the most fatal

consequences. Diplomatic correspondence thus reached a high mark of suavity and cunning, and because every one was in general agreement over the code, the diplomat, despite the essential immorality of his methods, came to be held in much esteem.

The American Revolution and the establishment in the Western hemisphere of a dozen new states, most of which were relatively unimportant from the military point of view, profoundly changed the whole conduct of international relations. Among the European states the old traditions persisted, but in the New World a different order reigned, and the relations of the former with the new republics necessitated a complete reorientation of diplomatic method. All the new states had been colonies of European nations. Within less than a half century these colonies disappeared as sources of raw materials and markets for finished goods under free trade with the mother countries, and a bitter struggle for commercial preferment was precipitated.

To make matters worse, the dean of this new college of republics had begun life with the announcement of principles of international intercourse that must have flabbergasted the old-line diplomats. At first it was believed that his talk of liberty and equality and of letting every state work out its own destiny was some new type of cant invented to conceal designs of the sort with which European chancelleries were familiar. But disillusionment speedily followed. During Washington's administration Jefferson made short shrift of the Old World principle of legitimacy by de-

claring that the United States would recognize new governments without reference to the way in which they were created, and soon thereafter the principle of non-intervention was proclaimed as a convenient means of junking the French alliance. Not satisfied with these iconoclastic blasts, the United States next proceeded to hoist a no-trespassing sign over the Western world. Thereafter it was to oscillate between allegiance to its programme and that occasional reversion to Old World formulæ which its phenomenal growth made inevitable.

The Latin American republics adopted the American programme with enthusiasm. The Monroe pronunciamento released them from their fears of European conquest and left them free to squabble among themselves and to thumb their noses at the European Powers with more or less impunity. Even toward the United States they felt at liberty to act with a certain assured contempt, trusting somewhat blindly that the policy of non-intervention was sufficiently sincere to avert any major disasters. It is strange that this confidence in the disinterestedness of the United States should have persisted. For this country, in spite of its professed morality and the sonorous ring of its international *code d'honneur*, has on the whole acted not very differently from other states. It may be unfair to say that this was originally from design. More likely it arose out of the stupidity of diplomatic agents and especially out of the licentious behavior of the peripatetic negotiators whose deeds I shall here recount.

II

It was obvious that in the face of American policy and Latin American conditions a new diplomatic *modus operandi* was required. The old credo would not apply to a congeries of hoodlums who borrowed and wouldn't pay, who closed the fisheries, who invented new tariffs as often as governments changed, and who granted concessions and then annulled them. It did no

good to send consuls and ambassadors, much less to withdraw them. And so the Powers, excluded from making effective employ of their usual diplomatic methods, had recourse to the oldest trick in their bag: the display of force. Fleets were dispatched to distant waters, ostensibly to give their young men a chance to see the world, but in reality to aid harassed diplomats in making their otherwise empty words effective. This device was an instant success. It was one which could give no umbrage to the United States, and on such occasions as the blockade of the Rio de la Plata in 1838 it contributed largely to the creation of a proper respect for European power.

As a matter of fact, it had been initiated by the United States in the celebrated matter of the Barbary States. The European powers had worked out with these pirates a *modus vivendi* which consisted of an annual tribute in exchange for forbearance to plunder. But this was unsatisfactory, for the local sheiks were temperamentally incapable of observing a treaty for more than a few months, and the annual tribute accordingly was always in excess of the agreement. When the United States came upon the scene the tribute fell as a heavy burden on our infant treasury. But at this time the national slogan—"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!"—had not yet been devised, so no one thought of not coming across. After a while, however, the Berbers became too cheeky in their demands and a fleet was sent to the Mediterranean to effect a new settlement. The successive commanders of this fleet—Preble, Rodgers, Decatur and Bainbridge—were men of ability. They knew that the situation was one that demanded hard-boiled tactics, and after the soft-handed diplomacy of Jefferson had proved a failure they were allowed to treat their adversaries to a judicious portion of shot and shell. This eventually paved the way to a workable arrangement.

The success of the navy men in dealing with the pirates sent their diplomatic

stock skyward. The bluff sea dog method had proven its efficacy, and as it was in a sense a reflection of the national bad manners, the popular mind was prone to esteem it beyond its true merits. The more intelligent realized that it had its limitations, but it was felt that it would be useful nevertheless in most dealings with nations of inferior strength. Hence it was that as soon as the Latin American states had established their independence, the United States, as well as the European states, established cruiser patrols in the South Atlantic and Pacific.

It cannot be denied that the situation in Latin America at that time was such that the discreet and occasional appearance of naval squadrons was probably the only way of enforcing respect for the rights of other states. The vast stretches of territory, the poor communications, the relatively uncivilized state of a considerable part of the inhabitants, made the position of alien residents a precarious one. Such persons were usually induced to settle or trade in these countries by laws which were superficially favorable and humane. In practice, however, things worked out differently, and so the protection of foreigners in their persons and property became one of the prime functions of the gunboat diplomatist. How far such protection is proper is a debatable question. Where it involves a show of force it is necessarily irritating and likely to breed trouble, and not infrequently the persons clamoring for protection are not very worthy objects of solicitude. The yet more offensive business of seeking to enforce policies which have no color or right has been of less frequent occurrence but of greater importance. Here the chances of treading upon national honor and of inflaming a touchy populace are increased a hundredfold.

Obviously the rôle of the naval officer in such affairs, whether he be clothed with the aegis of right or his garb be merely a disguise for some blackguardly design, is one requiring the utmost tact and sophistication. The British and French have gen-

erally subordinated him to their professional diplomatic representatives, *i.e.*, to shrewd negotiators, trained to keep their wits about them and not to indulge in open shows of force. The European naval men accordingly have been given little latitude in the exercise of their talents. The case has been otherwise with the United States. The representatives of this nation have been, almost uniformly, insignificant politicians upon whom no reliance could be placed. In contrast to them the naval officers have been paragons of culture and diplomatic *savoir faire*. Thus, where the latter have acted in concert with our Four Corners Machiavellis they have usually dominated the discussion, and being brought up on the Rooseveltian maxim that "when you shoot, shoot to kill," they have not always wasted time on empty palaver when there were shiny guns yawning. The history of our relations with Latin America has consequently been one of an almost continuous series of shooting matches.

III

The first bow of the American naval diplomat to the South American world was made in 1832 in connection with a dispute involving the Argentine Republic. This nation had reëstablished on the Falkland Islands a colony which had formerly been a part of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres. The governor of the colony was a shrewd fellow by the name of Vernet, who inspected the national archives before he sailed south and found that the legislature had prohibited unlicensed coastal fishing. When he reached his miserable wind-swept command he discovered a number of American fishermen sealing in the brutal, destructive manner characteristic of the time. He warned them off, but, being Yankees, they assumed that the law was made to be broken, and so they kept on slaughtering seals. Vernet thereupon put three ships under arrest and went to Buenos Ayres with one of them for trial.

His arrival was the occasion of a terrific

rumpus. The United States chargé had just died, and the consul, one Slacum, was acting *ad hoc*. Slacum, a silly, bombastic ass, at once commenced to pepper the Argentine ministry with singularly violent protests. The Argentines, knowing that procrastination was the prerogative of state departments, put him off with promises to investigate, hoping doubtless that he would burst a blood-vessel in the interim. But Slacum did no such thing. Instead, he communicated his disease to Commander Silas Duncan of the U. S. S. *Lexington*, who had opportunely sailed in, and Duncan proceeded to serve a forty-eight-hour ultimatum on the Argentine government. No answer was received, and Duncan sailed for the Falklands.

The United States government has never published its version of what happened, but we know from Argentine sources that Duncan not only spiked all the guns of the military post, and burned all the powder, but sacked all the dwellings and sailed off with seven colonists in irons. The ensuing row is the *cause plus célèbre* of Argentine diplomatic history. The United States refused to discuss the Duncan exploit until the seizures of Vernet had been disavowed, and the Argentines were incapable of anything but explosive protests over the violation of their sovereignty. Before the smoke of battle had cleared the British had slipped in and taken possession of the islands on the basis of an anterior claim. This gave the United States the opportunity of declining, and very properly, to consider the Argentine claims until the dispute with England over the sovereignty was determined. As this settlement has never taken place, reparation for Duncan's doings has never been made.

Not less spectacular and tactful was the incident, precipitated by a naval officer, which initiated the relations of Paraguay and the United States. In 1853 permission had been given the latter by Brazil and Argentina to survey the Rio de la Plata and its tributaries. As these countries had long been too engrossed in fighting to de-

vote any attention to hydrography, this was not as extraordinary as it may now appear. The U. S. S. *Water Witch*, Lieutenant Jeffers commanding, was dispatched upon this quasi-scientific mission, and all went well until the vessel reached the spot where the river Paraná forms the boundary between Argentina and Paraguay. At this place, one bright and sunny day, a boat put out from the Paraguayan shore, and a message was delivered to the commander of the *Water Witch*. Jeffers, being ignorant of Spanish, and suspecting doubtless that he was being horsed, declined to receive the document on the ground that he could not read it, and steamed blithely on his way. Presently he came abreast a miserable fort whence came loud hails, likewise in Spanish. The indomitable Jeffers, however, was not to be moved by such vulgar demonstrations. He did not even blow his whistle, but kept grimly on his way. The Paraguayans then fired some blank cartridges, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, rammed a solid shot into their artillery and succeeded in killing the helmsman of the *Water Witch*. This was naturally too much for Jeffers. He unlimbered his guns and presently the fortress of Itapiru was no more.

The precise grounds on which the United States government justified his action was that the channel forming the boundary was properly navigable by Argentine as well as by Paraguayan ships, and that the *Water Witch*, having a commission from the former country, was violating no one's rights. This was a solid legal ground, but it was certainly not politic to send a warship sailing into waters to which a third state, whose permission had not been granted, had rights of sovereignty. Nor was it prudent to put in command of an expedition an officer who was ignorant of the language of the country, to say nothing of the ordinary canons of international courtesy, particularly as the Paraguayans had heard rumors of the recent British and French blockades of the Plata, and were consequently fidgety over the purposes of the *Water Witch*.

President Buchanan, about whom many nasty things have been said, did not lack energy in this great crisis. A Missouri diplomatist, Bowlin by name, was selected to bring the Paraguayans to terms. Accompanied by the *Water Witch*, the U. S. S. *Fulton* and a frigate, Bowlin anchored off Asuncion. This fleet was enough to blow the town into the jungle, and so our Talleyrand of the great open spaces very speedily got not only a disavowal and an indemnity but a treaty as well, and finis was written to another chapter in the history of Pan-American friendship.

Not long before these events an incident had occurred off the coast of Nicaragua which added another gold star to the naval service flag. On the so-called Mosquito Coast lay the town of San Juan del Norte, or, as it was more familiarly known, Greytown. The city was claimed by the King of the Mosquitoes, the ruler of a rabble of beachcombers and international riff-raff who had set up a *soi-disant* kingdom. An American company operating in Greytown had got into a dispute with the local government. When an attempt was made to arrest the captain of one of the company's vessels, the American Minister to Central America, one Borland, who happened to be on board, helped the captain to resist being taken into custody. Later the Hon. Mr. Borland went ashore to visit the American consul. A crowd collected, and while the mayor of Greytown was apologizing for the attempted arrest, some mucker hurled an empty beer-bottle at the minister and laid open his face. This, of course, was too vile an insult to be lightly stomachied, and the U. S. S. *Cyane* was sent to obtain redress.

Captain Hollins was explicitly instructed to teach the subjects of the Mosquito King that the United States was not to be trifled with, but the Secretary of the Navy added the pious hope that he would not have to resort to violence. During the long and tedious journey the captain decided that lessons without corporal punishment did not usually sink in. He an-

chored off Greytown on July 12, 1854, and issued a proclamation that unless the satisfaction previously demanded by the American consul were made at once he would on nine o'clock the next day bombard the town. These demands included the sum of \$24,000, more money than the Mosquito men had ever dreamed existed. Accordingly, the bombardment commenced next morning and lasted until the afternoon. Hollins then decided to jazz things up a bit, so he set fire to the town. When he was through not a stick was standing.

The printed records do not show just what recognition he received for this exploit. President Pierce, however, in his message of December, 1854, devoted much space to whitewashing him and concluded with these words:

It certainly would have been satisfactory to me if the objects of the *Cyane's* mission could have been consummated without any act of public force, but the arrogant contumacy of the offenders rendered it impossible to avoid the alternative either to break up their establishment or to leave them unimpressed, with the idea that they might persevere with impunity in a career of insolence and plunder. This transaction has been the subject of complaint on the part of some foreign Powers and has been characterized with more of harshness than of justice. If comparisons were to be instituted it would not be difficult to present repeated instances in the history of States standing in the very front of modern civilization, where communities far less offending and more defenseless than Greytown have been chastised with much greater severity and where not cities only have been laid in ruins, but human life has been recklessly sacrificed and the blood of the innocent made profusely to mingle with that of the guilty.

But no presidential rhetoric could quite explain away an incident as ugly as the bombardment of Greytown. It has long since been forgotten by every one save the precedent hounds of foreign offices, who trot it forth now and again to justify some particularly dastardly bit of villainy.

IV

Consider, now, the case of Commodore Jones. In the year 1842 this gentleman, who had distinguished himself for bravery, was in command of the so-called Pacific squadron of the United States, the function

of which was to prowl along the coasts of Chile, Peru and Mexico. At this precise time the United States was embroiled in two major disputes: one with Great Britain over the Oregon territory, the other with Mexico over Texas. In both of these controversies discussion had reached a fever heat, and the press of America was announcing war with the same frequency that it later proclaimed the downfall of the Bolsheviks.

One of the newspaper extras, already three months old, together with a Mexican sheet, reached the commodore while his fleet lay basking in the yellow sun off Callao, in Peru. What he read quickened his pulse. Santa Anna, the Mexican president, had announced, it appeared, that unless public meetings in the United States were at once prohibited war would ensue. Jones was perplexed. He knew that the national genius for meetings would never be suppressed, and so he concluded that Santa Anna would have his war. He talked it over with J. C. Pickett, the American minister, who finally agreed with him that war had undoubtedly begun. As Jones had instructions to survey the California coast line he at once proceeded there. California was then still a Mexican province.

In defense of his decision it should be said that during the Oregon imbroglio one of the most carefully nurtured delusions of the American press had been the alleged existence of a secret treaty by which Britain was to receive California from Mexico. Jones was privy to this belief. Furthermore, before his very nose he had seen the British Pacific squadron slip ship by ship out of Callao Bay, and on this particular morning the British admiral himself had decamped with the flagship and a packet of sealed orders. Imagination grows riotously under the hot Peruvian sun, and Jones did not escape its effects. Carefully perusing his evidence, he decided that his British colleague was off to enforce the secret treaty, and that it was his duty to prevent him. Accordingly, he gave orders to depart and shortly he was

on the deep with two ships, bound to the land of the Native Sons.

In the early afternoon of October 18, these ships, the *Cyane* and the *United States*, anchored off Monterey, then the capital of California. On shore was great commotion. A boat conveying two Mexican officers drew alongside the *United States*. They gibbered unintelligibly when asked about the war. The gallant commodore decided that something was being kept from him, and sent off his own emissaries to demand the surrender of the port. Not wishing to seem overanxious, he gave the Mexicans eighteen hours in which to make their decision. The acting governor, Don Juan Alvarado, trembling with agitation, wrote to the military commandant, Don Mariano Silva, who was enjoying his siesta in the fort up the hill, and asked whether resistance was possible. The commandant replied sadly that it was not, for the gun carriages would not stand the shock of an explosion. Beside, he had no powder. Reluctantly, the decision was made to surrender. So, on the morning of October 19, the Mexican flag was pulled down, and in its place the Star-Spangled Banner was waved. There was but one fly in the ointment. The United States and Mexico were *not* at war!

The night before the capitulation one Larkin, an American merchant, had visited Jones and informed him that there was no war, but that if he kept on trying he would probably have one. Jones was properly incredulous. He asked Larkin to submit proof of his preposterous belief, but the worthy merchant was lazy and brought his documents only after the port had been surrendered. These papers, however, were enough to convince Jones that he had acted a bit overzealously, and that the California climate would probably not agree with him. Very politely he notified his captives that they could haul up their flag again, and then he sailed away with his armada.

The Mexican government was naturally very indignant. For years it had specialized in protests, and on this occasion it outdid

itself. The miasmic atmosphere of the Potomac valley grew murky with heated expostulations. And to make the occasion merrier the Mexicans also presented a bill for 500 uniforms and a full set of band instruments which had been worn out by the forced marches of the rescuing army despatched as soon as the news of Monterey's fall was known. The United States answered the protests by a gentlemanly apology, but it firmly declined to pay the indemnity. There ensued an exchange of notes, Jones was suspended, and war was postponed for a more plausible occasion.

These various instances of high-bindery—and there were many others which I have not narrated—were not without their effect upon the Latin Americans. The prediction of the South American patriot, Simon Bolívar, that the United States was destined to commit all manner of excesses in the name of liberty seemed well on its way to fulfilment. It was idle for American politicians to prate of Pan-American friendship and to talk of the United States as the defender of Latin American liberties when the actions of their emissaries were obviously controlled by a different spirit. If the naval officers had been alone guilty, and if the Washington government had been disposed to put a stop to their actions by prompt disavowal and punishment, these things might have been forgotten. Unfortunately, the American diplomatic envoys were themselves a truculent and ill-conditioned assortment of braves, who served more to fan the flame of resentment than to quench it. Such men as Colonel Anthony Butler in Mexico, Harrison in Colombia, and Pendleton in Chile devoted themselves to rubbing the Latin American fur the wrong way. And the government of the United States in general did nothing effectual to abate the feeling of antipathy which its representatives created. This was due in part to the absence of any well-defined and consistently pursued policy for the protection of American rights, and in part to the ignorance of the persons to whom affairs were committed.

V

After the Civil War, for a time, the use of naval diplomacy was more or less discontinued, probably because of the lamentable state of decay into which the navy then fell. On many occasions, to be sure, ships were dispatched to Latin American ports for purposes of intimidation, but the authority given the commanders was limited, the discretion usually being vested in the diplomatic envoy. The replacement of the early backwoods lawyer-diplomat by the wealthy small town Babbitt had the effect of substituting caution for bulldozing.

Latterly, however, the navy has been called upon to assume a new job: the so-called landing of troops. This is a new and more sinister and offensive variant of the old display of force. The latter was originally intended to consist of no more than the appearance of vessels in places where trouble was threatened. The landing of troops carries the process one step further and complicates it by being a premeditated violation of the territorial sovereignty of the state visited. All the incidents I have rehearsed involved violations of sovereignty, but those violations were not previously contemplated or authorized, although they were subsequently approved. The landing of troops implies a previously authorized violation.

The vice of this particular method of negotiation lies not so much in committing discretion to the commander of the troops as in the underlying policy which makes such action necessary. The prevailing Latin American view of the alien's residence in foreign countries is that he is there on sufferance and at his own risk. If revolution breaks out and he gets into trouble he is presumed to have entered with full knowledge of the dangers, and is consequently entitled to no higher degree of protection than the native citizens. But the position taken by the United States is that Americans abroad are to be protected at all hazards, and if the local government doesn't afford protection the United States

will. This attitude, obviously, is in sharp contrast to the stand taken with respect to aliens in the United States. In cases where such persons have been injured by mobs the federal government has uniformly declined to admit any legal responsibility, and where it has compensated the victims it has done so as an act of "spontaneous generosity."

This problem of the protection of individuals and their investments is undoubtedly the most difficult of modern diplomatic questions. That it rarely passes beyond the stage of more or less friendly *pourparlers* when it arises between two major Powers is well known. Only where the villain of the piece is some poor revolution-bitten republic does it move from the realm of negotiation into the theater of force. The temptation to use strong-arm methods in such a contingency is overpowering, particularly as an imperialistic purpose usually lurks in the calculations of the punishing power. In this respect the United States has torn a leaf from the guide-books of European states, and the disposition to use force rather than persuasion has increased with the spread of American investments and the inflation of the national ego.

The tale of troop landings is not very different from that of the happenings I have recounted. One need only reflect on the events in Santo Domingo and Haiti, recently enacted by naval men, to realize how dangerous it is to trust persons who are brought up in the use of force to exercise it with temperance and discretion. In both cases the United States was dealing with an insignificant opponent. The Tampico incident of 1914 reflected to an equal degree the overbearing tactics of the United States government and its emissaries in the case of a nearer and relatively more powerful neighbor.

It will be recalled that President Wilson had announced with characteristic asperity that the Mexican government would not be recognized until it had purged itself of its head. One of Mr. Wilson's diplomatic *colporteurs*, a Mr. Lind of somewhere in Minnesota, had been dallying in Mexico City to direct the administration of the purge. Finding his mission futile, he withdrew to Vera Cruz, where a galaxy of warships was assembled to add zest to the watchful waiting. One morning in April a boatload of sailors landed at Tampico within the lines of military operations. They were, of course, put under arrest, but were very soon released with apologies from the Mexican commander and President Huerta. Admiral Mayo, the American commander, however, demanded a more vociferous apology in the form of a salute of twenty-one guns, a demand wholly within the naval tradition of "say it with salvoes." President Huerta, likewise addicted to salutes, refused to fire unless the United States observed reciprocity. His obstinacy was punished by the occupation of Vera Cruz and the killing of numerous Mexicans.

Had Mexico been in a condition to fight, this ridiculous performance would have precipitated a war. President Wilson fully upheld his admiral and made a fine and nearly intelligible speech to Congress about the dignity of the flag. The action of the American commander, however, did not endear either the American navy or the American government to its neighbors, and many a bitter *carramba* was uttered at the brutal and high-handed methods employed by the northern republic. And no number of speeches and ceremonial visits will wipe out the latent fear of these unhappy nations that at any moment may come their turn for a similar lesson in diplomatic amenities.

THE METAPHYSICIAN

BY JOHN McCLURE

HALTING with the crowd at the door of the temple, the dwarf Biogenes noted that the exhorter was perspiring profusely. He was a bull-necked apostle, with a very full paunch, and spoke loudly, spurning a good deal of spittle, but he seemed to know very well what he was talking about, which was the immortality of the soul. The crowd gaped, stirring uneasily, as he painted the future state. In paradise, he asserted, not without vehemence, we persist as indestructible souls, and there is no butcher but could wear his old apron in heaven. There was a gratified hush. "We are moonflowers and flatter ourselves we are amaranths," said the dwarf Biogenes.

"You speak like a student philosopher," said a small man at his elbow. "And you are enlightened. The theories of resurrection and personal continuity are pleasant to us because we are vain, but certainly the wise man would prefer that burial or burning be the end of him. He would desire his complete personal extinction, and hope earnestly that the soul of the world might accomplish something finer and handsomer and less ridiculous than he is, in its succeeding manifestations, which I am convinced is the case—."

"If we are to converse in this vein," said the dwarf Biogenes hastily, "we should leave here. Else we shall as likely as not be thrown into the galleys for impertinent remarks about the gods. But it is immaterial to me, I assure you, whether we are snuffed out or survive."

"We can continue the argument," said the small man, "anywhere they serve beer."

"You speak civilly," said the dwarf Biogenes.

When they found themselves, in no time, at the Three Fishes, the small man resumed:

"Your remark, which I vulgarly overheard, leads me to believe that you are a metaphysician."

"I am a basket-maker," said the dwarf Biogenes. "Those words escaped me because they sounded well. And though I believe I would become phosphorescent like the saints if I could discover suddenly an acceptable reason for being, or even merely what becomes of us after this period, I have ceased to worry over such matters, having done all that in my youth."

"I am a metaphysician," said the small man.

"I respect any man who enquires into the constitution of the universe," said the dwarf Biogenes. "I once took a fling at it myself. When I was young I engaged once for three days in a protracted argument in metaphysics, which was interrupted only to answer the calls of nature. I made a study of Hindustan, and examined all the works of Plotinus. I should have embraced the doctrine of metempsychosis, but for a horrible aversion to alligators. However, I lost faith in the profession as a practical asset. One metaphysician I knew, very clever in argument (he maintained that the astral body was subtle and could pass through a keyhole), haggled so minutely in purchasing that clerks in the market-stalls refused to traffic with him. Another, who contended that there was fluid flowing through all things, was a pauper the last time I saw him."

"You are no longer interested, then, in the problem of being?" said the metaphysician.

"I have ceased to fret about my doom or the world's," said the dwarf Biogenes. "It should be an hilarious play which has so merry a prologue as life, and who-the-devil imagined us was plainly out of his wits. We go through the motions like the androides, those human dolls, and nobody can fathom futurity. A ghost that appeared to a tailor in Antioch announced the imminent end of the world. Yet that was four hundred years ago and today I had salad for supper."

"Out of the original wan chaos came color and form," said the metaphysician. "We are entangled in time and space and must unravel them. You no longer seek truth?"

"Truth?" said Biogenes gingerly. "My tongue trembles when I attempt to pronounce it. I had rather enunciate 'truly rural' when liquored than to say the word 'veritas.' Next to the verb 'Logos,' this noun is the most awful of terms."

"Man is a reasonable creature," said the metaphysician. "These problems are soluble. Time and space can be traced to a misapprehension."

"Porphy Arsano denied the existence of motion," said the dwarf Biogenes, "but the world still wags. Also he denied the lapse of time. Now he walks with a cane, speaking sentimentally of his youth. Though he insisted that matter was strictly imaginary, one could never persuade him to bump his head into a post."

"He was wiser than you," said the metaphysician. "If you could peer about Cairo with a celestial eye, you would perceive that these structures waver."

"If you are attempting to reduce everything to those queer goblins which you call atoms—," said Biogenes.

"I have nothing to do with atoms!" cried the metaphysician. "They mean to me no more than beans. But the merest clown, in contemplating the phantasmagoria of consciousness and appearance, can discern in it an aloof reality, changing

color and shifting form with the inconsequence of dreams."

"Unrelenting law governs everything, they say in Hindustan, even mutability," said the dwarf Biogenes. "I can remember writing that in a book of penmanship."

"I meant," said the metaphysician, "that in our ignorant eyes this reality appears to fluctuate inconsequentially. However, as a matter of fact, nothing is real but It. Time and space are misapprehensions. All things are regulated, emerging from and returning to unity by the way of rhythm. The appearance is spookish, the reality everlasting. Our lives, which are pitiful affairs, also are controlled by unrelenting law. And we may, under the inexorable regime of Karma, by the most trivial acts, incur the most inconsequential and unexpected dooms. This possibility makes life uncertain and not a little adventurous. The woman in the moon was put there because she made butter on Sunday."

"I live honestly," said the dwarf Biogenes, "and that is the end of it. These speculations have ceased to amuse me."

"But we must have a lode-star," said the metaphysician. "We must believe something. As the rabble worships its gods under the form of snakes and bulls, and as the Nazarenes worship a beautiful child in a manger and His beautiful mother and Him executed for treason, the philosopher must hold fast to a formula."

"It is all the same," said the dwarf Biogenes, "whether we worship an intellectual concept or a cow, or a living dragon, as they did in Babylon. The regimen of our lives under the sway of vanity and passion will not differ. There are as many hairdressers, caterers, brokers and pimps in this city as in Nineveh."

"The true man," said the metaphysician, "should perceive the vanity of these professions, and of his own, and of the world in general."

"I agree with all your premises, and with those of the most respectable saints," said the dwarf Biogenes. "I merely do

not follow you necessarily to your conclusions, nor them to theirs. The vanity of life, as it is lived under the present circumstances, is, to my mind, axiomatic. And certainly it is nothing to be cocky about that we are agile and inventive vermin, clever at deduction and mathematics, and intricate in our amours. I agree that, like Presbyter Johannes, we should keep always in view, if we could afford it, a golden bowl filled with earth to remind us of mortality."

"But being endowed—queerly enough—with reason," said the metaphysician, "we can arrive at a solution of being. There can be no question that the soul of the world, in evolving Adam Kadmon (you and me) is arriving at self-consciousness. We travel, with ridiculous baggage, toward the apocalypse. And man, for all his vanities and absurdities, is therefore a majestic figure in the world."

"I do not deny to Adam Kadmon, of whom I have the honor to be a facet, a divine and angelical end," said the dwarf Biogenes. "And I admit the grandeur of his conceptions and the sublimity of his dreams. Indeed, if you enquire into his metaphysical content (which is quite similar to that of a goshawk), he is a very august and awful sort of sprite. The universe probably is only a dream of his. Nevertheless, at the same time, I refuse to admire him in his current manifestation. I am convinced that Adam Kadmon at this writing, whatever else he may be, is vain, foolish, selfish, cruel and lascivious, and I am not inclined to kiss the foot of the Lord Bishop of Toul."

"But have patience," said the metaphysician. "These absurd and lascivious monkeys will exterminate themselves, as they should, in the course of time. The human creature will be discarded, or will wear out, like an old pair of breeches. But the soul of the world will survive, and Adam Kadmon will then come into his own, existing only at large."

"He will have ceased to be Adam Kadmon," said the dwarf Biogenes, "and will

exist no more than a Platonic teapot or a quadratic conception."

"Not even so much," said the metaphysician. "All this will vanish like smoke. My investigations have made of me a stern absolutist. Time and space, I assure you, are figments of a crazed imagination. There is a mentality which functions not only through the soul of Adam Kadmon (though he lays claim to it, as to everything else), but through the souls of beasts and flowers, and in the hills and tides. This intellect is working out a problem in arithmetic. There is a positive series of numerals, and a negative, and in the solution, which is a long way off, these series will cancel each other, precisely as in algebra, accomplishing beautiful zero. Arrived there, this mentality will bask in the uncreated light."

"This water is too deep for me to wade in," said the dwarf Biogenes, affably. "You have followed the ghostly exegesis, which puzzled me in the beginning when I took up philosophy. I placed it in the category of improbabilities."

"Were it not for a woof of habit enshrouding you," said the metaphysician, "you would be aware of the ghost daily in every transaction. You would be aware, as are the most intelligent alchemists (in whose jargon spook is spelled 'energy') that a flat-iron is an apparition and a gravy-spoon a goblin. All appearances are illusory. And you can solve the problem of substance only with a ghostly formula. Some men would calm your fears about time and space with a fourth dimension, but the fourth dimension is as illusory as the first. We have made a mistake in arithmetic—we have sowed an error somewhere, and now we are reaping the whirlwind: corruption, death, struggle, distress, and futility. This problem has yet to be solved, and, though one cut one's throat a thousand times, one must return to it, recrossing the bridge of fools."

Here the metaphysician ceased talking, for his beer was all gone.

A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

THE savage iconoclasts who take such delight in pointing out the truth that all men were not actually created free and equal, also, although on less frequent occasions, remark upon the hollow mockery which the colonial heresy hunts and expulsions make of Emerson's noble lines about Plymouth Rock and the Puritan Fathers. Curiously, however, these critics have apparently lost interest in the subsequent history of their country. They generally assume that once the First Amendment was appended to the Constitution complete religious equality was assured to all Americans, leaving them free to worship not only Christ, Jehovah, Buddha or Mohammed, but even Jupiter Ammon or the gods of Montezuma, or, infidel-like, not to worship God at all.

The rise of the Ku Klux Klan has, of late, given this subject a new interest, as has the spread of Fundamentalism, with its attempt to banish the heretical doctrine of evolution from the schools. The Klansmen, the guardians of pure Americanism, and of the divine right of the Nordic Blond, have suddenly set up the doctrine that this is a Christian country, and especially a Christian Protestant country, and intimated boldly that there is no room in it for Jews, Catholics and atheists. In reply, the stalwart exegetes of the Constitution have told them caustically to go read that ancient papyrus, and then sat back confidently to wait for the broadside to take effect. But the deplorable and ironic truth is that while the Kleagles, Grand Exalted Cyclopes, and Imperial Wizards may be completely wrong as to their anthropology there is the very greatest doubt that they

are wrong about the religious state of the Union.

I do not, of course, mean merely that discrimination exists in fact against Jews and Catholics. This, in other words, is not a dissertation that might, perhaps, be entitled: "Religious Liberty: Theory and Practice." The question is rather whether the Klan is not very near the truth in point of law when it insists that this is a Christian country, and especially a Christian Protestant country. The facts, indeed, sadly tarnish the idea that the American Commonwealth was the first state in the world to work a complete disassociation of church and state. The best that was actually achieved was a kind of qualified toleration at the hands of a composite majority of the Protestant faiths. The Klan, which is commonly conceived as a lawless body, substituting lynch law for due process, is not put to rout but supported in its contention to that effect by a respectable weight of legal authority, by constitutional and statutory provisions, and by judicial decisions which have the full force and dignity of law.

II

The belief that the religious millennium was reached in America with the adoption of the Constitution is simply another tribute to the force of some of the personalities prominent in the early days of the Republic. The extreme heterodoxy of Jefferson is too well known to need comment. He has been the American Anti-Christ to generations of rural pastors, and his disciple, Madison, shares a great part of his obloquy.

To the same effect has tended the fame of Thomas Paine, and his heretical "Age of Reason." Conversely, Washington himself, while a far more firm believer in Divine Providence, did not scruple on occasion to show an extremely liberal attitude towards Jews and Catholics. Moreover, he even once assured the unspeakable Turks, in order to induce them to enter into a treaty relating to piracy, that "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

But history shows that the delegates to the Constitutional Convention were not all for the removal of the old religious disabilities. The newly ascendant forces of conservatism and stability, fully aware of the ancient relation of "piety, religion and morality" to good government, even urged the requirement of a religious test for office. The records not only of the Constitutional Convention but of the ratifying conventions in the several States are full of expressed fears that "Jews, Turks, and heathens" might worm their way into the highest office. In the streets of Boston, when its ratifying convention sat, there were cries that under the new scheme of government religion had been abolished. A farmer at the same convention "shuddered at the idea that Roman Catholics, Pagans and Papists might be introduced into office, and that Popery and the Inquisition may be established in America." The ratifying conventions in New York, New Hampshire, Virginia and North Carolina flatly refused to approve the new Constitution until their anxieties on this score had been allayed. It was, as is well known, in response to this demand, that the first ten Amendments were enacted, among them the First, providing that Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of religion or abridging the free exercise thereof. But well known as the fact undoubtedly is, it has not prevented a general misunderstanding of the purpose and scope of this provision, not only by laymen but even by jurists.

It is usual to regard the First Amendment as a great altruistic, disinterested and gratuitous declaration of natural and inalienable human right, inspired by the loftiest sentiments—an unprecedented character of religious liberty. But the truth is that to speak of the amendment as having established religious freedom in America is to use the phrase in a very Pickwickian sense. It had to a great extent an almost opposite purpose. Most of the delegates, being of mixed motives and desires, demanded the prohibition not because they wished to safeguard members of divergent creeds but because they wished to insure freedom from interference with their own. They dreaded, however, extravagantly, that the federal government, if left untrammelled, might set up a Goddess of Reason, or recognize the temporal power of the Pope, or revert to Mosaism. The form, however, which their language took is disarming. It is superficially as adapted to the intentions of a liberal secularism as to those of the most narrow and bigoted sectarianism.

Since the tendency at first certainly was to consider the federation which the Constitution had created not as a state but as an agency of the states, existing to advance definite objects, the framers would have considered it idle to speak of an established religion in connection with this interstate agency, as one might speak of a state religion of France or England. This government of delegated and enumerated powers had clearly been given no authority over religion or general education or morals in the States, whose sovereignty was clearly recognized and affirmed in all but the excepted spheres. It was in terms, simply, of an abundance of caution that Jefferson spoke of the advisability of an express reservation of religion. The States specifically reserved the right to adopt whatever religions they preferred, or to adopt none at all.

As a matter of fact, a number of state religions existed in the several States at the time of the ratification of the Constitu-

tion. *A priori*, we would naturally expect to find them especially in the New England States, which for so long a time had lived, indeed, under adaptations of the old Hebraic theocracy. To suppose that religious equality would be recognized in such States so soon after the heresy trials and expulsions is to do violence to all sense of historical continuity. No more need we be surprised to find a state religion in a commonwealth that had been launched under such preëminently Christian auspices as Maryland. If an individual without a religion was an anomaly in the Eighteenth Century, so was a State without one. Thus we find support of the clergy by general taxation, provision for religious instruction, religious tests for office—all the usual accompaniments of an established church.

In practically every one of the New England States Protestant Christianity was established by law. Tithes were not abolished in Vermont until 1808. The constitution of Connecticut of 1818 provided: "No preference shall be given by law to any Christian sect or mode of worship. . . . And each and every society or denominations of *Christians* in this State shall have and enjoy the same and equal powers, rights and privileges." The constitution of New Hampshire, after asserting that instruction in religion, piety and morality gave the greatest security to government, went on to authorize the several towns and parishes of the State to "make adequate provision for the support and maintenance of public *Protestant* ministers" to teach the same. It then went on to promise: "And every denomination of *Christians* demeaning themselves quietly and as good subjects of the State shall be equally under the protection of the law. . . ." The present constitution of New Hampshire contains precisely the same language, but there has been added a clause that "no person of any religious sect or denomination shall ever be compelled to pay towards the support of the teacher or teachers of another persuasion, sect or denomination." Curiously, the provision assuring the equal protection of the laws

merely to Christians has apparently been left unchanged. In Massachusetts, the association between church and state was, perhaps, most complete. Up to 1833, its constitution, after expressing the same faith as New Hampshire's in religion, piety and morality, similarly made provision for the support and maintenance of Protestant ministers thereof, and confined the equal protection of the laws to Protestant Christians.

The constitution of Maryland under the new Federal Union declared: "All persons professing the Christian religion are equally entitled to the protection of their religious liberty. . . . The Legislature may in their discretion lay a general and equal tax for the support of the Christian religion. . . . No other test or qualification ought to be required on admission to any office of trust or profit than a declaration of belief in the Christian religion." These provisions of the Maryland constitution continued in effect until 1851. Thus, until that year, no Jew could hold office in the State. It is also interesting to note in passing that until 1847 a Negro was permitted there to testify against a Jew but not against a Christian.

Strictly speaking, there was from the very beginning but one limitation in the Federal Constitution upon the characters of the State governments. It said that Congress should guarantee to each of the States a republican form of government. A strict constructionist might possibly argue that a State which excluded Jews from office, taxed all its citizens for the benefit of Protestant ministers, assured the equal protection of the laws exclusively to Protestants, or provided for instruction in Protestantism, did not have a republican form of government. It has been contended of late that the adoption of the referendum and recall, and the organization of a court of industrial relations destroyed the character of a State as republican, but no one has ever had the temerity to suggest that either Maryland, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut or Vermont has ever fostered a theocratic form of government.

III

At the beginning the greatest diversity existed among the State constitutions, and it continued until about the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Consequently, it is idle to speak of an American tradition of religious freedom and equality. What we have, in fact, are several separate American traditions, divided roughly into two classes, the first found in the States which I have just noticed, and the second in the rest of the original States, and in those which subsequently entered the Union. These latter appeared to commit themselves not only to toleration but even to religious equality. In some it came only after bitter and protracted struggles. Thus, in Virginia the battle was terminated only by the celebrated Virginia Act of Toleration of 1789, mainly owing to the impassioned efforts of Jefferson and Madison. The act was opposed by the patriot Patrick Henry. The typical declaration of the sort appeared to grant most unequivocally the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference. Nevertheless, it takes no too great scepticism to suspect that the framers of the early constitutions were not particularly concerned about the rights of their few non-Protestant citizens. The great factor which militated in all the States against established churches in a more classic sense was the rich diversity of the Protestant creeds. This made it highly impolitic, if not impossible, to recognize one sect in preference to others. The problem rather was to devise a method of obtaining harmony among them. "The real object," says Storey in his work on the Constitution, "was not to countenance, much less to advance Mohammedanism or Judaism or infidelity by prostrating Christianity, but to exclude all rivalry among the Christian sects."

The true meaning of these apparently liberal State constitutions is better understood if we glance at the relation of church and state immediately before their adop-

tion. Virginia may serve, perhaps, as the best example. What precipitated the Virginia Act of Toleration of 1789 was a bill of 1784 which taxed all taxpayers for the benefit of all the Christian sects, leaving the individual taxpayer free to designate which of the sects he wished his contribution to go to, thus creating a condition of unpleasant rivalry. The immediate object of the act of 1789 was undoubtedly the abolition of this support of the clergy by general taxation. It was intended to divorce the State from the church as a supported organization, but not, however, from Christianity as a religion. The State remained Christian; the duty of toleration which the constitution imposed was a Christian toleration, recognizing and preferring Christianity in general. In all such States non-Christians remained under one form or another of civil disability. "Christianity, general Christianity, is and always has been," said a Pennsylvania court, "a part of the Common Law of Pennsylvania . . . ; not Christianity with an established church and spiritual courts, but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men."

Confusion has arisen from the failure to understand exactly what is meant by the term established church. Only a little reflection is necessary to show that there can be no general definition of it. Rome had a state religion. The emperor was not only its titular head, but was himself regarded as one of the gods. Can we then only speak of a state religion when the head of the state is deified? A theocracy regards church and state as one and indivisible. England, which has an established church peculiar to itself, had worked full Catholic and Jewish emancipation at a time when at least one American State, New Hampshire, still excluded Jews and Catholics from office. If a common characteristic is discoverable at all, it is that an established religion is one which the state recognizes and prefers to all others. It is only the degree and the manner of the support which differ. Thus, properly understood, and remembering that where Christianity is

spoken of, it is Christian Protestantism that is usually meant, it is truly correct to say that Protestantism has always been the established religion of the Republic. It has been recognized and protected by law. In England, Christianity is spoken of as "part and parcel of the Common Law." From the fact that England is understood to have an established church, it might be supposed that this could not be said in America. But the American cases speak no less of Christianity as "part and parcel of the Common Law," and with the same meaning that attaches to the phrase in England. This, of course, doesn't mean that the law enforces the precepts of Christ as such, and that the Sermon on the Mount is the law of the land. In the words of Cooley, "That standard of morality which requires one to love his neighbor as himself we must admit is too elevated for human tribunals." The meaning, then, is not that the doctrines and particular regulations of Christianity are incorporated into the law, but that in the classic words of Storey, "its divine origin and truth is admitted." Christianity is thus recognized by the law as the true religion.

IV

In most of the States, irrespective of the terms of their constitutions, atheists were incompetent to testify until the last decades of the Nineteenth Century. This result was generally reached as at Common Law, and the significant fact is that the legislatures during all the time refused to substitute the affirmation for the oath. It was settled in England as early as 1744 that all witnesses were competent who believed in the existence of a God, even if they did not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. Thus, in England, Brahmins and Chinamen were accepted as good witnesses. But some of the American jurisdictions insisted also on a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. Moreover, American jurisprudence developed in some instances a peculiar auxiliary rule: it

held that an atheist could not recant in order to qualify! The logic was that the first proof made it impossible to swear him in in order to take testimony of his recantation. The worst of these rules was that they not only deprived atheists of important property rights but also set up a peculiar indigenous form of civil heresy trial and inquisition. As for the apparent guarantees of the constitutions, they were easily disposed of. They were intended, explained one court, "to prevent persecution by punishing anyone for his religious opinions, however erroneous they might be. But an atheist is without any religion, true or false. The disbelief in the existence of any God is not a religious but an anti-religious sentiment."

In spite of the constitutions, too, blasphemy was a crime in all the American States, and it was a civil offence to profane Jesus, Mary, the Scriptures or God. In some, the crime existed by express provision of statute, sustained as constitutional. But where no statute existed blasphemy was punished at Common Law upon the precedent of old English blasphemy cases. Thus, in New York, Chancellor Kent in a leading case held that the constitution of the State "did not prohibit the courts or the legislature from regarding the Christian religion as the religion of the people as distinguished from the *false religions of the world*." "The case assumes," he went on, "that the morality of the country is deeply engrafted upon Christianity, and not upon the doctrines or worship of these impostors." He concluded by citing the Roman law which deified the emperor: "Jurisprudentia est divinarum atque humanarum rerum notitia." The New York Constitutional Convention, which met after the decision, expressly approved his view. In peaceful Delaware a tribunal imagined a St. Bartholomew's Eve if blasphemers went unpunished. But while it was held a civil crime to blaspheme against Jesus, the law did not punish blasphemy against Moses, Buddha or Mohammed.

Christian morality triumphed most com-

pletely, perhaps, in the safeguarding of the Christian Sabbath. The Jewish Sabbath seemed to present some difficulty. To prove that it had been abrogated by Christ, there were cited Luther, Calvin, Barclay, Melancthon, Biza, Buer, Zwingli, Cramer, Milton, Knox, Paley, Arnold of Rugby and Archbishop Whatley. "The whole Jewish constitution," said a Pennsylvania court, "was framed for a small and particularly barbarous nation whose tendency was to idolatry. . . . It was not a nation who could convert other nations, and their mission ceased with the birth of our Saviour." "The necessity and value of the Sabbath," said a New York court, "is acknowledged by those not professing Christianity. In December, 1841, in the French Chamber of Deputies, an Israelite expressed his respect for the institution of the Lord's Day, and opposed a change of law which would deprive a class of children of the benefit of it, and in 1844, the Consistory General of the Israelites in Paris decided to transfer the Sabbath of the Jews to Sunday." We thus have illustrated again the sense in which in the Middle Ages the Jews were called "living witnesses" to the truths of Christianity. When a Philadelphia Jew insisted that he must be excused from attending court on Saturday as his constitutional right, he met the indignant reply: "This case would not have been ordered for trial on the Jewish Sabbath. But when a continuance for conscience's sake is claimed as *a matter of right*, the case assumes a different aspect."

Not too much judicial difficulty, either, has been experienced in making the public schools safe for Christians. It is, however, only since the Jews and Catholics have become numerous that the contest over them has begun in earnest. The state of the jurisprudence on the subject is therefore still in flux. In Illinois, it was once held legal to permit the introduction of the King James version of the Bible into the public schools; the latter decisions are the other way, but not without a dissenting opinion that "the State of Illinois is a

Christian State." The Christian sects do not seem to be able to achieve harmony here. Nevertheless, by the great weight of authority the King James Bible is approved in the public schools. It is legal in Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Nebraska and Georgia; beside Illinois, it is illegal in Wisconsin and Louisiana. There is an even finer rift of authority as to devotional exercises, such as the singing of hymns, and the recital of the Lord's Prayer, with its direct invocation of Christ. In 1905, the Kentucky courts upheld the following prayer in the public schools:

Our Father who art in Heaven, we ask Thy aid in our day's work. Be with us in all we do today. Give us wisdom to do and say and strength and patience to teach these children as they should be taught. May teacher and pupil have mutual love and respect. Watch over these children both in the schoolroom and on the playground. Keep them from being hurt in any way; and at last when we come to die, may none of our number be missing around Thy Throne. These things we ask for Christ's sake, Amen.

In 1908, a Texas court said:

To hold that the offering of prayers either by repetition of the Lord's Prayer or otherwise, the singing of songs whether devotional or not, and the reading of the Bible make a place where such is done a place of worship would produce intolerable results. The House of Representatives and the Senate of the State legislature each elect a chaplain, who, during the session offers prayers to Almighty God in behalf of the State, and in the most express manner invokes the supervision and oversight of God for the lawmakers. In the chapel of the State University building a religious service, consisting of singing songs, reading portions of the Bible with prayers and addresses by ministers and others is held each day. The Y. M. C. A. hold their services in that building on the Lord's Day and the Y. W. C. A. has a like service in another public building. At the Blind Institute, on each Lord's Day, prayers are offered, songs are sung, Sunday-school is taught, and addresses made to the children with regard to religious matters. Devout persons visit our prisons and offer prayers for those who are confined. An annual appropriation is made for a chaplain for the penitentiary; in fact, Christianity is so interwoven with the web and the woof of the State government that to sustain the contention . . . would produce a condition bordering on moral anarchy.

Not only have all Christian objects been generally upheld; far more significant is the excessive tone of Protestant apolo-

getics in the opinions. But of late certain cautious courts have tended to apologize for the protection of Christianity on a theory of civil regulation under the police power. We may thus admit that the State for purposes of convenience may appoint a day for general cessation from labor in order that industry may not be disjointed. The choice may fall upon the Christian Sunday. But a purely civil policy would not interfere more than absolutely necessary with the peaceful practices of other religionists, and thus Jews would be permitted to work on Sunday.

In some States, it is true, Jews are actually exempted from the operation of the Sunday laws; but curiously enough the tendency seems to be to be less free with such dispensations. For instance, they were once exempt in Arkansas and New York, but these acts are no more. Human ingenuity, indeed, has exhausted itself in discovering plausible *rationes decidendi*. The learned Tiedeman in his work on the Police Power accounts for the rigors of the Sunday laws as not only a salutary but an indispensable check on that feverish activity which is so marked a condition of American life! In one case, we are told that the precise portion of time indicated in the Decalogue is the time biologically necessary for the proper metabolism of the human body! It is even harder to believe that the punishment of blasphemy is a civil business because the Christian population may rise against the blasphemers and instigate bloody riots.

Even more difficult is it to justify the singing of distinctly Protestant hymns and the recital of the Lord's Prayer, with its direct invocation of Christ. Here, the solution appears to be to excuse those children whose parents object. But this cannot obviate the stigma which attaches to such segregation, and only serves to emphasize the preference of the Protestant sects. Perhaps, the most sophistical method is to tell non-conformists, as in a recent case, that if they suffer hardship it is the fault not of the law, but of their religion!

The optimist may hope that the States are less Christian now than in the past. But unfortunately what we have is still only the old narrow Christian toleration, and it is likely to become even narrower if the rise of the Ku Klux Klan is an indication. We must remember that blasphemy acts are still on the books of many States. It is still a crime in Maryland to "utter profane words of or concerning Our Saviour, Jesus Christ"; in Pennsylvania an act of 1700 is on the books to punish whosoever "speaks loosely or profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit or Scriptures of Truth." In New Hampshire it is a crime "to deny the being of a God." Atheists are still incompetent in law in at least three jurisdictions: Maryland, Arkansas and North Carolina, and in some, too, they are ineligible to public office. In 1922, Massachusetts judges who are required to give advisory constitutional opinions to the legislature, upon such a request delivered this *responsa prudentum*: "There is no constitutional prohibition on appropriations for higher educational societies or undertakings under sectarian or ecclesiastical control," and were evenly divided in opinion as "the appropriation of public money for aiding any church, religious denomination or religious society." Something of the same situation obtains in New Hampshire.

The latest decisions, moreover, are as uncompromising as the old. In 1922, in Georgia, when Jewish parents complained of religious exercises in the public schools of Rome, the highest court of the State overruled their objection, quoting cases decided shortly after the Revolutionary period, and making it clear that not one jot or tittle of them had been overruled. It concluded thus:

The case of a Jew complaining to a court of reading the Bible or instruction in the Christian religion in the public schools raises the question whether the Constitution vests in a Jew, not as a Jew but a taxpayer, a constitutional right to command courts to exclude reading the Bible or

instruction in the Christian religion in the public schools. The answer is that the Constitution does nothing of the kind. The Jew may complain to the court as a taxpayer just exactly when and only when a Christian may complain to the court as a taxpayer, *i.e.*, when the Legislature authorizes such reading of the Bible or such instruction in the Christian religion in the public schools as gives one Christian sect a preference over others.

Full-circle! We are back to Storey and the necessity for maintaining harmony among the sects!

Thus, too, in 1921, a lecturer before the Lithuanian Society of Rumford, Mass., was indicted under the blasphemy act of the State for denying in his lecture the immaculate conception of Christ, the divinity of Jesus, and for maintaining that "all religions are a deception of the people" and "there is not truth in the Bible; it is only monkey business." He was convicted and the statute held constitutional, upon the line of authority originating with Chancellor Kent:

As distinguished from the religion of Confucius, Gautama, Mohammed or even Abram, it may be truly said that, by reason of the number, influence and station of its devotees within our territorial boundaries, the religion of Christ is the prevailing religion of this country and this State. . . . Congress and the State legislature open their sessions with prayer addressed to the God of the Christian religion. . . . Shall we say that any word or deed which would expose the God of the Christian religion or the Holy Scriptures to contempt and ridicule, would be protected by a constitutional religious freedom? We register a most emphatic negative.

In the alarms and excursions about the Tennessee anti-evolution law it has been suggested that the Fourteenth Amendment, by virtue of its due process and equal protection of the law's clauses, has put a limitation upon the extent to which the individual States may favor a particular

religion. But save where such State acts deprive a citizen of property, the probability of upsetting them is not very strong. Certainly, the Fourteenth Amendment was never enacted with such a purpose in view. Although, as we have seen, there are States in which blasphemy acts and the disqualification of atheists obtain, they have never even been thought to violate the Fourteenth Amendment. Since the First Amendment did not limit the States, but only Congress, the fostering of religion has come to be regarded as the exclusive province of the former. This would not only naturally follow from implication, but from the historical situation at the time of the amendment's adoption. While the prohibitions of the other early amendments also in terms professed to curb only the powers of Congress, they also represented what the States considered desirable in themselves; and after thus limiting Congress, they proceeded to limit themselves in the same manner. But no such happy unanimity existed as to the troublous religious question. Because of this historical difference alone, the mere fact that legislation is in aid of religion in general or even one religion in particular serves as a sufficient fulcrum to lift it beyond the purview of the Fourteenth Amendment. With specific reference to the Tennessee law, it is thus, as a matter of constitutional law, extremely dangerous to argue that in favoring Fundamentalism the State of Tennessee has violated the Fourteenth Amendment. For, in such cases, if the affirmative is held, one amendment to the Federal Constitution is overruled by another, and by mere implication—a process of amendment surely unfamiliar to the Fathers,

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Decay of Emotions.—As a man grows older, his emotions steadily decay and, with their decay, his capacity for the fun of the world synchronously grows less and less. Ever a posturer and mountebank, he seeks solace and apology for himself in the philosophy that, as his emotions stale, his mind becomes sharper and clearer and that he thus is able to laugh sardonically at the world's show and what the world, jackass that it is!, believes he is missing. But there never lived a man who in his heart didn't know that the experience and wisdom of age, however blessed with the gift of ironic contemplation, were a poor substitute for certain of the emotions of which age has robbed him. Every time a philosopher over fifty buys himself a new necktie or has his shoes shined, he betrays himself for the quack he is. Wisdom, contrary to our friends, the rev. clergy, doesn't bring happiness. At most, it brings but a pseudo-happiness; it bequeathes to the mind only that happiness which it has stolen from the heart and the body; it converts actuality, with all its pungency, into mere memory and fancy, with all their impotence.

Emotions fade in the case of man just as noise fades in the case of the soldier. The thrilling racket of life's gun-fire gradually makes less and less impression upon his inured tympanum. A starlit sky, a pretty girl, a 100-pound tarpon, a Sousa march, a shooting motor-car, the enchantment of Southern seas, a rough-house at Dutch Sadie's, a tramp through the woods in the rain, a set-to with the bouncer, a new checkered waistcoat, an introduction to Rabelais, a straight flush, the Place de la Concorde in the springtime, another pretty girl, the first thousand dollars, an achieve-

ment in triumphant repartee, around in par, an initiation into the Elks—the original kick inherent in each of such transcendental emotional phenomena diminishes year by year. And with the diminution man's capacity for making an ass of himself, which is to say, man's capacity for enjoying himself, grows weaker and weaker. The moment a man becomes permanently sensible, that moment does biology snicker, quote Daudet, and buy itself a drink at his expense. The moment a man begins to say that he can now see through the emptiness of youth's pleasures, that moment is he himself most transparent.

The Amusements of Homo Sapiens.—Of all living creatures, the human male mammal is the most pitiable in the matter of devising pastimes for himself. The games and diversions that man invents for the pleasure of his leisure hours are of such an unbelievable stupidity and dullness that it is impossible to imagine even the lowest of God's animals and insects indulging in relatively imbecile relaxations. Surely it would take a pretty imagination to conjure up the picture of a donkey sitting up half the night trying to find a rectangular piece of heavy coated paper with red or black spots on it to harmonize with four similar pieces, or of a bedbug going into the dining-room while a dozen other bedbugs in the parlor think up the name of Gutzon Borglum and then returning to the parlor and trying to guess it.

The diversions which man relies upon for the gratification of his spirit are, in point of fact, infinitely more fatuous than those upon which the lower animals rely. When a dog, for example, wishes to dis-

port himself and forget his cares, what does he do? Does he sit in a stuffy room with a number of other dogs and strain his eyes laying out little blocks with Chinese figures on them, the meantime carrying on a conversation about the relative merits of Beluga and Astrakhan caviar and the superiority of Eddie Davis's jazz band to Emil Coleman's, or does he very intelligently curl up in a corner, take a squint at the human idiots, grunt and go into a good, comfortable snooze? Or take a guinea-pig. When a guinea-pig claps his eyes on a lady of his set who moves him strangely, does he put on a boiled shirt and a butterfly tie, sit around with her for six hours in a French restaurant owned by an Italian and run by a Greek, periodically get up and, with her, bump his anatomy against a hundred other anatomies to the tune of a wind instrument with a derby hat hung on the end of it, and then ride around the Park with her in a taxicab without any springs, or—I ask you, gentlemen—does he not?

A horse, in his moments of play, runs around a beautiful green field, eats a bit of delicious, cool, green grass and lies down under the spreading shade of a tree and lets his imagination dwell upon a score of presumably lovely fancies. A man chases a small round hunk of gutta-percha for three miles through a series of mudholes, patches of poison ivy and cow-streams and then, after engaging in some dubious mathematical calculations, guzzles half a pint of henna'd wood alcohol. And so it is with the other merriments of animal and man. When a goat wants diversion, he eats a *New Republic*, plays with some tin cans, and neighs. When a man wants diversion, he reads a *New Republic*, listens to a jazz performer play on the same tin cans, and sings "Dixie."

In Memoriam.—The late William Jennings Bryan goes down into history as the shrewdest and most adept self-advertiser that America has known. The fellow's genius in this respect was awe-inspiring.

The moment one publicity dodge showed signs of petering out, he was ready with another and even better one. Politics, war, theology, science—each provided meat for his sandwich. Even his death was calculated with an eye to the main chance. If he had died on a week-day, he would have got a column on the first pages of the newspapers and the rest of the story would have been buried on the inside. So, astutely aware that Sunday is the dullest news day of the week and that the Monday papers are always hard up for news, he cleverly passed out on the Sabbath, with the result that half of the first pages throughout the country were his.

Every Man Has His Price.—A recent editorial in the *New York Sun* (which, as we go to press, had not yet been consolidated by Frank A. Munsey with the *Police Gazette*) comments on a decision by Superior Judge Lindsay of Illinois, who ordered stricken from the calendar the trial of a man convicted of manslaughter after he had paid the victim's family \$12,500, and goes on to suggest that in the decision, as reported by the Associated Press, lies the possibility of a revival of the old institution known as the wergild. The wergild, which went back to the time of the eminent Babylonian law-maker, Mr. Justice Khammurabi, set, as you know, a price on the life of every man, from king to serf, and was accepted as final by the community. Supposing that the wergild were to come back into style, what would be the market quotations on various Americans at the present time? Risking indelicacy, I venture a number of stock prices. The values, true enough, may conceivably change from day to day, but I consider my share of the job done now that I have formally opened and dedicated the Exchange.

James A. Reed	\$100,000
Henry Ford	\$ 3,200
Babe Ruth	\$ 17,480
James Branch Cabell	\$100,000
Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.	\$ 4.75
Oscar, of the Waldorf	\$ 22,000
Ponzi	\$ 15,000

Jack Dempsey	\$ 40,000
Will Hays	8.25
John D. Rockefeller	\$ 17,500
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.	\$ 750
Fatty Arbuckle	\$ 4,500
Rube Goldberg	\$ 56,000
Calvin Coolidge	\$ 19,000
Alévy, <i>maitre d'hôtel</i> of the Beaux Arts Café	\$ 19,000
General Pershing	\$ 19,000
George Bickel	\$ 20,000
Brander Matthews	\$ 11,265
Frank E. Campbell	\$ 1.00
Florenz Ziegfeld	\$ 64,000
Senator Smoot	\$ 8,000
Houdini	\$ 8,000
Gimbel Brothers	\$ 10.00
George Harvey	\$ 2,300
Bishop Manning	\$ 7.25
Roland Hayes	\$ 35,000
Al Smith	\$ 42,000
Al Jolson	\$ 43,000
Senator Borah	\$ 3,000
Sinclair	\$ 67,000
Doheny	\$ 67,000
Fall	\$ 67,000
Augustus Thomas	\$ 10.00
Eugene O'Neill	\$ 90,000
John S. Sumner	15
Edward P. Mitchell	\$ 75,000
Nicholas Murray Butler	\$ 75,000
Sam Bernard	\$ 32,550
S. Stanwood Menken	\$1.00—10% off for cash
James Weldon Johnson	\$ 48,000
Gillette, the safety-razor man	\$ 36,000
Rear Admiral Fiske	\$ 1,200
Bud Fisher	\$ 47,000
E. W. Howe	\$ 72,000
Lionel Strongfort	\$ 285.40
Charles H. Fletcher	\$ 20,000
William Allen White	\$ 35,000
Bosco	\$ 25,000
Eugene V. Debs	\$ 6,000
Paul Whiteman	\$ 25,000
Senator Heflin	\$ 175.00
Benny Leonard	\$ 18,000
Edwin Arlington Robinson	\$ 3,000
Bernarr McFadden	\$ 2,000
George Creel	\$ 750
Old Dr. Grindle	\$ 72,000
Sinclair Lewis	\$ 73,000
Samuel Goldwyn	\$ 3.25
Henry Fairfield Osborn	\$ 20,000
Oscar W. Underwood	\$ 21,000
Dr. Beeman	\$ 21,000
The Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise	\$ 10.00
Victor Muddock	\$ 2,750
Bozo Snyder	\$ 12,000
Jacob Ruppert	\$ 22,000
Wladeck Zbyszko	\$ 13,000
Louis Brandeis	\$ 2,000
Rudolph Valentino	\$ 2,500
William Randolph Hearst	\$ 75,000
Janssen	\$ 10,000
Jascha Heifetz	\$ 14,000
Elihu Root	\$ 13,000
Albert S. Bursleson	No bid

The Artist and the Republic.—The esteemed and valuable *Nation* has lately been conducting a series by American writers answering, in the light of their personal experiences, the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? From those of the articles which I have read, I deduce that the American writer—Dreiser excepted—concludes that the attempt to free his æsthetic *geist* in the Republic is about as difficult a job as avoiding the itch in a sailors' bed-house. It appears (1) that the literary artist gets no sympathy in the United States; (2) that he meets with actual opposition; (3) that the spirit of the country is against beautiful letters; (4) that the country is possessed solely by thoughts of money and has no soul; (5) that a Puritan attitude toward life makes free artistic functioning impossible; (6) that blue-nosed censorship soon disgusts the sincere and honest craftsman; and so on through 7, 8, 9, 10 and up to 495. The arguments need not be further rehearsed; they are perfectly familiar. And what is in them? After due deliberation, I believe—absolutely nothing.

For all the circumstance that now and then some lodge of smut-smellers descends upon a first-rate, or approximately first-rate, book and makes trouble for its publisher, the fact remains that there is little more moral interference with the literary artist in America than there is, or has been, in many European countries. For one reputable author who has been pounced upon by the moralists, you will find a dozen who are simply dirty boys and who deserve what they get. It is these who let out the loudest yawps on the narrowness and bigotry of the country. The first-rate author generally contents himself with a snicker and perhaps a sardonic *mot* or two, as he knows full well that it will not be long before a higher court will reverse the decision of the indignant magistrate and that, as a result of the publicity he has got, his book, when put on sale again, will earn him an Hispano-Suiza instead of merely a second-hand Saxon. If there is a first-rate

book by an American author that, whether at one time suppressed or not, isn't on public sale today, I do not know its name. The Cabells and Dreisers and Andersons are each and all in the book-dealers' show-windows once again soon after Sumner has enjoyed his fleeting hour of triumph; the Greenwich Village geniuses with their mink heroes and rabbitry heroines are, fortunately, not. And it is the latter who strum ceaselessly the ukeleles of their indignation, let loose rich abuse against the so-called provincialism, hypocrisy and ignorance of the country, and take the steerage for la belle France and two-sous schnapps.

There is no more opposition to the literary artist, and no less appreciation of his talents, in the United States than in any other country. There is always a measure of such opposition; there has always been a measure of such opposition. As a matter of fact, it is this very opposition that has helped the cause of beautiful letters. If the United States were a nation of one hundred million Otto Kahns, each hot to help art with many dollars and more speeches, I daresay the sum of worth-while novels wouldn't be one-third what it is today. Literature is as often the product of challenge and defiance as it is of patronage and pats on the back. "Main Street" is a defiance and a challenge; "Babbitt" is another; "Arrowsmith" is another; "Jurgen" and most of Cabell are others; Dreiser is of defiance all compact; "Winesburg, Ohio," is a defiance. You will find defiance in some of the best of Cather and in some of the best of the early Robert Herrick. Among the younger generation, defiance has produced the only literature that has been worth its bindings: such things as Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," Smits's "Spring Flight" and Harvey Fergusson's "Capitol Hill." The finest poetry produced in America in the last twenty years is from first to last the fruit of opposition

and a defiance of the popular philosophy.

All countries, as I have observed no less than 8,623 times, are in the mass much the same. The literary artist would have just as much to grumble about in England or Germany or France as he has in the United States. Fine literature, like vintage champagne, is for the few, and there are such appreciative spirits in America as there are in any European country. In point of fact, there are more in America than in any European country. No country in the world today has so receptive and hospitable a critical press as the United States. No country buys so many good books. In no country is the first-rate author's financial reward so great. In no country do the Babbitts and butter-and-egg men and their wives send out so many dinner invitations to outstanding men of letters. In no country are the first-rate author's lecture fees so high and do so many stockbrokers and automobile salesmen wish to take a look at him, hear what he has to say and give him a swig out of a private bottle after the show is over.

The truth about the matter is that the literary artist has altogether too soft a time of it in the present-day Republic. If there is no old and established civilization to inspire him in one way, there is a young and hansdoodlish civilization to inspire him in a hundred other ways, for in the young and hansdoodlish there is ever the infinite food of mirth and irony. If now and then some T. Everett Harré gets the moral lid clapped on him and lets out a yell that can be heard for miles around, a score of fellows superior in devious skill get away with murder. Flaubert was prosecuted in France; Goethe could not publish one of his finest pieces of writing in Germany; Swift had a tough time of it in England. In the United States of today, the only literary gents who are experiencing any trouble at all are the Maxwell Bodenheims.

NOTES & Queries

Queries and Answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 49

I would like very much to get a copy of the words of "The Little Black Bull" complete and some suggestion of the tune. An excerpt from it, contributed by Mr. L. W. Beers, appeared in your June Editorial Notes. Like much of the rich masculine army humor, "The Little Black Bull" will probably never appear in a book.

GEO. H. ROGERS, *Chicago*

QUERY NO. 50

Can any one tell me the name of the author of a short poem entitled "In the Interregnum"? I saw it about fifty years ago in a Boston paper taken from an English magazine, and I remember four lines:

We cast about, we mildly doubt,
We compromise with sin;
The old time guides have all gone out,
The new have not come in.

SAMUEL WARBASSE, *Lafayette, N. J.*

QUERY NO. 51

Can any of your readers tell me: (1) how many of the plays of Menander were saved from the Alexandrian fire; (2) what is the age of consent in the State of Delaware; (3) what has become of Pawnee Bill; and

(4) was Mrs. Murphy ever jailed, or even indicted, for criminal carelessness in allowing her cow to kick over the lamp that started the great Chicago fire?

GEORGE W. BACKHOUSE, *Oil City, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 52

Have Mr. Sumner and the other gentlemen of dirty book fame ever realized what a rich field for their noble work there is in the Baptist and Methodist hymns? This question came to my mind a few Sundays ago when I attended the evening services at Dr. Straton's church. While the congregation was raising its voice to God, I read carefully the words of several of the hymns and was shocked to see what very improper thoughts were entertained by the writers of these hymns. One hymn, in particular, sticks in my mind; it is entitled, "There is Power in the Blood," and is as suggestive as anything I have read for many months.

SON OF A BAPTIST MINISTER,
Albany, N. Y.

QUERY NO. 53

What is the physiological fact underlying the popular notion that fat men are almost worthless amorists? Or is it just imaginary? While Byron's etching of Don Juan is that of a lithe, sensitive fellow, Jacques Casanova's best bedside weight was 180 pounds or more, according to Le Gras. And what of other stoutish, rampant Romeos, such as Tristan, Sir Philip Sydney, M. Balzac and Edward VII?

BELLAMY ROSENFELD, *New York*

QUERY NO. 54

I have read so many glowing references to William Marion Reedy that I would

like to know if there are any biographies of him and if his writings are preserved in book form.

P. L. WHITE, *Des Moines, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 55

Forty or fifty years ago I had a newspaper copy of a poem. I think it was entitled "The Weed," and that its author was Will Carleton. The theme of the poem was an harangue by a weed growing near a fine flower garden, the weed vilifying all of the flowers, thus: "You fiery-faced carnation, you dahlia swell," etc. In one portion it was averred by the weed: "In open air, on common ground I gets my bit and sup," and in another place: "I take no drink out of a watering pot." While the weed is thus abusing the flowers, the gardener comes along and chops down the weed.

I will donate to some unenlightened person a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY if someone will tell me who the author of this poem is and where I can get it.

HENRY C. HAMMOND, *Augusta, Ga.*

QUERY NO. 56

I am at work on a book dealing with the amusements and friendships of Great Americans, and would be grateful for information on this topic. I have recently been told that nothing brings so much joy to President Lowell of Harvard as the company of his little pekinese dog, and that a certain professor of the philosophical faculty of the same institution of Higher Learning always takes his favorite cat to bed with him. There is a professor of sacred theology in Boston University who never misses a Charlie Chaplin film in that city, and I have heard that a member of the United States Supreme Court is a devotee of Sabatini and Blasco Ibañez.

STEPAN ILYA KOUPRENOFF,
Butte, Montana

QUERY NO. 57

Can someone give me the name of the author of the following lines and also the poem complete?

Just keep your heart a-beatin' warm,
Be kind to every feller;
Look for the rainbow in the storm,
But carry your umbrella.

OLIVER ORR, *Bryson City, N. C.*

QUERY NO. 58

Inquisitive Southern children used to be rebuked by their Negro mammies with the saying, "Larrows catch meddlers." The first word variously occurs as "ledlows," "layovers," and "larovers." Has anyone noticed any other variants? Does the saying occur in literature? What is its meaning and origin, and is it, as some think, confined to Virginia?

B. M. P., *Virginia*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

Here are two short poems for R. L. O'F. from the New England Primer:

Xerxes did die
And so must I.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

BENITA HARRISON KRELL,
Hoopeston, Ill.

S. T. D., who attributes

Man's a vapor
Full of woes.
Starts a paper
Up he goes.

to Col. Henry Watterson, is mistaken. This bit of more truth than poetry was written by Washington McLean, founder of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, father of John R. McLean, and grandfather of Edward B.

McLean, the last employer of Col. George Harvey.

DON C. SBITZ, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 13

The following, taken from an edition of the Bible published by the International Bible Agency, may shed light on Mr. Tighe's query:

From Josephus (*Antiq.*, xvii., 8, 1; Wars, i., 33, 8) we learn that Herod died in the thirty-seventh year of his reign. Now Herod was made king in the consulship of Cn. Domitius Calvinus and C. Asinius Pollio, *i.e.*, B. C. 40 (714 A. U. C.). Most writers have supposed that the year is reckoned by Josephus from the month Nisan; moreover, we may conclude from Josephus (*Antiq.*, xvii., 9, 3) that Herod died at the beginning of the thirty-seventh year, or immediately before Passover. Consequently we must add thirty-six years to 714 A. U. C. Hence we get 750 A. U. C.—B. C. 4—as the date of Herod's death, and since this took place subsequent to the birth of Jesus, B. C. 4 is the latest possible date that can be assigned to the birth of our Lord. (See Wieseler's "Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels," sec. 1., chap. 2.)

Thus our Christian era is really calculated from a wrong starting-point. This was derived from the defective chronology of Dioysius Exiguus (Sixth Century) who made the year of our Lord's nativity, or A. D. 1, correspond to 754 A. U. C.

The following is from Webster's International Dictionary, page 393:

The Christian era was intended to commence with the birth of Christ. As now established it was first used by Dioysius Exiguus (d. 540). He placed the birth of Christ on the 25th of December in the year of Rome 754, which year was counted as 1 A. D. This year is now generally thought to be about four years too late. Christ is therefore supposed to have been born in the fourth year B. C.

J. PAUL MILLER, *San Francisco*

ANSWER NO. 16

I believe the following are the correct words of the once-popular song, "Everybody Works But Father":

I

Every morning at six o'clock I go to my work;
Overcoat buttoned up 'round my neck, no job
would I shirk,

Winter wind blows 'round my head, cutting up
my face,
I tell you what, I'd like to have my dear old
father's place.

Chorus

Everybody works but father
And he sits around all day,
Feet in front of the fire
Smoking his pipe of clay;
Mother takes in washing,
So does Sister Ann,
Everybody works at our house
But my old man.

II

A man named Work moved into town and
father heard the news,
With Work so near my father started shaking
in his shoes,
When Mister Work walked by my house, he
saw with great surprise,
My father sitting in his chair with blinders on
his eyes.

III

At beating carpets father said he simply was
immense,
We took the parlor carpet out and hung it on
the fence,
My mother said, "Now beat it, dear, with all
your might and main,"
And father beat it right back to the fireside
again.

The song was used by Lew Dockstader, when he had his minstrel company. Both words and music were written by Jean Havez, who later deserted song writing for the penning of movie sub-titles. The date of publication was 1905, and the publishers were the Helf and Hager Co., Inc., who were in the heart of the "Tin Pan Alley" of that day, West Twenty-eighth street. This firm has been out of business for some time and its catalogue has been acquired by, I think, Maurice Richmond, a music jobber in New York.

GORDON WHYTE, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 17

In 1910 Senator Borah informed me that he is of Pennsylvania-German descent, but that he is not sure of the original form of his name. A pioneer of Grant county, Wisconsin, of the same name, claimed to

be of German parentage. Perhaps the name was once also spelt Brua, the patronymic of the wife of Senator Simon Cameron, an early Republican leader of Pennsylvania. Neither form is included in Stapleton's "Huguenot Names of Pennsylvania."

J. H. A. LACHER, *Waukesha, Wis.*

ANSWER NO. 18

The Teddy bear has no such romantic origin as Mr. Donald O'Keefe suggests. It was named for its designer, a certain Theodore (Teddy) Baer, manufacturer of lingerie in New York. At least, I recall reading an article to this effect in a newspaper at the time of the death of Mr. Baer.

KATE GAITHER CHARBULAK, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 19

In England the accent is placed on the first syllable of Bernard, Shaw's middle name.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

ANSWER NO. 22

While the amount of white space at the base of the finger-nails has probably neither physiological nor fatalistic significance, there is probably some basis of fact in the assumption that those with little or no white space have little or no physical courage. In the Civil War it was first observed that deserters and those who bought substitutes either bit their finger-nails or had finger-nails whose cuticles grew far down over the nail, thus covering the white space. In the last war, both in the German and Austrian armies, no man was put into trench service whose finger-nails were bitten or whose nails did not pronouncedly show some white space. Artists, it has been said, rarely have large, shield-like finger-nails—the kind that are copiously whited—because artists are cowards, shrinking from the realities and harshness of life, whereas brave souls such as mail-truck drivers, firemen, turnstile keepers at ball parks and skyscraper-win-

dow-cleaners reveal the gross courage of their natures clear to the finger-tips. The theory could be extended further if someone had the time to examine the difference—there must be a difference—between the finger-nails of, say, a policeman and a letter-carrier, or a brass-band leader and a symphony conductor, or a motorman and a conductor, or a bartender and a soda slinger, or a butcher and a butter-and-egg man, or a plumber and a piano-tuner, or a Baptist and a Unitarian.

SVEN HARDEN, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

ANSWER NO. 24

"Murder is considered less immoral than fornication, in literature" (when the reader is a Puritan), because murder, properly understood, gives pleasure only to one of the two individuals involved, while fornication is agreeable to both individuals who are parties thereto—except, I believe, in New England and in the State of Arkansas.

MORAL EXPERT,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

ANSWER NO. 27

"The Faun" is by Paul Dardé, and was said in 1919 to have been bought by the French government and erected in the park which lies between the Trocadero and the Seine. Friends who have looked for it, however, say they could not find it there. I saw photographs of it at the time in *Vanity Fair*, *Current Opinion* and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

MORRIS COLMAN, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 30

New Englander is taking Prohibition too seriously. Why think of the penalty under the Volstead Act for taking a bottle of wine to a friend in a hospital? Why even consider getting a permit? Who's going to stop you? Don't be so damned conscious of your kindness. Or if you have a conscience consult it along different lines.

First, is it pre-Prohibition stuff? If it is, why give it to a sick person? What's the idea of wasting good wine for spoon-feeding? If the patient is only slightly sick, he'll probably get better; and if he's seriously sick, there's enough stuff in a drug-store to pull him through without you giving him wine. Another thing: suppose you do give him wine and he drinks it. What's the result? He'll take on an appetite that will only emphasize the rottenness of hospital chow. So where's the kindness in that? Let him irrigate his meals with ice water. That'll kill any appetite. In the patient's case it will be a rest for his internal chemistry, and hence do him good. And if it's bootleg wine, then you ought to be ashamed of yourself for wanting to bring to a poor, helpless friend, probably dying on his back, such poison.

GEORGE W. HAUS, *Reading, Pa.*

ANSWER NO. 31

Regarding the origin of "John Brown's Body," Dr. William E. Barton in his newly published *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Vol. II, p. 297) makes the following statement:

Early in the war the soldiers had caught up a Negro camp-meeting melody to which they fitted words of their own: "John Brown's body" etc.

P. M. A., *Springfield, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 32

One book on sex! Ridiculous! There is not *one* book in all of the sexological literature which fully covers the subject. *One* book can do more harm than all the street knowledge a boy of fourteen may acquire, for at such an age his ideas of sex may be definitely molded by only one version of the subject. Be fair with him! Let him read as much as you have on the subject. I would consider unabridged editions of Casanova's *Memoirs* and "The Thousand

and One Nights" as an excellent nucleus for his education.

A "WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN
SHOULD KNOW" VICTIM,
New York

ANSWER NO. 33

The Catholic Church does not object to cremation on the ground that it would involve Resurrection difficulties. The decree of May 19, 1886, which ruled against cremation, does not mention the Resurrection. The reason for the action apparently was fear lest the minds of the faithful may lose by degrees the old esteem and reverence for the ancient Christian usage of burying the bodies of the faithful—a usage hallowed by the solemn rites of the Church.

The Manual of the Church, commenting upon this decree, says:

There is nothing intrinsically wrong in burning the bodies of the dead. The practice might become necessary at times of excessive mortality or of danger to the living, e.g., after a battle or during a plague. But in ordinary times cremation disturbs the pious sentiments of the faithful; it is not in keeping with the beautiful rites of Christian burial; and it has been introduced by enemies of the Church for the purpose of shutting her out from one of her most touching functions.

P. L. W., *Des Moines, Iowa*

ANSWER NO. 34

Yes, I am alive. I live in Chicago and like it. I am fond of the memory of my book of 1902, and any reference to it gives me a little thrill. I don't quite know what has become of me, but I believe I've changed remarkably little since I wrote that bit of revelation. I'm in these times more of a human being than a writer, but if I should feel again that I have something in me worth writing I'll doubtless write it. So voilà. I have my thrill, and Lawrence J. Grant has his answer. And that's that.

MARY MACLANE, *Chicago*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WHENEVER a critic, native or foreign, wishes to take a crack at American drama, he adjusts the monocle of the punctilio to his eye, squints through it in the manner of some unimpeachable *arbiter elegantiarum* and delivers himself—in a voice indicative of outraged gentility—of a treatise on bad manners. It would seem that the American drama, unlike that indigenous to other countries, is entirely ignorant of *bien-séance* and etiquette and that when a playwright dares to bring it off the streets into a drawing-room it disconcertingly conducts itself very like a mutt dog. The American drama, we are told, may know how to comport itself in a police court, a Harlem flat or a waterfront dive, but the moment it aspires to an environment of somewhat nicer aspect it, like the mutt, shows clearly its inferior breeding and unaccustomedness to the dictates and usages of polite society and parlor rugs.

This attitude, I have the honor to believe, is for the most part buncombe. While it is unquestionably true that the American drama is a vulgar drama and one wherein bad manners are paraded proudly and gaudily before the city and out-of-town buyers like so many mannequins, and while it is further equally true that the drama of certain other countries appears superficially to have a suavity and polish that the American drama lacks, it still seems to me that, in the broadest sense, the American drama is essentially no more burdened with bad manners than the English, French or German. Every now and again, of course, we get American confections in which, as in Miss Jane Cowl's "Day-break," the male guests in a town house come down to breakfast in white flannels and carrying tennis rackets, in which, as

in "Eve's Leaves," gentlemen make formal calls at half past eight in the morning, or in which, as in Mr. Shipman's "Cheaper to Marry," male dinner guests pass among the ladies tonily flicking their trousers' sides with gloves and their boots with walking sticks, but one can no more fairly appraise American drama by such occasional lapses and trivialities than one can appraise, say, Tintoretto's "Miracle of the Slave" by its fly-specks. The American drama is just as often deliberately as it is unconsciously loutish. The notion that Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson didn't knowingly load their "Man from Home" with bad manners, appreciating the box-office value of the latter, is just as untenable as the notion that the authors of one of last season's biggest successes intentionally made their butler suggest a Bronx cocktail to a lady visitor and caused their hero to spend the night at a fashionable New York club that doesn't happen to have any sleeping quarters. If we have a body of playwrights to whom good manners mean chiefly and consist chiefly in nonchalant and very airy allusions to polo, the Ritz hotel and other such *haut ton* delicatessen, the said allusions being customarily placed in the mouths of characters who wear dinner jackets with loop fasteners and who bump champagne glasses with the ladies, if, as I say, we have a corps of such absurd fellows, we have also a body whose work, while it may not be much in the way of drama, is certainly as circumspect in the matter of manners as that of any foreign national group. And what is more, the group in America is quite as large in point of numbers as any of the overseas groups. The American drama, taking it as a whole, is at this moment no more vulgar than that of England, and

it is less vulgar, by long odds, than that of France or Germany.

All the arguments over the vulgarity of the American drama are either ridiculous or empty, or both. Drama, as a matter of fact, lies in bad manners. If anyone can point out to me a single one of the undisputed masterpieces of drama that isn't as full of bad manners as a Pittsburgh stogie is of burlap, I shall reward him with pearls and rubies beyond price. Good manners produce agreeable but trivial comedies, vehicles for actor-manager tailor's dummies and vintage comédiennes with lifted faces; bad manners produce the "Lysistratas," the "Hamlets" and the "Caesar and Cleopatras." It is next to impossible, indeed, to imagine a thoroughly interesting and meritorious play in which there would be no deviation from the punctilio. In a smashing of the punctilio lies the conflict essential to drama. In every good play there must obviously be a villain of one form or another. That villain may be a sinister Italiano with waxed moustachios or perhaps merely an unpopular bit of philosophy. But whatever he or it is, you will generally find that the symbol is one of bad manners, or at least what the public holds to be bad manners.

Good manners, in the sound as opposed to the superficial sense of the phrase, have seldom made a dollar at the box-office, either in America or in any other country. The kings and queens and the dukes and duchesses of Shakespeare, the lacey beaux and furbelowed ladies of Congreve, the bachelor elegants of the Edwardian stage and the over-butlered puppets of Twentieth Century drawing-room comedy have the most of them revealed a bit of pig-sty mud on the soles of their otherwise immaculate boots. The bearing has been regal, the bow lordly, the cigarette-holder fourteen inches long, but the mind has eaten with its knife. The trick of effective polite drama, indeed, is to make your characters act good manners and think bad ones. That was the trick of the Restoration dramatists; that was the trick borrowed

by Wilde; that is the trick today of the best of the Europeans. But as the mob always estimates manners in terms of outward show, the essentially vulgar drama has been praised for its adherence to the punctilio and the essentially well-mannered drama condemned for its vulgarity.

Our colonials, the English,—speaking theatrically—have been leading propagandists against the vulgarity of the American drama. So shrewdly have they gone about their business that they have converted all the American critics to their point of view. Yet even a fugitive study of English drama in the last forty years or so makes immediately obvious the fact that the English drama is, if anything, actually and infinitely the more vulgar of the two. In the matter of manners—and I dare use the word even in its popular sense—there is no American playwright, including the M. Samuel Shipman himself, who is one-half so ill-mannered as Shaw, for example. Or take Pinero, who is regularly held up as a criterion of dramatic good manners. Take a close look at Pinero and you will find that he is every bit as vulgar as the English and their local apes accuse George M. Cohan of being. Mr. Cohan has, true enough, not been averse to having his heroes take running slides across ball-room floors, bring up against their hostesses and clap them a whack upon their décolleté backs, but if Mr. Cohan has ever written a play as consistently and unremittingly vulgar as Pinero has in the instance of "Tanqueray," wherein, in the very first ten minutes, a guest pointedly reminds his well-to-do host of his early poverty, wherein the dinner guests comment on the quality of the food, wherein the hero deprecates the woman he is to marry, wherein the host turns his back to his guests and, oblivious of their presence, proceeds to get off his day's correspondence, wherein his guests thereupon proceed to *sotto voce* innuendos about his wife-to-be, wherein the butler enters the dining-room and loudly announces a guest who has arrived for dinner after dinner is over,

wherein the host sourly berates the late-comer for his tardiness, wherein a gentleman describes the wife of a friend as a common prostitute and is thereupon vouchsafed a bravo by another friend of the same friend, and wherein a guest, the moment his host leaves the room, alludes to the latter's dead wife as a sexless iceberg and to his daughter as an insensible little brat—if, to repeat, Mr. Cohan has ever written such a play, its name is unknown to me. Nor do I single out "Tanqueray" especially. Pinero's napkin has been tucked under his chin in any number of his other works. And so have the napkins of Jones, Chambers, Carton, Grundy and most of the rest of them. Today, Maugham, Bennett, Lonsdale, Turner and the rest of the clever Englishmen wisely revel in bad manners, while our American playwrights idiotically strain themselves to keep close to the genteel coast of decorum. Good manners, the English playwright knows,—even if he does not admit it when an American playwright is present—, are things for dramatic critics to expatiate on; bad manners are things for good dramatists to fashion interesting dramatic characters on.

Aside from the petty question of fashionable etiquette with its rules and regulations for the stenciling of human beings, we hear also and constantly of the question of thematic etiquette. The American drama, we are told, is as vulgar in its themes as it is in its character manipulation of them. If we were to believe the English critics and their American lapdogs, we would be persuaded that the American drama consists entirely of spectacles wherein bounders triumph over gentlemen, wherein pants makers are eulogized over artists and wherein the happiest of all endings is one in which the Chicago millionaire's daughter turns down the Grand Duke and marries an ex-newsboy. Such spectacles, we are led to infer, are peculiar to America alone. The implication is that drama of this species is as definitely American as crooked baseball

and that it is unthinkable in any other country. These other countries, pursues the implication, are culturally above such low stuff and are therefore represented only by drama more or less exalted in theme and dignified in treatment. All of which constitutes a second round of critical buncombe. If the American drama every once in a while gives us an exhibition that shows its author to be, in the matter of viewpoint, taste and manners, apparently on a level with a fish merchant or newspaper society reporter, the drama of England and the Continent presents us with similar dishes quite as often. For every American play that thematically exalts impertinence and decries civility, there is an English, German or French play that does the same thing. That these other plays are sometimes better written should not obscure the single point at issue, to wit, the matter of intrinsic thematic nature. Thus, if a play like "Is Zat So?", in which a prize-fighter and his manager invade a home on the Avenue, conduct themselves like longshoremen and are held up as God's noblemen, is to be accepted as typical of American drama, there is no reason that I can see why an equally vulgar play like Zangwill's "We Moderns" should not be accepted as typical of English drama, or equally vulgar plays like Dregely's "The Well-Fitting Dress Coat," Bischitsky's "His Excellency Max," and Basset's "My Friend, the Assassin," as typical, respectively, of Hungarian, German and French.

Such generalizations are, of course, nonsensical. There is, true enough, much thematic vulgarity in American drama, but there is also an equal share of thematic vulgarity in the drama of England and the Continent. What deceives the critics, it seems to me, is the nature of the characters through which this vulgarity is expounded. These critics assume that because the hero of a vulgar American play is, say, a shipping clerk and the hero of a vulgar European play, let us say, a painter, the latter play is therefore the less vulgar of the two.

They are deluded by the labels. What the British and European criticisms of some such play as a George M. Cohan comedy are like, we know. But I should like to see the criticisms if Mr. Cohan, without changing a line of the dialogue or altering a single scene, were to print a line in the cast of characters after Kid Burns's name specifying that he was related to the Duke of Manchester or one after Hit-the-Trail Holliday's saying that he was a graduate of the University of Leipzig and an admirer of the judicial philosophy of Johann Gottlieb Heineccius.

If I seem to argue from merely so-called popular plays as opposed to drama of a higher level, it is because the alien critics themselves always argue from such plays. When they estimate American drama, they conveniently leave out almost all that is worthy in that drama and consider only such popular plays as will best support their contentions. The popular drama of any country is a vulgar drama because vulgarity and popularity are synonymous. But one can no more judge a nation's drama by its popular plays than one can judge a nation's literature by its best sellers. To those English critics who believe the opposite, it may be suggested—one fears somewhat ironically—that the most popular of all London plays in the last year has been the vulgar "It Pays to Advertise" which, incidentally, was written by an American.

II

Nevertheless, if a foreigner were to make the round of the New York theatres in these early weeks of the season, he would conclude, and not without a measure of reason, that the American drama must be written very largely by bootblacks. He would see plays in which a bumptious clerk makes his way into a country club, talks familiarly with ladies he has never met, makes mock of the club members, gets into a fist fight with one of the latter and then insults a young woman who has been especially courteous to him. He would

see plays in which a woman plots with her husband to ruin the reputation of a young girl who is visiting their daughter in their own home and in which the woman is held up as a symbol of nobility and virtue. He would see plays in which a woman talks incessantly of her gall-stones, plays in which a hostess remains away from her own dinner table in order to patch up difficulties with her husband, who deserts the dinner table with her, and plays in which a lady, meeting an old friend after a lapse of twenty years, hints at once for a loan. He would see plays, in short, that do not deliberately toy with good manners by way of having a bit of dramatic sport, but plays whose authors are apparently as unacquainted with good manners, or at least passable manners, as so many plumbers or Armenians. I say apparently, because a critic can estimate a playwright only by the play he writes; whether the playwright takes his shoes off or keeps them on when he eats his dinner is something the critic cannot know and has no business of knowing.

The title of the play dealing with the social exploits of the bumptious clerk is "Spring Fever"; its author, Vincent Lawrence. In the case of this playwright, however, a memory of past performances persuades one that his present exhibit has been monkeyed with to such a degree that it does not fairly represent him. In "The Ghost Between," "In Love with Love" and "Two Married Men," the last named in particular, he has shown a decided flair for polite comedy. "Two Married Men," as I observed at the time, contains some of the best high comedy writing to the credit of an American dramatist. "Spring Fever," on the other hand, is Broadway trade-goods, brash, vulgar and cheap. What the piece was like in its original form, I have no means of knowing. But as it is currently revealed, it is no more like the Lawrence of the earlier comedies than "As You Like It" is like Charles Rann Kennedy. The producer of the play is Mr. A. H. Woods. I have once before

noted that Mr. Woods does not hold to the opinion that plays aren't written but rewritten; he holds to the opinion that plays aren't written but refurnished. No matter what the scene is in the original version of a play, Mr. Woods forthwith takes out all the furniture and moves in a bed. Thus we find the last act of Mr. Lawrence's play transformed from whatever it originally was into a bedroom, though there was no more legitimate reason for making it a bedroom than there would be for converting the golf-links of his first act into a Baltimore lunch. It is Mr. Woods's theory, however, that the surest way to get audiences into a theatre is to fit up the stage with a five-thousand dollar bedroom set and incorporate in it a ten-cent dramatization of the old some-say-she-do-and-some-say-she-don't smoking-car story. And Mr. Woods may be right. But whether he is right or not, his latest version of the smoke-room story impresses one as being joined to the rest of Lawrence's play with a ton of cement. It makes ridiculous a play already ridiculous without being funny. George M. Cohan once rewrote a play by Lawrence called "Two Fellows and a Girl" and made it an amusing Cohan comedy. Lawrence has tried to rewrite his "Spring Fever" as Cohan might have rewritten it and has made a botch.

The title of the play dealing with the virtuous wife who plots against a young girl's reputation is "It All Depends"; its author, Kate McLaurin. What we engage here is still another whanging at the younger generation theme, already fried to death by half a hundred playwrights. La McLaurin plods heavily along in the old furrows. Her drama is hollow stuff and her attempts at comedy are pathetic. All the venerable rigmarole is close to her heart. We are thus made privy once again to the spectacle of a couple of cigarette-smoking, flask-sucking, yellowback-reading flappers in negligée who sit up in twin beds and discuss love and sex in what is intended to be a politely shocking manner but in what is actually the manner of a

couple of sedate old maids, the spectacle of a woman opening a door leading into a room where a man and a girl are, falling back with an exclamation of horror and a facial expression suggestive of the beholding of an act of adultery, and subsequently revealing that all she beheld was a small hug, and the spectacle of a leading-man playing the rôle of a novelist immersed in a book that must be finished without delay who comes out of his work-room every now and then with a doggy new suit on.

The title of the clambake concerning the hostess and her husband is "Something to Brag About"; its authors, the MM. Selwyn and Le Baron. It is not worth criticism. The title of the one concerning the lady who hints for financial help is "A Lucky Break"; its author, Zelda Sears. It, similarly, is not worth criticism. But the play about the woman with gall-stones deserves a few words. Its title, "The Family Upstairs"; its author, Harry Delf, a vaudeville hooper. In the matter of homely reporting, Delf's play has considerable to recommend it. But his talent for playwriting is not, unfortunately, up to the mark of his reportorial skill, and as a result his exhibit rapidly becomes monotonous. He aims to show us the daily life and ambitions of a lowly Morningside Heights family, the head of which is a car-barn employé. Some of the detail is first-rate; some touches of characterization are excellent; but the materials have been so crudely assembled and filtered through so halting and restricted an imagination that the play itself fails to flow. It gives one the feeling of jumping from detail to detail across stretches of arid waste; there is no orchestration of the play's component parts. The price is dulness. Yet, as I have said, some of Delf's observation and, most certainly, his reminiscence of detail, are eminently commendable. In this particular regard, his play is a better piece of work than, say, "The Show-Off." Two performances stand out. Miss Clare Woodbury's mother is a shrewdly handled performance of an aptly reported rôle, and

Miss Ruth Nugent, in the rôle of the daughter whom the family are set on marrying off as quickly as possible, is admirable.

In "The Mud Turtle," by Elliott Lester, I can see nothing, a feat in which I appear to have no strong competition from my colleagues. Mr. Lester has chosen the time-honored theme of the iron-willed and obdurate parent who is gradually reduced to humility by the object of his wrath, a theme favorite of our great-grandfathers and familiar to more recent generations from Steele Mackaye's "Hazel Kirke" to Githa Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son." The present playwright has brought to the theme only a crude sense of melodrama. His insight into character is negligible; his dialogue is that of stock company actors rather than of human beings; his dramatic devices are out of the theatrical pigeon-holes. In addition, he resorts to the usual cheap bag of tricks to do business at the box-office: the vociferous stigmatization of the heroine with a word that is not customarily employed in polite society, the scene in which a lascivious fellow demands the heroine's body as the price of his services in her behalf, *u.s.w.* The characters include such stencils as the child who clings lovingly to the heroine's skirts when the latter is sorely beset by the other members of the family, the old sailor who periodically stops stock still, sniffs the air and mutters symbolically about an approaching storm, the patient, plodding wife who stoically suffers her husband's brutal turpitude with a brave, sad smile, and the hard old farmer to whom crops are everything and to be set above his womenfolk's happiness.

Miss Helen MacKellar is the leading woman. Like many another of our younger actresses, this performer appears to believe that the best way to get a rôle over, as the phrase is, is to go at it from the very beginning with full steam up and not to let down until the show is over. As a result, she completely exhausts her auditors by

half past nine o'clock and thereafter provides them with the sole diversion of speculating on the remarkable strength of the human blood vessels. The technic of reticence is unknown to this particular actress, as it is unknown to a number of her sisters. She shouts where a whisper would work wonders; she makes a fist where drooping fingers would be thrice as dramatic; she is intense where perfect calm would register the point with a doubled effectiveness. She acts out, as Joe Weber used to say. The good actress acts in.

III

"Oh, Mama!" and "The Kiss in a Taxi," by Verneuil and Hennequin and Veber respectively, are mildly humorous boulevard affairs considerably sterilized by American actors whose idea of French characterization consists in throwing a two-fingered kiss into the air to express ecstatic admiration, in expensive dressing gowns and in entering drawing-rooms with their top hats and gloves on. And by American actresses who believe that the only way to depict Frenchwomen is to spend several thousands of dollars on Paris gowns, put them on and then spend the evening pacing rapidly back and forth and up and down the stage as if the play were designed solely as a means to relieve cramps in their legs. "The Enchanted April" is a dramatization of Elizabeth's popular novel of the same name. What we find here is a measure of witty dialogue that struggles to sustain a feeble play. The author's cultivated point of view is, however, an ingratiating asset in a theatrical day when the majority of playwrights seem to look at life much as a Cook's tourist looks at dirty French postcards or as the vendor of the postcards looks on the Cook's tourist. The acting of the veteran Miss Alison Skipworth should be an object lesson to many young women who presently consider themselves actresses on the sole ground that they are greater aphrodisiacs than Mrs. Fiske.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Gland School

THE CRYSTAL CUP, by Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THIS work greatly resembles, in theme and style, "The Love Complex," by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, which I had the honor of reviewing in these columns last month. Mrs. Atherton and Dr. Dixon, indeed, have many qualities in common, both as artists and as Americans. For one thing, they are both eloquent advocates of the Nordic hegemony, and view the rise of Mediterranean, Alpine and Asiatic writers among us with profound regret. For another thing, they are both diligent students of the New Physiology, and find the primary springs of human character in the ductless glands, especially those of a private nature. Now they write two novels that are as alike, at bottom, as the peas of fable. In each the heroine is a lady who has something the matter with the "interstitial cells adjacent to the Graafian follicles." In each the grand scene shows her resisting, by force of arms, her husband's effort to exercise what, before August 26, 1920, were known as his marital rights. In each she succumbs eventually to a surgeon with a taste for discussing endocrinology. And in each all the old hocus-pocus of romance is thrown overboard, and the transactions dealt with are depicted in terms of scientific austerity. Both go far beyond Freud. There are no complexes in them. There are only hyper- or hypoemias of the glands, especially, as I have said, those of a delicate and secret character.

When we first encounter Gita Carteret her grandmother, old Mrs. Carteret, is dying. The Carterets are of the ancient Atlantic City, N. J., *noblesse*—the *Stammvater* built the first hotel there—, and the

scene is Carteret Manor, on the mainland behind the heraldic Heinz pickle signs. Gita, so far, has had a sad life. Her father, Gerald, had the Carteret, or Hapsburg, taint in his blood. He drank to excess and showed the familiar noble taste for low companions. Many a time, when he filled the house with them, their roistering drove Gita's mother to the upper story. There, no doubt hiding under the bed, little Gita acquired at one stroke a vast hatred of men and a vast yearning to be one. The thought of being kissed, pawed, petted, necked, nay, even so much as touched by a man has by now become loathsome to her. So she has her hair shingled, buys heavy shoes, and cultivates a flat, boyish bosom.

"I can't make out," says her dying grandmother, "whether you hate men or women more, and you won't give any reason."

"I don't hate women," replies Gita. "I only resent being one. If you had been my old grandfather [the Duke of Atlantic City] I'd have starved in the streets before I'd have come here."

"It is a wonder, with your remarkable freedom of speech, you don't say you would have gone on the streets."

"Oh, never! I'd have died a thousand deaths first. Not because I've been too good for it, but because—well, I'd have killed the first man that touched me."

The old lady dies unconvinced, but it soon appears that Gita is in earnest. Her purely psychological distaste for men has become transformed, it appears, into a downright physiological incapacity for suffering them. Something has happened to her glands. She is what used to be called a cold woman—or, as her friends, Polly Pleyden and Elsie Pelham put it, using the modern terminology, she is asexual.

Worse, she doesn't want to be cured. There are specialists in Vienna who can manage such cases, as readers of Mrs. Atherton's previous scientific work, "Black Oxen," are aware. But Gita prefers to live in the ancient manor-house of the Carterets untreated and alone, with the mouldering antimacassars, Brussels carpets and embalmed cattails of the race about her, and attended only by a venerable serving-man, Topper, and four or five continent maids.

However, this flight from the immemorial destiny of woman is not a success. Polly Pleyden soon breezes in to rescue her from her pathological self, and Elsie Pelham undertakes to introduce her to the Atlantic City gentry. And then she meets Eustace Bylant, a second cousin of Polly's mother. Eustace is a successful novelist of the sort we used to meet in the romantic novels of 1890. He is tall, *distingué*, and wears a pointed beard. He goes everywhere and knows everyone worth knowing. When he enters the Algonquin Hotel there is a craning of bucolic necks; at home in Albany, N. Y., he is a member of the *Ur-Adel*. Gita, despite her glands, is flustered by him, but it is only as "a sympathetic and instructive mind" that she permits herself to admire him. "As a man" he is "non-existent." Nevertheless, this non-existent man is quickly smitten, and essays to press his suit. "Don't you realize," he argues, "that woman's one chance of authentic happiness lies in love and mating?" Gita waves him off. "Love," she says, "is nothing but a cherished superstition."

"Oh, no, it is not!" replies Eustace. "It's the deepest and most inalienable of human instincts."

"Instinct," says Gita, "is nothing but memory."

"Possibly. We'll call it by another term. Imperative impulse. And the sex-impulse has its birth in the generative cells. It has nothing to do with tradition."

So they go on, matching the new ideas against the old in airy persiflage. Bylant,

as a professional novelist, is naturally privy to every secret of the female mind, but Gita, in the long run, proves too much for him. He can't shake her icy cynicism. "Men," she says finally, "are divided into three classes: beasts, fools and intellectuals. You belong to the last, and have a great gift. You've got something better to do than being an abject slave of the race—for that is what it amounts to." Eustace, baffled, gives her up as hopeless. "I merely wanted to sound you out," he apologizes somewhat lamely, "on a topic of somewhat general preoccupation. Your ideas always interest me and you've been singularly illuminating this morning. Here's a tea-room. Shall we go in and have a cup? It's two hours until luncheon."

Imagine Eustace's surprise the next day when Gita boldly proposes to him! I confess frankly that I was greatly surprised myself. Mrs. Atherton was eminent as a psychologist long before she took up the study of the glands, but here her psychology seems somewhat inadequate, and even fantastic. The whole thing happens over night. Gita goes to bed reflecting upon the "supreme mental distinction" of Eustace's novels, and "their refinement of phrasing and vocabulary"; next morning we find her demanding boldly, "What would you answer if I proposed to you?" The glands, it would appear, do not enter into it at all. Eustace has lost his mother, and Gita believes that he needs and deserves a suitable female companion. Moreover, her playing around with him, in the full glare of the Atlantic City boardwalk, must eventually cause a scandal. So she wakes up in the morning determined to marry him, and the ceremony is duly staged at Carteret Manor on Christmas Eve, at the height of a gay revel. (The movie boys will thank Mrs. Atherton for that detail!)

What follows I leave to your own reading. Or, if "The Crystal Cup" is not handy, go to your dogs-eared copy of Dr. Dixon's "The Love Complex." The transactions are substantially the same, though they differ greatly in detail, for Mrs. Ath-

erton is a far more refined author than Dr. Dixon. Gita marries Eustace, but remains asexual. For a while he is content, hoping to melt her. But after long, long months she is still cold, and so they separate. She goes back to Carteret Manor, and the lares of her eminent forebears. One night she hears a man moving about the library. She fires and misses. He rushes upon her. She fires again and misses again. He comes at her on hands and knees. He grabs her ankles. He rises and takes her in his arms. He rains kisses on her neck and throat. She fires a third time and brings him down. Then she turns up the light. "The man lying in his blood was Eustace Bylant."

The surgeon, Dr. Geoffrey Pelham, now enters—and, as I have said, I leave the rest to your own inspection. Psychology is abandoned altogether, and gland bombards gland. Presently, Gita and the doctor are out in a rowboat late at night. It appears that Polly Pleyden is in love with him. When they return at midnight, Polly appears in her roadster and tries to run Gita down. (More sugar for the movie lads!) In the end, I take it, Gita and the doctor marry, though of that I am not sure. "I happen to have a friend," he says, "who is a distinguished endocrinologist and psychiatrist, two sciences which are more dependent on each other than is generally known. We have discussed the subject until I know as much about it as he does, and it happens to interest me profoundly. You are no more asexual—" Perhaps he cures her. Or perhaps there was an error in diagnosis. The slip-cover shows Gita emerging from an ice-floe, with a scarlet sunrise behind her.

On the same slip cover is a tribute to Mrs. Atherton's talents by Grant Overton. I quote a few strophes:

England, we are told, regards her as the greatest living novelist of America. Many Americans so rate her. . . . Her public—a very large one—is . . . made up of the thousands who are capable of some degree of purely aesthetic enjoyment in literature. . . . They represent in their attitude toward fiction the healthiest note of all.

God save the Republic!

Poetry

- THE BOOK OF EARTH, by Alfred Noyes. New York: *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*.
- THE NEW SPOON RIVER, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- A LOVER OF THE LAND, by Frederick Niven. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- THE LAST JUDGMENT, by G. E. Curran. Zanesville, O.: *The Courier Press*.
- DREI BALLADEN, by Alfons Paquet. Munich: *Drei Masken Verlag*.
- POEMS, by Oliver Wells. New York: *The Antrim Publication Society*.
- BASIC AIMS, by Charles Blamfield. Boston: *The Bailey Press*.
- THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE, by James Harvey Spencer. Baltimore: *The Norman, Remington Company*.
- FUNERALITIES, by Peggy Bacon. New York: *The Aldergate Press*.
- COSMEN—EXILES, by John G. Jury. Berkeley, Calif.: *Published by the Author*.
- WILL-O'-THE-WISP, by Dorothy Dow. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- POEMS, by Charles Wells Russell. New York: *The Neale Publishing Company*.
- RICKETY RIMES OF RIQ, by Richard Atwater. Chicago: *Robert O. Ballou*.
- SONATA AND OTHER POEMS, by John Erskine. New York: *Duffield & Company*.
- DIONYSUS IN DOUBT, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.
- WASTED, by Kathryn Peck. Hollywood, Calif.: *Published by the Author*.
- LYRICS TO THE OLYMPIAN DEITIES, by Jamus Jay. New York: *The Mayflower Press*.
- A POETRY RECITAL, by James Stephens. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.
- A HARP IN THE WINDS, by Daniel Henderson. New York: *D. Appleton & Company*.
- TRUTH AND MUSIC, by Allan Dowling. New York: *Published by the Author*.
- RANGELAND MELODIES, by E. Richard Shipp. Casper, Wyo.: *Casper Stationery Company*.
- COLLECTED POEMS OF H. D. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
- SELECTED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited by Conrad Aiken. London: *Jonathan Cape*.
- THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*.
- SONG OF THE BROAD-AXE, by Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: *The Centaur Press*.
- LATER POEMS, by William Butler Yeats. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.
- A GOLDEN TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE, edited by Lennox Robinson. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.
- THE BEST POEMS OF 1924, edited by Thomas Moulton. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.
- AN ANTHOLOGY OF PURE POETRY, by George Moore. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

HERE are twenty-nine volumes, and they are fairly representative, I believe, of the stream of poetry that gushes from the publishers' cellars. What I get from them is mainly the impression that we are passing into an era of flabby stuff—that the fine frenzy which seized the poets fifteen years ago has spent itself, and they are laid up for repairs. It was something of an adventure, in those days—or even so lately as five years ago—to review the current verse. There was an immense earnestness in it, and a great deal of originality, some of it almost hair-raising. Sandburg's yawp resounded through the land, and the deep bellow of Masters, and Amy's shrill hulla-baloo, and Vachel Lindsay's jazzy tunes, and Frost's melancholy moans, and the sweet songs of John McClure and Sara Teasdale, and the harsh canoodling of the Greenwich Villagers. Strange strophes and stranger doctrines came in from overseas. Ezra Pound was in full eruption. There was news of Dadaists, Expressionists, Vorticists, Futurists. One encountered, for the first time, poetry written without capitals, without punctuation marks, without reticence, and in the form of saw-bucks, phal-luses, Smithfield hams, snake fences, and epicycloid curves. Verse became as free as love. Every lady poet led her own life. And in the rubbish there were some pearls.

But I can find none in the volumes now under review. There is a great deal of respectable writing in them, but the old glow is gone. Masters, for example, tries to recapture the fine, high mood of "The Spoon River Anthology," and somehow fails. I find capital things in his book, but its general effect is that of warmed-over stuff; the surprise is gone, and some of the gusto is also gone. So with the Robinson volume. It has dignity, but there is no more emotion in it than in a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. "Demos and Dionysus," at the end, is sound in politics, but where is the organ-music? where is the ecstasy? John Erskine's "Sonata" shows precisely the same coldness. It is full of the verse of a poet who seems

afraid to let himself go. "Valentine to *One's Wife*." Could anything be worse? The stanzas that follow are not without a certain mild pleasantness, but they are no more poetry than the Czerny exercises are music. Alfred Noyes, in "The Book of Earth," immerses himself even deeper in brine. The book is the second volume of a trilogy and runs to 328 pages. Think of the poor country school-teachers who will have to read it! It closes with an attempt to turn the celebrated bout between Bishop Wilberforce and Thomas Henry Huxley into blank verse. That attempt, it seems to me, comes to one of the most abject failures ever heard of in this world.

Of all the poets in the present batch the one who gives me most satisfaction is Miss Dow. So far as I can make out, there is not a single original idea in her "Will-o'-the-Wisp," but she at least has a good ear—she at least writes gracefully, and in pretty phrases. Many of her pieces are amatory, and show the easy frankness brought into fashion by Edna St. Vincent Millay. A specimen:

Bewilder me with kisses . . . close my lids
With little songs, and some sweet mournful tune.
Place petals on them, that I may not see
Tomorrow come too soon!

The Poet Russell, who is introduced with an encomium by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, has devoted most of his life to the public service, and was once minister to Persia. Very few American politicians are literate at all; to encounter one writing dithyrambs is thus somewhat surprising. Here is the sort of thing he does when he has steam up:

Come with roses,—ring the bell!
Ring it well,—gay throngs are moving
Round the carriage, laughing, shoving.
What is life save only loving?
Scatter roses,—ring the bell!

The influence of the Persian poets, with whom, no doubt, the Hon. Mr. Russell was upon easy terms, is visible in such things as:

'Tis here the fearless bulbul, with a song,
Alone dares brave the beauty of the night.

And maybe this:

Ah, touch those minor chords again,—
They steal away a nameless pain.

Mr. Jury, in "Cosmen-Exiles," offers a poetic drama in the grand manner, with such characters as "A spirit seeking happiness," "A mystery-nymph" and "A visitant to those who sleep." It is soaring stuff, and it has its moments, but I can only report that reading to the end of it turns out to be beyond my poor strength. So with the "Basic Aims" of the Poet Blamfield. Just what those basic aims are I am unable to find out. Page after page is filled with such occult stanzas as this one:

Abnormal stands he tared by scales
Of Aeons' perfect poisoning reign;
That grossly here this balance fails—
To fail him more as days obtain!

Nor do I get much further into "The Last Judgment" of Poet Curran. He shows Bismarck getting a black look from Jehovah and Wilhelm II withering under the Omnipotent jocosity, and then he proceeds to the judging of the poets, and offers this:

"Is there a writer present
Named Stephen Phillips?"

Phillips arose.
"Meet Herod," God said.
"And Nero. . . .
Paolo and Francesca would speak to you.
They have been waiting all these years
To talk to the man
Who made them more sublime than they were."

After this, I turn with some relief to the belated Greenwich Village heroics of Poet Wells, as in

God damn you, you are dead dead dead;
Three and 61 make three
With red men scattering by boulders,
With a gaudy face and a gaudy head.

and to the honest gurgling of Poet Spencer. The latter is the weather man at Baltimore and laureate of the local Rotarians. Once a week those Men of Vision gather in a Baltimore hotel to seek new opportunities for Service, and Dr. Spencer abandons his isothermal lines and wind charts long enough to manure their passion with such things as this:

To serve is but to lead a useful life,
To ever face men with a smile,
To court ideals, to frown on greed and strife,
To give our Rotary a trial.
To serve is but to do as you and I
Were told by One of Galilee,
And thus to live and serve we all must try,
For nothing less is Rotary.

Another Baltimore poet is Daniel Henderson. His verse, in the main, is conventional stuff, but now and then he arrives at a pretty conceit. For example:

I hedge rebellious grasses in,
But when shall ownership begin?

The spider spins her silver bars
Between me and the cosmos' stars,

And ere I waken is astir
To write revolt in gossamer!

With beady and foreboding eye
The turtle peers as I go by:

The shell that shuts him in is stout—
Stronger the code that shuts me out!

What dauntless and primeval stock
Makes yonder stone its council-rock?

What old, indomitable breed
Takes this low bush for Runnymede?

Races whose titles run to God
Dispute my warrant to the sod!

I am Intrusion! I am Danger!
Familiar, but for aye—the Stranger!

In the remaining poets I can find nothing of any consequence. The verses of Frederick Niven, according to a note at the end of them, have been printed in such magazines as the *English Review*, the *London Mercury* and the *Athenaeum*, but they seem to me to be very obvious. Poet Jay's "Lyrics to the Olympian Deities" are simply doggerel, and so are Poet Shipp's "Rangeland Melodies." Miss Peck's "Wasted," printed and bound by herself, is better stuff, but it suffers from the fact that its basic idea is as old as the hills. Mr. Atwater and Miss Bacon run to facetious verse. The former reaches his high point in this:

horizontal
ethel

she eats
eats
she eats

she eats at the table
when she's vertical

but mostly she eats
on her back
on her bunk

that's why
i call her

horizontal
ethel

and the latter in this:

The doctor took
 an eager look
 and said it was the end.
 A tear was shed
 by one who said
 she was his lady friend.
 A guy was there
 with sober air
 to hear his dying word,
 to hire the hearse,
 dismiss the nurse
 and have the man interred.

There is a sonorous and excellent "Chicago Ballade" in Alfons Paquet's "Drei Balladen," but unfortunately it is too long to reprint, and beside it is in the dreadful dialect of Hindenburg. The other books are all second boilings—Mr. Stephens' volume of selections from his verse, the "Later Poems" of Yeats (running from 1892 to 1921), the "Collected Poems" of H. D., Whitman's "Song of the Broad-Axe" (superbly printed, with woodcuts by Wharton H. Esherick), and the two Emily Dickinson collections. Of the last-named, the volume edited by Mrs. Bianchi will probably find the more readers, for it is complete, but Mr. Aiken's selections are very judiciously made, and his introduction is worth more than Mrs. Bianchi's. There remain the three anthologies. In George Moore's I find only a long and bombastic preface to a collection that any intelligent schoolboy might have made, in Mr. Robinson's I miss many Irish poems that have an esteem above some he includes, and in Mr. Moul't's, despite a catholic and alert taste (and the aid of very excellent printing), I discover only new evidence that the poets are in the doldrums, and sadly short of ideas.

Frank Harris Again

MY LIFE: VOLUME TWO, by Frank Harris. Nice (France): Published by the Author.

THIS book reaches me mysteriously and from unknown hands: apparently its publication in the Republic has been forbidden by the *Polizei*. The first volume, as I recall it, was seized and destroyed as subversive of Christian morals. Harris complains plaintively, in the foreword to the present

one, against "the childish unreason of the world." It seemed to me, as I said in this place at the time, that the first volume was an extremely interesting document, and full of illuminating observations upon the half-witted metazoön called man. There were, of course, passages in it that could not be read aloud at the domestic hearth—but there are passages of precisely the same sort in every text-book of physiology. What Harris sought to do was simply to describe frankly the life of a bright young man of Christendom, eager for knowledge and experience and beset on all sides by artificial thou-shalt-nots. If his young man differed from the general, it was superiority that he showed, not inferiority. The average is vastly worse—even, I fear, within the sheltering arms of Mother Y. M. C. A. But such obvious facts, it appears, are not to be mentioned, and so the book was suppressed. That is to say, it was driven out of the book-stores and into the hands of bootleggers, who presently issued a pirated edition, and have been selling it ever since at high prices.

The present volume embodies a subtle joke upon the comstocks, who evidently had at it without reading it. In substance, it is a document in the case for chastity, a dramatic portrayal of the same young man's struggle to free himself from his instincts and so get play for his ideas. Coming to the early twenties, he learns by hard experience what only too many men, alas, fail to learn from preaching: that sex is, after all, a relatively unimportant and unsatisfying thing in the life of man—that much more fun is to be got out of the pursuit of knowledge, the furtherance of ambition, the battle for security and dignity. We see him abandoning his wayward and romantic courses. We see him applying himself heroically to his books. We see him seeking instruction in travel and in the society of superior men. And we see him, at the end, launching easily and safely into a useful and amusing career. He becomes an editor in London. He masters a great range of first-rate litera-

ture. He enters the great world, and cuts no mean figure in it. Women, after being barred out altogether, gradually resume their proper place in his life. They charm him and they stimulate him; he continues to learn something from them. But they no longer dazzle and upset him. Ceasing to be naughty mysteries, they become simply agreeable human beings.

I say the book is a document in the case for chastity. Harris says so himself. But it is chastity after the fact, not before it, and so I suppose that the *Polizei* are right, according to their lights, in putting it under the ban. Its teaching is by no means that of the reigning Fundamentalists. It does not argue that incontinence is sin; it merely argues that, at certain stages of the life of man, it is very unwise. This doctrine plainly goes counter to what is now most esteemed in moral science. We see how the thing runs in the case of Prohibition. If I teach a young man to use the wine-cup warily, I am damned as an agent of the devil; I must forbid him to use it at all, and so hand him over to the booticians. So in the realm of the libido. If an ancient man wrote a text-book for the young of his sex, telling them simply what every intelligent man seeks to find out about women: how to deal with them judiciously, avoiding

their snares without dodging their smiles—such an ancient, writing such a book, would quickly find himself in the hoosegow, and doomed to sit far beyond the remaining term of his natural life. What is demanded of him is that he shall counsel his juniors to eschew women altogether—and then applaud the justice of God when their hormones make a mock of that advice, and they are beset, conquered and undone.

Harris' account of his early doings in London is uneven in interest. His days as editor of the *Evening Sun* make excellent stuff, but it seems to me that he becomes dull, at least to an American reader, when he tackles politics. His story of the death of Lord Randolph Churchill is scandalous, but irrelevant; no one cares what forgotten politicians died of. As always, he is at his best in his character sketches. A few pages, and Henry Irving is brilliantly real. A short chapter, and Guy de Maupassant is completely alive. At the end of the volume there is a melancholy chapter of retrospect. Harris, at seventy, looks back over his days, and reckons up the compensations of old age. They are not inconsiderable, but surely they are not to be set against the hopes and thrills that were his when he and the world were young.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is engaged in newspaper work in El Paso. He is the editor of "The Taming of the Frontier," a collection of essays dealing with frontier conditions, just issued.*

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD *is president of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism and associate editor of the Midland. He is now on a year's leave of absence from his teaching duties at the Kansas State Agricultural College, and is Director of Information for the United States Department of Agriculture.*

CLARENCE DARROW *is the well-known Chicago lawyer, lately senior counsel for the defense in the heresy trial at Dayton, Tenn.*

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is a fellow in anthropology of the National Research Council, and is working on the problem of variability under racial crossing, with special reference to Negro-white crosses.*

M. S. LEA (MRS. K. C. MCINTOSH) *is a native of New Orleans and has printed a number of short stories under the pen name of Mack Kilty.*

JACQUES LECLERCQ *is a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the reviews. He formerly wrote under the pseudonym of Paul Tanaquil.*

SINCLAIR LEWIS *is the well-known novelist, author of "Main Street," "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith."*

JOHN MCCLURE *is one of the editors of the Double Dealer at New Orleans.*

ARTHUR O'DANE *was born at Butte, Mont., and still lives there. He has been a miner, but is now in business.*

WILLIAM SEAGLE *is a New York lawyer.*

GEORGE STERLING *is the well-known poet, now living in San Francisco.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan," a collection of lumber-camp legends. He was a laborer in the Northwest for a number of years.*

JIM TULLY *has been, in succession, a farm laborer, a workman in a chain factory, a tramp and a professional pugilist. While a tramp he served five terms in jail for vagrancy. He is the author of "Emmett Lawler," "Beggars of Life" and "Glass Houses," the latter to be published in the near future.*

MICHAEL VREELAND *is a lawyer by profession and has had considerable diplomatic experience. Of late he has been engaged in teaching diplomatic history.*

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW *is the author of "Picture Frames," a very successful collection of short stories. Her first novel, "Show Business," is soon to be published. She was brought up in Arkansas, but is now living on Long Island.*

AN ARMY OFFICER *is not the same who wrote "The Uplift Hits the Army" in the June issue. But, like the latter, he is on active duty. Unluckily, it is impossible, under the existing regulations, for an Army officer to write about the problems of his profession, freely and frankly, over his own name. Every officer is a Scopes.*



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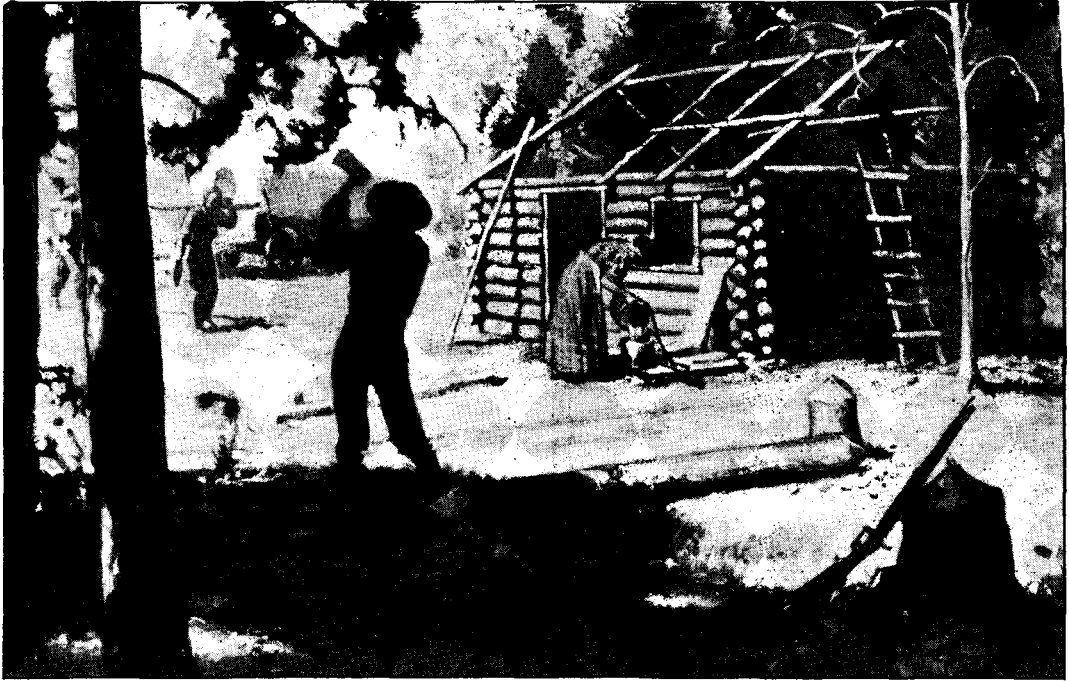
Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Editorial
NOTES

Contributions to "Americana" come in from East, West, North and South—but not from Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Nevada. That is, not often. Now and then a wandering bond salesman or Prohibition enforcement officer sends in something from one or another of those States, but the resident gentry seem to be apathetic, or maybe too well policed. Certainly, it cannot be that there is a dearth of materials. All four are Christian States, full of earnest pastors, idealistic realtors and felonious politicians; in addition, Nevada has a large transient population of adulterers, male and female, and where sin flourishes there the sound of jazz is heard, and soul-savers flock to the scene like leucocytes to a carbuncle. There is room for more from Nevada, and for more from Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Let them have their due rank in the sublime sisterhood of States.

The impression has somehow got about that the articles in The Arts and Sciences are written to order, and by favored eminentissimos. That is not true. The department is dedicated especially to the younger and less authoritative artists and men of science; they are invited to expose their ideas in it, regardless of consequences. Contributions should keep within 2,000 words. Payment is made for them in cash, and very promptly. At the moment there is a yearning for plausible treatises in the following realms: anthropology, surgery, physiology, painting, juridic science, printing, finance, sculpture and pharmacology.

Continued on page xxxvi



Building for America's growth

The early builders of America made their houses of rough hewn logs or of stone or adobe lifted from the earth. Settlements grew to towns, towns to cities. Small stores and shops were built, and these in turn were torn down to make room for bigger ones. Roads, bridges and railways were constructed. Factories and skyscrapers were erected. And so, swiftly, the America of today appeared, still growing.

In the midst of the development came the telephone. No one can

tell how much of the marvelous later growth is due to it—how much it has helped the cities, farms and industries to build. We do know that the telephone became a part of the whole of American life and that it not only grew with the country, but contributed to the country's growth.

Communication by telephone has now become so important that every American activity not only places dependence upon the telephone service of today, but demands even greater service for the growth of tomorrow.



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XXXV



To the Orient

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 —gorgeous, shining, soft
 cascades of color. Where the
 rugs live — my, the bargains!
 Where they tie embroideries
 in negligent bundles — sleeve
 bands, and bits of brocade, and
 tiny bags — and sell them for
 nothing at all, with a bit of
 white jade thrown in, or a flash
 of kingfisher feather set in
 silver!

Where the world's all different, from
 the crown of its head — with pearls
 and pale flowers in a carved coiffure
 — to the soles of its feet in butterfly
 slippers. Where anything may hap-
 pen — and generally does — except
 what happens at home.

Why stay only at home and grow old
 and sane and rich and unadventur-
 ous? Why not swish back the pages
 of a thousand years — ten thousand
 miles — jump clear of your world and
 mine? *You'll never be any
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Editorial NOTES

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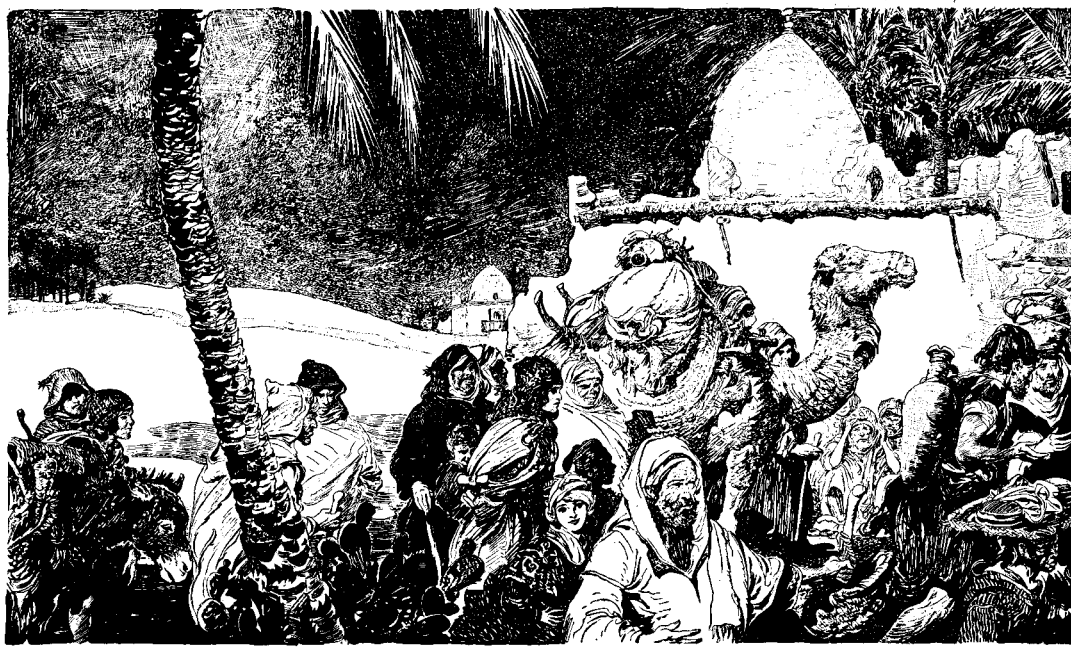
The attention of the nobility and gentry is directed to THE AMERICAN MERCURY's new department, Notes & Queries. It was founded to fill a long felt want. In England an ancient periodical, *Notes & Queries* still flourishes; in America there is nothing of the sort. The new department is open to all who yearn for light. It will deal with matters historical, sociological, literary and theological. Its quick success indicates that it is widely read among the illuminati. Answers are pouring in from all directions. In fact, they greatly outnumber the queries. More of the latter are herewith solicited. If the present space is not sufficient for printing them, more space will be found.

General Frank T. Hines, director of the United States Veterans Bureau, submits the following commentary upon Dr. William Edler's article, "Making a Wreck of the Veteran," in the July issue:

General inferences as to the policies and activities of the Bureau should not be drawn from a discussion which is limited to "the rehabilitation of the nervous patient." Inasmuch as there are but 2,092 psychoneurotic cases hospitalized by the Bureau in the United States, as against 10,068 psychotic, 9,521 tuberculous, and 4,930 general medical cases—or a total of 26,611—it is observed that this particular subject represents a relatively small portion of the work of the Medical Service. Moreover, active measures are being taken to reduce the number of patients of every type who are not in need of hospitalization by surveys of the hospitals by boards of experts, and through close supervision of the Regional Offices which supply the cases by members of the Central Office staff of the Medical Director, who spend half of their time in the field.

Generous assistance in the surveys of the hospitals and Regional Offices and in constructive criticism of the Bureau's methods has been received from the Medical Council. This is an advisory body of thirty-four of the most eminent specialists of the country in medicine,

Continued on page xxxviii



BISKRA and the DESERT—

*In the Land of Allah . . . at the other end
of "the longest gangplank in the world"*

CAMELS graze. Solemn storks stand on stilt-like legs. Nomads pitch their striped tents. Over all . . . a vivid Sahara sky. It is on the edge of the desert. And Biskra faces the great ocean of sand. It flaunts the glorious beauty of the garden of the Villa de Benevent. Where tall palms rustle their fronds and soft shades beckon. In the native quarter . . . dinky mud houses. With crazy balconies fantastically clutching them. Here live the Ouled Nâils . . . dancing girls from the desert. Their heavy dowries of gold clasp throats, ankles and arms.

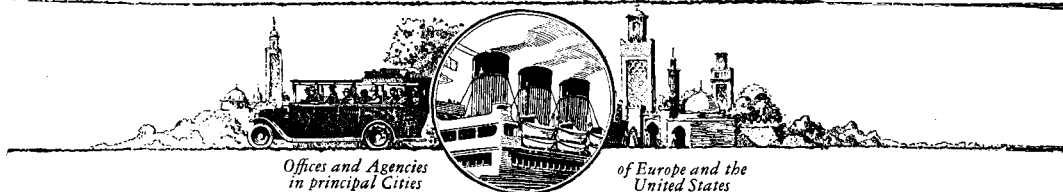
In a Renault car of the North African Tours you have motored down from Constantine . . . that ivory citadel perched on a thousand foot rock, with

the Bou-Regreg cascading below it. And you are making for the heart of the desert along the macadam highways. To Laghouat, the emerald oasis. With the sand storms beyond. And the devil dances of the mirage. Well equipped caravans go off the beaten path. You strike camp under the low hanging desert moon. Or if you prefer the luxuries of a modern hotel, you can always stop at one of the 27 Transatlantique-hotels.

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The book should prove invaluable to students of history and a standard work of reference to bibliophiles. But it will appeal as well to the intelligent layman. It is in no respect a catalog, but a fascinating problem in clearing away the mists which have heretofore obscured the subject. The volume in itself will be a distinguished contribution to the relatively small group of finely-made American books.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

hospital and dispensary administration, medical statistics, research, sociology and public health, which was organized early in 1924 and holds quarterly meetings for the consideration of the Bureau's medical problems. The second conference of the Council was designated as "The Cure Better Than Compensation Conference" and was addressed by the chairman, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, in the following words:

"It seems to me at the present time we have in the Veterans Bureau in this country one of the greatest mass medical problems of this period, and that we are just turning the corner. Speaking broadly, the attitude of the veteran applying for aid has been to prove that he is sick; the attitude of the government has been to get together this proof and give him some form of compensation. I think now we have reached the stage where we want to demonstrate to these men that they are well and to get them back into civil life as soon as possible. If there is anything in this Medical Council, it seems to me it should come from the direction of the application of modern medicine to the problems of these men considered from a standpoint of curative medicine."

I heartily subscribe to these sentiments and have urged their application by the Bureau as far as the law will permit. Of course, you must realize that, like all executive departments of the government, the Veterans Bureau is not only compelled to act but the range of its action is limited by the nature of the specific legislation which governs its procedure.

Upon the appointment of the present medical director in March, 1924, a general order was issued which outlined the scope of his authority and responsibility. He was given the fullest possible administrative power incident to the performance of his duties. As a result, a higher standard of professional service has been realized with the promise of greater achievement to come.

The Bureau's figures upon rehabilitation show that 179,747 men have entered training since the beginning of the work, and that 106,608 have been rehabilitated. At the close of 1924, 46,508 had discontinued training, 14,398 of whom were obliged to do so for physical reasons. This leaves 32,110 who failed to complete their courses without such excuse, or a little less than 18%. In comparison with the percentage of business failures by men of mature

Continued on page xl

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

experience and the number of changes in vocational objectives constantly found among young men of the same average age in civil life, also the proportion of failure on the part of college students, this is not unfavorable. A follow-up investigation is under way which will give the ultimate results of this work, *i.e.*, the number who have made satisfactory adjustment.

Compensation for disabilities is based upon a rating schedule, established by law. The payment of compensation for functional nervous disorders is recognized as having an unfortunate effect upon the future of the beneficiary. It will have to be continued in this relatively small proportion of compensation cases (as noted above) until changed by possible amendatory legislation. As an illustration that the Bureau is fully cognizant of this matter, your attention is invited to the article entitled "Relation of Compensation to Neuropsychiatric Disability" which appears in the *U. S. Veterans Bureau Medical Bulletin*, Vol. I, No. 2. Incidentally, as to turnover it might be noted that the average stay of such patients in hospital is four months.

In connection with the reopening of an appeal for compensation following the action of the local and Central Boards of Appeals and the director, after final disposition of the case, a new appeal cannot be entertained unless additional evidence is presented.

In regard to the discipline of unruly patients, who are a very small minority, a general order has been in effect since January, 1922, which sets forth appropriate penalties for infraction of regulations, and has been made more drastic from time to time, including the forfeiture of compensation in addition to summary discharge from hospital.

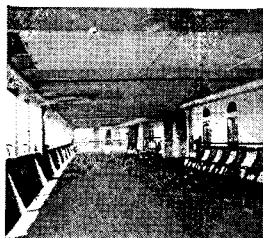
This somewhat tart criticism of Mr. Tascheraud's "The Art of Bumming a Meal" in the June number comes from Mr. F. S. Merlin, who spent years on the road:

Mr. Tascheraud tells of a bum he met in Cheyenne, a member of the most individual profession on earth, who not alone grifts a fabulous sum from a man standing on the curb, but who then turns it over to a "cat." (A "cat" is an amateur. The term used to be "gay-cat," but the labor-saving tramp has shortened it to "cat.") With the two dollars our jolly heroes

Continued on page xlii



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Jewish Factors in South American Letters	Isaac Goldberg
Progress in the "Needle Trades"	Sylvia Kopald
Is Russian Jewry Doomed?	Maurice G. Hindus
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xl

then enter a restaurant and "pull an æroplane." Why? They had the money, and if they intended "æroplaning" in the first place, why did they throw their feet for the dough? We are then advised not to "æroplane" without first pulling the stunt of pretending that we have lost our pocketbooks. Take a tip from an old roadster—Don't! If you are going to lamm it out of a restaurant, without paying—lamm, without stopping to "act."

We are then told to act in such a way that things will be easier for the guy who follows us. At least, we are informed that is the way real bums act. Bunk!! If there is one thing stiff has in common is their attitude towards tomorrow. I have heard a hundred bums say, "To hell with it! I ain't coming this way again!" And when some "town-stiff" remonstrates that things will be harder for him, he is usually advised to get out of town and not waste his life in remaining a "mission stiff."

Mr. Tascheraud dismisses the "rambler" in a few words and says that "panhandling on the streets of a city or town is the lowest form of the game." The fact is that the road is caste-ridden, and all castes look up to the rambler. He is the aristocrat of the profession. He rides limiteds, which are carefully guarded by armed bulls, and he gets his food by bumming money in the hardest and most dangerous way, viz.: by panhandling on the main stem. The hardest because he has to hit men and the most dangerous because there are usually bulls around. Not "harness bulls," but the plain-clothes variety that can not always be distinguished from decent citizens.

Ask any old timer about Chinamen. The Chink is a godsend when food is desired. I have been fed by scores of them, and Frisco Rusty assures me that he has eaten off thousands of yellows. And Rusty is the best bum I ever met.

But what's the use going on? The article was written by a man who confesses that he bummed from bums. As I have said above, the road is caste-ridden, and just as much as all look up to the "rambler" so all look down on the "buzzard." A bum has all he can do to keep fat and happy without working. What is left goes to the buzzards, when they can get it. I say when, for I have seen bums do hard work, destroying a jungle, and burning up left-overs so that "that God-damned buzzard over there ain't going to live off me."

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CRITICISM

RESTORING SHAKESPEARE.

By Leon Kellner.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$3.50

9¼ x 6¼; 216 pp.

New York

It is Dr. Kellner's thesis that many of the difficulties in the text of Shakespeare are due to errors by the early printers, and that some of them were caused by the misreading of manuscripts. Accordingly, he set himself to a study of Elizabethan chirography, with particular attention to forms easily confused. The results of that study are here set forth at length. They purge the text, at one stroke, of scores of palpable absurdities, and lift many other passages to a greater plausibility. No other single book has ever advanced textual criticism so far. Every future editor of Shakespeare will make use of it. In some cases, no doubt, Dr. Kellner's suggestions will be rejected, but in many others his persuasiveness is overwhelming.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER.

By Ralph Leslie Rusk.

The Columbia University Press

\$7.50 8 x 5¾; 457 + 419 pp. (Two vols.) *New York*

An elaborate study, heavily documented, of the beginnings of literary activity in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The bibliographies run to no less than 321 pages. The work covers the ground exhaustively and is a valuable contribution to American literary history.

CRACKERBOX PHILOSOPHERS IN AMERICAN HUMOR AND SATIRE.

By Jenette Tandy.

The Columbia University Press

\$2.50

8¼ x 5½; 181 pp.

New York

A critical study of American folk humor from early Revolutionary times down to the present. The chapters dealing with early Yankee and Southern humor are quite thorough and packed with lengthy quotations, but those dealing with the more recent times are a bit too sketchy to be of much use.

THEODORE DREISER.

By Burton Rascoe.

Robert M. McBride & Company

\$1

7½ x 5; 91 pp.

New York

One of the "Modern American Writers" series, edited by Ernest Boyd. A sympathetic and intelligent account of Dreiser's books, with a spirited attack

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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upon the Ku Klux Criticism that has sought to dispose of them. There is a portrait frontispiece, and a brief bibliography is at the end.

ORIGINS OF POE'S CRITICAL THEORY.

By *Margaret Alterton.* *The University of Iowa Press*
\$2 9¼ x 6; 191 pp. *Iowa City, Iowa*

The first attempt to trace Poe's critical ideas to their sources. Miss Alterton finds those sources widely dispersed. They are in Schlegel, in Plato, in the Christian philosophers, in Coleridge, and in many obscure authors. The work is a laborious and valuable contribution to the understanding of Poe.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE ISLES OF FEAR: *The Truth About the Philippines.*

By *Katherine Mayo.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 9 x 5¾; 372 pp. *New York*

The truth, as Mrs. Mayo sees it, seems to be chiefly that the Filipino is the worst enemy of the Filipino. A large part of her book is devoted to describing how the upper classes of the natives oppress and exploit the rabble. She prints the Jones Bill as an appendix. There are many illustrations.

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE.

By *John H. Clarke.* *Henry Holt & Company*
\$1.50 7½ x 5; 145 pp. *New York*

A conventional argument for the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations by a former justice of the Supreme Court.

SOME ASPECTS OF ADULTERY.

By *Ralcy Husted Bell.* *The Critic and Guide Company*
\$2 8 x 5¼; 54 pp. *New York*

Dr. Bell argues that the way to diminish adultery is not to punish it, but to "divest marriage of the supernatural, free it from the bondage of superstition, make it a purely secular institution of reasonable flexibility, and dissolve it with decorum at the wish of either one or both parties."

APPEAL TO AMERICANS. *Republic Reforms.*

By *Desha Denton.* *American Library Service*
\$3.50 7½ x 5; 350 pp. *New York*

The author, who signs himself *Americanist*, has come to the conclusion that the state of the Union is not perfect, and here offers suggestions for its improvement. Among these are: increasing the number of federal Supreme Court judges, adding one senator to each State, changing the date of national elections from November to September, etc. The book belongs to the chiropractic of political theory.

Continued on page xlviii

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CIVIC SOCIOLOGY.

By Edward Alsworth Ross. *The World Book Company*
\$3 8 x 5; 365 pp. Yonkers, N. Y.

A text-book for high-schools. The author is in favor of Prohibition and argues for Law Enforcement, but he also advocates free speech.

WAGES AND THE FAMILY.

By Paul H. Douglas. *The University of Chicago Press*
\$3 8¼ x 5¼; 290 pp. Chicago

The author argues for a system of family allowances, over and above a minimum wage, to be determined by the number of dependents in each family. He says that this system "would abolish poverty, which would be the greatest reform that could be effected."

THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU: Its History, Activities and Organization.

By James A. Tobey. *The Johns Hopkins Press*
\$1 9 x 5¼; 83 pp. Baltimore

The Children's Bureau (now of the federal Department of Labor) began in 1913 with an appropriation of \$25,000. It now gets \$1,500,000 a year, and has a staff of 175 busy "experts," including a "specialist in maternal and infant hygiene" at \$3,800 a year and expenses, a financial secretary, senior and junior social economists, recreation experts, a "specialist in public information," editors, checkers, indexers and statisticians.

DIE UMSCHICHTUNG DER EUROPÄISCHEN VERMOEGEN.

By Richard Lewinsohn. *S. Fischer*
M. 10 9¼ x 6; 356 pp. Berlin

This work was evidently inspired by Gustavus Myers' "History of the Great American Fortunes." It is devoted to the great fortunes made in the war. Chief attention is directed to Germany, but there are also chapters on the Austrian succession states, Soviet Russia, the neutral states, England, France and Italy. Unluckily, the dollar-a-year men of the United States are overlooked.

HISTORY

L'ESPRIT RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE EN FRANCE ET AUX ÉTATS-UNIS A LA FIN DU XVIII^e SIÈCLE.

By Bernard Faÿ. *Édouard Champion*
10 x 6¼; 378 pp. (paper) Paris

This is a very careful study of the interplay of intellectual forces between France and America at the end of the Eighteenth Century and its influence on the political events of the time. The author traces the effects of French philosophy on the American thought of that period, and deals at length with the gradually

Continued on page l

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decreasing unpopularity of America in France. An entire chapter is devoted to the part played by Vergennes in bringing about friendly political relations between the two countries and the effect that this had on the intellectual and social life of this country. Finally, there is a chapter treating in detail of the rupture between France and America at the end of the century, caused, in the main, by the establishment of a Bonaparte government in the first. The book is written in the clearest French and is full of information that is not yet general knowledge. Copious notes are appended to each chapter. There are two appendices and a long and very useful bibliography.

THE STORY OF MAN'S WORK.

By William R. Hayward and Gerald W. Johnson.

Minton, Balch & Company

\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 245 pp. New York

The record of the gradual emancipation of the worker, admirably designed and very well written. The facts are clearly ordered and there is no preaching. An excellent book to give to an intelligent boy.

DAS ZEITALTER DANTES.

By Karl Federn.

Volksverband der Bücherfreunde

M. 10 9 x 6 1/4; 315 pp. Berlin

A charming evocation of Dante's background, by one of the most distinguished of German Dante scholars. The book discusses the politics, the educational system and the social life of the time, and shows many marks of sound scholarship.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON.

By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton & Company

\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 360 pp. New York

This book deals, in the main, with the experiences of the author, who was president of the short-lived Russian Far Eastern Republic, formed shortly after the Revolution of 1905, and paid for his activity with a term in prison.

PERSEUS OR OF DRAGONS.

By H. F. Scott Stokes.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$1 6 1/4 x 4 1/2; 74 pp. New York

A rapid survey of the dragon legend in European history, and a discussion of its probable origin in Egypt.

ESSAYS

H. W. M. A Selection from the Writings of H. W. Massingham.

Edited by H. J. Massingham. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

\$4 9 x 5 3/4; 368 pp. New York

From 1907 to 1923 Mr. Massingham was editor of the London *Nation* and one of the most forceful and

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Earth's noblest thing, wrote Lowell. A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, wrote St. Chrysostom a thousand years ago.



Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and other saintly and noble women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, are no more unusual than those of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in



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Woman dominates to-day. Her pre-eminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. A glance at our newspapers, magazines, and novels will show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful is her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Yet this great subject has never been adequately treated. Of course we know a little about Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Messalina, Theodora, Helen of Troy, Poppæa, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and a few other prominent women. But little is known about these well-known characters and nothing at all about thousands of other equally important women who in the past and in all parts of the world have influenced the course of life, and these are only names and not women of flesh and blood, for few have any idea of what manner of women they really were, what they did, or what they stood for.

Many pages are necessary to make Cleopatra live before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there have been thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. If while concealing nothing, they show us the faults of woman, it is only to accentuate the virtues—if they tell us how a Russian countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude young girls in order to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell us how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France. Love, marriage, and divorce are of course the subjects of many interesting chapters. We read about the singular customs of courtship, marriage, and divorce all over the world. We have interesting accounts of woman in the days of chivalry and romance; among the Moors, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese; and of woman in the church, in politics, in war, in industry; or famous as patriots and humanitarians.

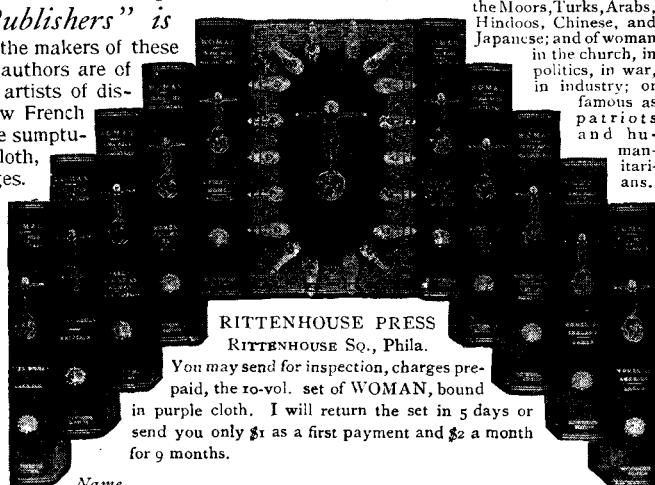
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influential of English journalists. These essays show his remarkable versatility. They discuss politics, letters, the theatre, religion and the problems of journalism, and there are also some travel sketches. The various sections are prefaced by tributes to Massingham by J. L. Hammon, H. N. Brailsford, H. M. Tomlinson, H. W. Nevinston, Vaughan Nash and G. Bernard Shaw.

LYSISTRATA, or *Woman's Future and Future Woman*.
By A. M. Ludovici. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1 6½ x 4½; 110 pp. New York

Mr. Ludovici maintains that there is a decline in the bodily pleasures of men and women, especially those related to their sex life. He attributes this to the disrespect for the body and the undue respect for the soul which, he thinks, modern civilization engenders, and pleads for a return to the "naturalness" of Greek life.

HYPATIA, or *Woman and Knowledge*.
By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1 6½ x 4½; 81 pp. New York

This is a civilized discussion of the economic and social conditions of woman by one of England's foremost advocates of greater freedom between the sexes. It contains a strong attack on those spinster feminists who are the shame of all their more intelligent and more honest sisters.

THE FINE ARTS

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA AND ITS WESTWARD SPREAD.

By Thomas Francis Carter. The Columbia University Press
\$7.50 9¼ x 7; 282 pp. New York

Strangely enough, this is the first book upon its subject in any European language. There have been scattered articles and pamphlets, but not one book. Dr. Carter, who is assistant professor of Chinese at Columbia, has done an excellent job. His command of the materials is complete, and he has put them into a very interesting narrative. There are many illustrations.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG.
By Egon Wellerz. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.25 7¼ x 5; 159 pp. New York

Schönberg's music is here dealt with from the standpoint of an enthusiastic admirer. The book is thorough, and adequate space is given to the composer's critical and pedagogical writings, especially his treatise on harmony. There are many quotations from his music. The translation is by W. H. Kerridge.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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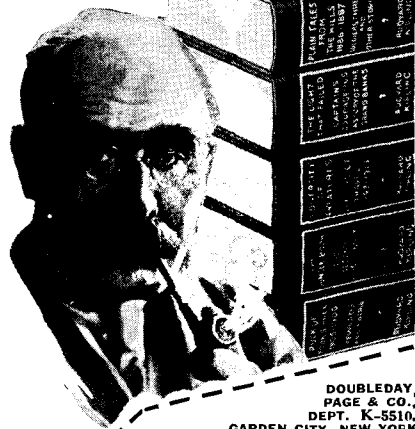
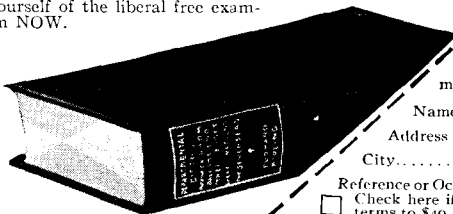
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Continued from page lii

THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT. *An Italian Renaissance Temple to Arts and Letters.*

By W. Franklyn Pariss.

The Haddon Press

\$3.75 9½ x 6¼; 91 pp.

New York

A detailed exposition of the architectural make-up of the Detroit Public Library with incidental remarks on the applicability of Italian Renaissance art to modern public buildings. There are fifty-five illustrations. The book is beautifully printed and stoutly bound.

THE SCIENCES

CHIMPANZEE INTELLIGENCE AND ITS VOCAL EXPRESSION.

By Robert M. Yerkes and Blanche W. Learned.

The Williams & Wilkins Company

\$3.50 7¾ x 5; 157 pp.

Baltimore

Dr. Yerkes' part of this book adds little to what was already known about the mental habits of the anthropoids, but Miss Learned's exhaustive report upon the sounds they make is full of novelty. It is illustrated with more than 300 musical illustrations.

LEFTHANDEDNESS: *A New Interpretation.*

By Beaufort Sims Parson.

The Macmillan Company

\$2 7¼ x 4¾; 185 pp.

New York

An effort to solve an ancient and very difficult physiological problem. Mr. Parson finds the cause of lefthandedness in what may be called lefteyedness—the exclusive use of the left visual line for sighting. The theory is ingeniously maintained. There is an exhaustive bibliography.

THE SCIENCE OF BIOLOGY. *An Introductory Study.*

By George G. Scott.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 617 pp.

New York

A workmanlike, but somewhat dull book, apparently intended for college use. It is in four parts. The first deals with the cell, the second with plants, the third with animals, and the fourth with general anatomy, physiology, histology and embryology. There are also chapters on heredity, on evolution, and on the special biology of man. The author, who is an associate professor of biology in the College of the City of New York, strongly supports the evolutionary hypothesis. There are many good illustrations.

TRANSLATIONS

THREE PLAYS OF PLAUTUS.

Translated by F. A. Wright and H. Lionel Rogers.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$3 7½ x 5; 330 pp.

New York

The plays here translated are: "The Slip-Knot" (Rudens), "The Crock of Gold" (Aulularia), "The

Continued on page lvi

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Trickster" (*Pseudolus*). The first is translated by Wright and the other two by Rogers. There is a long and very useful introduction dealing with the life and literary output of Plautus, and with his times.

THE HISTORY OF MANON LESCAUT.

By L'Abbé Prévost. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7½ x 5; 266 pp. New York

This popular novel, which has enjoyed much favor in France ever since it was written, in the Eighteenth Century, is here translated by George Dunning Gribble, who is also the author of the very useful introduction. A brief bibliography of the works of the Abbé Prévost is appended. The book is one of the Broadway Translations.

REPRINTS

THE EPIC OF THE BEAST.

Edited by William Rose. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7½ x 5; 278 pp. New York

Translations of "Reinhart Fuchs" and "Physiologus." The former is a comic epic going back to the early Middle Ages. The English translation of William Caxton, first published in 1481, is here modernized by W. S. Stallybrass. The "Physiologus" sermon fables, which go back to the Alexandrian Greeks, are translated by James Carllil.

BANDELLO: TRAGICAL TALES.

Translated by Geoffrey Fenton. E. P. Dutton & Co.
\$5 9 x 5½; 564 pp. New York

The tales of Bandello were first published in 1554, and the translation of Fenton goes back to 1567. The latter is here modernized by Hugh Harris, and there is a learned introduction by Robert Langton Douglas. The volume is one of the series of Broadway Translations.

THE BOOK OF RANKS AND DIGNITIES.

Edited by Clement Shorter. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$1.75 6¾ x 4¼; 136 pp. New York

This book, first published in 1805, has been ascribed with some show of plausibility to Charles Lamb. It has little intrinsic interest. The present edition beautifully reproduces the typography of the original, and the colored plates likewise.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

By Henry George. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$1 7½ x 5; 214 pp. New York

An abridgment of George's well-known work by his daughter, Anna George De Mille. A few changes have been made, but in the main the volume is composed of direct extracts. "Progress and Poverty" was first published in 1880.

Continued on page lviii

New Books—and Century Books

The Emigrants. By Johan Bojer

The latest novel by the author of "The Great Hunger." A poignant story of individuals giving the color and swing of a vast movement. (\$2.00)

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Chinese Fantastics. By Thomas Steep

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The Map That is Half Unrolled

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Beyond Khyber Pass. By Lowell Thomas

Travel narrative telling of the author's doing about in little-known Afghanistan. Over 100 illustrations. (\$4.00)

On New Shores. By Konrad Bercovici

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Edited by John Drinkwater. Duffield & Company
\$0.75 each 6½ x 4¼; 48+60+45 pp. New York

"Classics" sounds rather bombastic in this charming series. Its aim is to rescue the forgotten good work of minor men. The poems of Hawker and Barnes are well worth the labor of the editor, but the essays of Coleridge *filis* are outmoded and very dull. Mr. Drinkwater prints an excellent introduction in each volume.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

By William Pole. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 9 x 5¼; 342 pp. New York

This work goes back to 1877, and despite the great progress that has been made since then, both in the study of acoustics and in the development of music as an art, *large* portions of it are still perfectly sound. There is a supplementary essay by H. Hartridge on recent researches in acoustics. There is also an introduction by Edward J. Dent. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

COUNT LUCANOR, or, *The Fifty Pleasant Tales of Patronio*.

By Don Juan Manuel. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7½ x 5; 260 pp. New York

Don Juan Manuel, Infanta of Castile, was born in 1282. He was one of the earliest writers in what is now the Spanish language. His tales, which exist in four Fifteenth Century MSS., were first printed in 1575, and since then there have been many editions. The present translation is by James York, and there is an elaborate introduction by J. B. Trend.

FICTION

CARAVAN.

By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 760 pp. New York

A reprint of Mr. Galsworthy's short stories, fifty-six in all. They range in date from 1900 to 1923, and are grouped in pairs: an early one with a late one.

LIFE BEGINS TOMORROW.

By Guido Da Verona. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2 7¾ x 5¼; 442 pp. New York

A beautiful woman falls in love with a life-long friend of her husband, who is dying of tuberculosis—with the usual consequences. Twaddle. The translation from the Italian is by Isabel Grazebrook.

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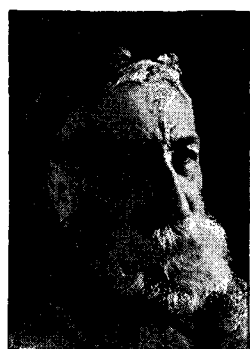
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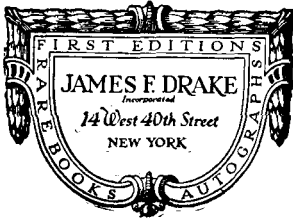
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By Mulla Hanaranda.

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\$3 7¾ x 5; 421 pp.

New York

This story is a hodge-podge of Hindu mysticism, psychiatric sorceries and Coolidgean platitudes. To cap it all, it is written in nursery English.

THE RECTOR OF MALISEET.

By Leslie Reid.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2 7½ x 5; 272 pp.

New York

This is the story of the personal contacts of a clergyman in the remote West of England. It is competently done and presents an interesting picture of the life of the English hinterland.

MY LADY LEE.

By Edith Ballinger Price.

Greenberg, Inc.

\$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 370 pp.

New York

This story deals with the experiences of a poor girl, born blind, but very beautiful and possessed of unusual artistic tastes. She spends her early years in a public institution, but later, because of her beauty and talent, arouses the interest of a girl artist, who adopts her.

KUNALA. *An Indian Fantasy.*

By Arpad Ferenczy.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.50 7¾ x 5; 255 pp.

New York

This is a collection of sixteen Hindu short stories, all based on the Buddhistic conception of the wickedness of woman.

THE MONARCH.

By Pierre Milles.

Greenberg, Inc.

\$2 8½ x 5¾; vii + 178 pp.

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The adventures of a gay, carefree, companionable, scheming town merry-maker of the back country of Provence. A charming picture of the peasant life of Southern France. The translation from the French is by Faith Chipperfield.

POINTS OF HONOR.

By Thomas Boyd.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2 7½ x 5; ix + 328 pp.

New York

Eleven short stories of the more human aspects of soldier life in the World War. Good workmanship is in them. The author has the somewhat rare quality of perfect honesty.

PERISSA.

By S. P. B. Mais.

Brentano's

\$2 7½ x 4¾; 395 pp.

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Continued on page lxii

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\$2. 7½ x 5; 289 pp. New York

The story of an English girl who marries a physician, not for love, but primarily because she wants to be married before her younger sister. After a period of faithlessness to her husband, she comes to admire him because of his high professional attainments and sense of duty—just as he is dying from a disease contracted in a distant country where he went to do experimental work. A newspaper serial within covers.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$0.75 7¼ x 4½; 76 pp. New York

The story of a pope whose longing for the sea is overpowering and who manages to have his twin brother take his place in the Vatican for a few days while he disguises himself as a sailor on a yacht.

'49
By George W. Cronyn. Dorrance & Company
\$2. 7½ x 5¾; 278 pp. Philadelphia

An attempt to recreate the California of the Gold Rush. As a story it is of very small merit. The end is conventional sentimentality.

GOLD BY GOLD.
By Herbert S. Gorman. Boni & Liveright
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 380 pp. New York

The story of a Young Aesthete who comes to New York to lead his own life, and has disconcerting adventures there. It is written in the new staccato manner.

PROFESSOR.
By Stanley Johnson. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2. 7½ x 5; 312 pp. New York

The academic and more private adventures of a professor of English in a New England college who worms his way into the dean's chair. There are good sketches of the life of exalted pettiness led by the anæmic imbeciles who infest the smaller college faculties.

THE CACTUS.
By Charles Chadwick. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$2. 7½ x 5; v+314 pp. New York

A Greenwich Villager is found stabbed in his room and the murderer is finally traced to Mexico. Moving picture stuff.

Continued on page lxvii



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Continued from page lxii

YOUNG MRS. CRUSE.

By Viola Meynell.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2 7¾ x 5¼; 272 pp.

New York

Seven short stories of English peasant and middle class life. All are feeble.

FORTUNE'S YELLOW.

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2 7½ x 5; 248 pp.

New York

A college president's widow is left a fortune by a rejected suitor of her youth and gives it all away to various institutions. Twaddle.

STURLY.

By Pierre Cuslot.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$1.50

Boston and New York

7¼ x 4¾; 127 pp.

A story of the adventures of a sturgeon bent on finding the meaning of life. Full of copy book platitudes. The translation from the French is by Richard Aldington.

MISCELLANEOUS

SOLDIER AND SAILOR WORDS AND PHRASES.

By Edward Fraser.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$5 9 x 5¾; 372 pp.

New York

The first attempt at a comprehensive dictionary of British soldiers' slang. Many Americanisms are included, but not all. There is a long section upon the nicknames of British regiments.

WEBSTER'S POKER BOOK.

By H. T. Webster.

Simon & Schuster

\$2.50 9½ x 7; 127 pp.

New York

A collection of Mr. Webster's familiar and excellent drawings, with contributions to the text by George F. Worts, Marc Connelly, and George Ade. In a compartment in the back cover are a set of poker chips and another of I. O. U. forms, both designed by Mr. Webster. The drawings are full of humor.

L'HOMME ET SON DEVENIR SELON LE VÊDANTA.

By René Guénon.

Éditions Bossard

Fr. 18 9 x 5¾; 271 pp. (paper)

Paris

This is a very detailed exposition of the Hindu metaphysical doctrines regarding the constitution of the human entity, its origin and career after the death of the body. The author also compares these doctrines with the corresponding conceptions prevailing in the metaphysics of the Western World.

Continued on page lxvi

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Continued from page lxiv

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By Sigmund Spaeth.

Simon & Schuster

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Mr. Spaeth here prints the words and music of a dozen or more favorite barber-shop ballads, and offers some sage and curious advice to those who would sing them. With the book come phonograph records of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "Sweet Adeline," "She Lives Down in Our Alley," "In the Evening," "Some Folks Say," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Mandy Lee," "My Evaline," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "Good-night, Ladies," "Farewell, My Own True Love" and the Heidelberg stein song.

A MANUAL OF STYLE.

By David H. Stevens and others.

The University of Chicago Press

\$3 7½ x 5; 391 pp.

Chicago

This work was first issued in 1906. It includes an introductory section on the making of a book, an exhaustive series of rules for capitalization, spelling, punctuation, etc., a chapter on the preparation of manuscripts for the printer, a glossary of printing terms, and 125 pages of type specimens. It is, all things considered, the most useful book of its kind now obtainable in America. The practical printer needs it every day.

AMERICAN POETRY AND PROSE. A Book of Readings, 1607-1916.

Edited by Norman Foerster. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

\$4 9 x 6; 1063 pp.

Boston

A huge tome on India paper, apparently for classroom reading. The selections begin with one from Captain John Smith and end with one from Carl Sandburg. In the cases of the major writers they are unusually copious. The living writers represented are Bliss Carmen, Hamlin Garland, Edwin Markham, E. A. Robinson, Edith Wharton, Paul Elmer More, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters and Sandburg. The novelists and dramatists are arbitrarily excluded. There are elaborate and excellent notes at the end.

AKIBA.

By Marcus Lehmann. The Jewish Forum Publishing Co.

\$2 7½ x 5; 367 pp.

New York

This is a collection of fifty-one of the most interesting stories of the Talmud, all centering about the life of Rabbi Akiba, a Jewish national hero of the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The translation from the German is by Aaron Schaffer. There is a preface by Rabbi Leo Jung.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Edited by
J. C. SQUIRE

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for

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